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THE following has been issued from the War Office:—

"It having been noticed at His Majesty's Levee held on June 7 that some general officers and colonels on the staff wore the sword-belt over the tunic, attention is directed to the instructions contained in Dress Regulations, 1900, paragraph 28, in which it is distinctly laid down that the sword-belt is to be worn under the tunic by the officers in question."

The same rule, of course, still applies to trousers, which should be worn under, and not over, the tunic.

TRUE HARPINESS.—According to a Daily Chronicler, the Royal Harpist, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, aged seventy-five, is still in the service of his Majesty. "The harp that once" is again coming into fashion with ladies, married and single. Delightful prospect! large increase of Harpy Homes!

WIG AND GOWN.—The new establishment of Mr. CLARKSON, the well-known theatrical wig-maker, recently opened by Mme. BERNHARDT, is in future to be known as "The Wig-wam."

TO AN ACCOMPLISHED SERIO-COMIC.

[In his garden-party speech at Lambton Castle before a number of excursionists from Newcastle and the neighbourhood Lord ROSEBERY (owner of that promising colt *Cicero*), after stating that the present Administration would "go down to posterity as a hanky-panky Government," spoke of the Liberal Party as "anxious and ready, *with an overpowering mass of ability on the benches*, to serve their country and their King."]

AT Lambton, where the noble DURHAM sits,
You stood, my Lord, upon a gay parterre,
And to the flower of all the neighbouring pits
Spoke out like thunder in the open air;
And by a fine illuminating phrase,
One of those things that in the memory linger,
Lent added lustre to the jewelled blaze
That scintillates on Time's outstretched forefinger.

Its central gem (of purest ray serene)
Was "hanky-panky;" and indeed I trace
Throughout your effort in the garden scene
A steady glow of Ciceronian grace,
Worthy of him, your gifted two-year-old,
On whom I would that some divining mascot
Had made me put my solid weight in gold
Prior to his initial feat at Ascot.

You hinted how you shortly hoped to see
Your party back in power; and I, my Lord,
Rejoice that, though our motives disagree,
I share that pious wish with full accord;
For I have said before (you know the strain
Of humour, how it tends to repetition?)
That I would give a lot to breathe again
The buccaneering airs of Opposition.

Thrice happy he whose *métier* is to flout
The Man in Office, made an easy butt
By that exposing light that beats about
A Treasury Bench and blackens every smut;
While they for whom we others whet our shaft
Suffer no boding sense of insecurity,
But mock with lifted nose our futile craft,
Safely concealed inside their own obscurity.

But you, my Lord, with your impartial wit,
Shoot either way at any harness-joint,
Lightly incurious as to whom you hit,
Or whether he remarks your missile's point;
Thus, you invited, as in serious vein,
Canny Newcastle's Geordies and their wenches
To note the "overpowering mass" of brain
Just now located on the Liberal benches.

My Lord, your "hanky-panky" phrase was good,
But this was better. 'Tis by such an art
That you could work great wonders if you would,
Melting the people's unsuspicious heart;
For none of those that caught that rallying-cry
But swallowed hastily its pleasing unction,
Nor guessed what tremors shook your inward eye,
Nor how your tongue and cheek were in conjunction.

Dowered with the priceless gift of solemn mirth
Of which its victims overlook the sting,
What might you not have made of this dull earth
Had you contrived to cultivate the thing?
For me (the hireling jester undersigned)
I yield a humble rival's admiration
To one who could have left us all behind,
But, Heaven be thanked, you missed your true vocation!

O. S.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER EXPLAINS.

MISS FLORENCE WARDEN, the authoress of many popular novels, recently contributed an article to the *Daily Mail* on the deplorable condition of the British Drama. She herself, it appears, has written no fewer than twenty plays, which have all been refused by Managers, often several times. The refusals, however, have invariably been accompanied by a flattering acknowledgment of the merits of the piece rejected. But, argues Miss WARDEN with great cogency, the plays by other writers which these same Managers subsequently produced had no merit at all! Can it be, then, that an absence of merit is the first *desideratum* in any play that is to see the light on the English Stage?

Eager to obtain some explanation, if explanation were possible, of this extraordinary state of affairs, *Mr. Punch's* emissary sought the presence of a well-known actor-manager.

"You have read Miss WARDEN's article?" he began.

The Manager bowed.

"Perhaps you have even rejected some of her plays?"

"I hardly think that is a fair question," he protested.

"Well, anyhow you have rejected plays by other ladies?"

The Manager sighed. "I have," he said, "lots of them."

"Why?" asked *Mr. Punch's* representative fiercely.

"Because they were no good."

"Did you give that as a reason?"

The Manager coughed diffidently. "I am not by nature an unkindly man," he began, and paused.

"Well?"

"Naturally, therefore, I always like to do the civil thing, especially where ladies are concerned."

"You don't produce their plays, however?"

"No! no!" replied the Manager hastily, "I couldn't do *that!* But I invariably speak of them in flattering terms when I return them. I 'recognise their cleverness,' I 'appreciate the brilliancy of the characterisation,' I 'am much struck by the neat dialogue.'"

"But Miss WARDEN says——"

"I know, I know. I've read what she says, I tell you. But, upon my word, I can't see what grievance playwrights have nowadays. We read their plays. We praise them. And we send them back. What more do they want?"

"Wouldn't it be franker not to praise them if they are bad?"

"It would. *Much* franker. But would they like it?" he snapped.

"You might try."

"Try!" he answered irritably. "I *have* tried. I've tried every way. But nothing pleases them. I tried sending plays back without comment. They wrote to the papers and said I was uncivil. Then I tried a printed form 'regretting that I was unable to produce the enclosed.' That brought the writer down in a cab to ask my reason."

"Did you give it?"

"Certainly not! I can't tell a lady her play is nonsense. It would be brutal. Besides, it would make me unpopular. And an actor-manager in London who's unpopular may as well close his theatre. So I said the play was most awfully good, and all that, but not *quite* suited to my theatre, and I suggested her submitting it to Mr. TREE or MR. ALEXANDER. I always do that now."

"But what do Mr. TREE or MR. ALEXANDER say?"

"Nothing—that you could print. But they've found out the dodge at last, and now they send on *their* bad eggs to me. So it's all square in the end."

"But do you *never* tell the truth about the plays ladies send you?"

"I did—once," replied the Manager gloomily.

"Tell me about that," said *Mr. Punch's* lieutenant eagerly.

But the Manager had fled.



A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

JOHN BULL. "*YOUR* ARMY SYSTEM SEEMS TO WORK SPLENDIDLY. HOW DO YOU MANAGE IT?"

JAPAN. "PERFECTLY SIMPLE. WITH US EVERY MAN IS READY TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY —*AND DOES IT!*"

JOHN BULL. "REMARKABLE SYSTEM! I MUST TRY AND INTRODUCE THAT AT HOME!"



HERE'S A PRETTY GO!

(At Wyndham's Theatre.)

IN *The Finishing School* Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has given us what he defines as a Romance, but it should certainly be classed as a Comedy, that is, if it be still allowable by the kind permission of the late respected lexicographer, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, so to consider Dr. OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*, to which class of Dramatic composition this piece belongs. It is a pretty play, of a somewhat old-fashioned type, with a fascinatingly wilful girl-heroine, *Dorothy Melville*, cleverly played by Miss ANNIE HUGHES, who, masquerading at a ball, as a *petit-maître* just imported from Paris, is one of the daintiest little persons ever seen on the English stage. The piece is uncommonly well rendered by everyone concerned in its production, which is saying a great deal where there are over thirty *dramatis personæ*.

In the First Act the stage management of the action, which leads up to the most telling climax in the hurried Gretna Green marriage, is admirable. The earlier part of the last Act, the scene in the school-room, 5 A.M., still requires just that careful rehearsal which the previous Acts have obtained, as the sly but nervous girls creeping about at that hour, fearing detection, would never dare to talk as loudly as they do, still less to scream.

Mr. BARNES, as *Sir John Vane*, the testy, warm-hearted, pugnacious old father of the *Sir Anthony Absolute* type, is excellent; and not a point is lost by either actor or actress in the scenes between him and the naughty lovable little *Dorothy*.

Well played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER is *Murray Vane*, the old Squire's hot-headed son, who, when not being cursed and disinherited, is being heartily welcomed by his preposterous parent.

Mr. FRANK COOPER, as "*Murray's* Guide" and philosophic self-sacrificing friend, *David Pugh*, gives force to a part that might otherwise have dwindled into a person of no importance.

The landlady of the "King's Head," Gretna Green, is a strong character sketch by Mrs. E. H. BROOKE, as also is *Reuben Laing*, the blacksmith who forges the links of matrimony, as portrayed by Mr. BREWER. After the blacksmith must be mentioned the *Colliers* of Mr. ATHELING FARRAR, a fop of the period, and his three friends *Capt. Hardy*, *Lieutenants Greenwood* and *Debray*, gaily and gallantly played by Messrs. ARDALE, FRANCIS, and THARP. Mr. SYDNEY BLOW'S sketch of the recently arrived young Parisian *Maurice Vernon* is done to just the turn that such a piquante *entrée* (and exit) *should* be. Miss ETHEL MATHEWS as *Lady Rose*, having little to do beyond looking very pretty, succeeds in this without the slightest effort.

The two school-mistresses, Miss INA GOLDSMITH (a name most appropriate in this connection) and Miss MARGARET MURRAY (another equally happy surname, when associated with teaching of grammar), do all that can possibly be expected of them when representing such highly respectable dames. The amusing dancing and deportment lesson for the girls at the commencement of the Second Act narrowly escapes an encore, and to the success of this entire scene Mr. BELLAMY'S humorous and highly finished sketch of the eccentric dancing-master largely contributes. In this amusing scene surely the dancing-master, instead of waving a *bâton*, should play a "kit" while he instructs his pupils in their dance? As he does not do this, whence is the music supposed to come?

Perhaps it is this scene that suggests the notion of Mr. MAX PEMBERTON'S having another development for his *Finishing School* by turning it into a "musical comedy," or frankly "a comic opera," for which it is in every particular of plot, costume and character precisely fitted; and had not the name been already taken and used with notable success the best title for it would have been simply *Dorothy*. However here it is as a comedy, and if author and leading actress will remember that on the stage "compression is the better part of valour," they may, by deft manipulation of materials, shorten the play, likewise the *entr'actes*, and lengthen the run.



"POOR FREDDIE! DID YOUR MOTOR THROW YOU OUT?"
"OH, NO! I'VE BEEN TEACHING MY WIFE TO PLAY GOLF!"

DEADLY LIVELY JAPS.—The successful Japanese Military Commanders are constantly engaged in executing "Happy Despatches" (to the papers) without committing suicide.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

XII.

Same address, Seoul, Korea.

YOUR esteemed issues of from April 20 to May 25, inclusive, are now to hand—from which I am pleased to note that you have already inserted about half a dozen of my despatches.

Also I have the honour to acknowledge your cheque-draft for a sum which is ludicrously below the market-value of said communications. Even the Editor of *Chittagong Conch*—whom *you* would probably consider a mere heathen—has bled far more freely, besides passing several most flowering compliments on my literary stylishness, correctness of information, *et cetera!*

Of course if London journalisms are just now so slumped that even such a prominent periodical as *Punch* cannot afford more than very very meagre emoluments to its best contributor, I can only bow my head in the devout and fervent prayer that you may soon be more profusely irradiated by the Sun of Prosperity.

If, on the other hand, you are still keeping nose above water, then I must respectfully submit that it is surely *infra dig.* for such an Old Pa and Methusalem of hebdominal humourists as yourself to be outdone in liberality by a native *Chittagong* contemporary.

As a conscientious, I cannot undertake to supply you any longer with best brain-work so much under cost price!

And I must again give you the candid hint that I am getting devilishly annoyed by your systematic snubbery! In spite of my dignified protests and abject entreaties, you still persist in interpolating atrociously cynical and sceptical pin-pricks into my text—as if to insinuate that your readers are not to regard it precisely as Gospel truth! . . . Why not, please, allow them—since they are no chickens—to judge for themselves?

How can you reasonably expect that I am to risk my life and limb in sanguinary shindies and skirmishes, when I am perpetually paralysed by the almost certitude that you would decline to credit the sad news of my untimely decease, even if personally vouched for by the sworn affidavit of myself?

Sharpest sting of all is the parsimonious *non possumus* with which you refuse me the most ordinary professional necessities. Over and over again have I modestly petitioned that I might be recouped out-of-pocket expenses incurred for a riding-crock, a wireless telegraphing-pole, hotel-score at Port Arthur, and similar what-nots. Have you on any single occasion added so much as a stiver to my screw on account of said items? . . . Even you must make the shame-faced admission that your answer is in the negative!

Why not, indeed, since you have pursued a like penurious policy with regard to disbursements which were solely for the honour and glorification of *Punch*, such as manufacture of *Punch* idol, purchase of josshouse for same, expenses of inaugural ceremony, and upkeep? Pray, why should *I* pay the piper for blowing *your* trumpet?

As the matter of fact, I may inform you that my payments assumed the shape of I O. U.'s, and that the Bonze is threatening that, unless he is soon to receive harder cash, he will infallibly desecrate the shrine by putting in some legal distraint or other, and not only render the idol an insolvent, but denounce it publicly as a pinchbeck claptrap which is incapable to perform a miracle for nuts!

A sad blow in the eye for prestige of *Punch* if it were to be published in the streets of Albion—but "*tu l'as voulu*, Mister GEORGE DINDON!" You cannot gobble your gingerbread and keep the gilt on it too!

I will say nothing of your ingratitude for innumerable splendid gifts and trophies of which you have been the lucky recipient—to wit, a tiger's whisker and claws, a fine bearskin, and other articles which have escaped from my recollection. Knowing your idiosyncrasies, I did not at all expect any equivalent—still you might at least have made me the curtsey of a nude acknowledgment!

Perhaps you may be still nibbling at my magnanimous offer of shares in a rather opulent coal-mine for which I was moving Heaven and Earth to obtain a concession?

If so, you are now several days after the fair—for, owing to your procrastination in supplying me with dibs to do the needful, said mine has now been picked up from under my nose by a Russian syndicate, who are confident that, as soon as the Japanese armies are evacuated from Korea, it is to turn out as lucrative as the fabulous territory of TOM the Tiddler.

A sad pity that *Punch* should be such a pusillanimous as to lose a pot of money by letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would," like a poor faint-hearted cat cooped up in an adage! However, do not shake your gory bristles at myself—for you cannot say that *I* did it!

Naturally such editorial *insouciance* has so profoundly depressed me that I have had no heart to collect any very authentic crumbs from Bellona's banquet. *Cui bono?* since, in any case, you are too sophisticated to swallow them!

However, I will hazard the mention of a report which Major DROSCHKYVITCH has just received from a reliable St. Petersburgian authority, to the effect that "the Cossacks are very pleased with their lances." This is *official*—though, strangely enough, it omits to mention Japanese opinion of said weapons.

I am relieved to hear that Russian strategists do not now attach any importance to Port Arthur, which they assert is, like pie-crust, intended to be broken. So, I suppose, when the pie is opened, the birds will commence to sing!

Recently I was a delighted spectator of a magnificent dramatic entertainment by a Korean company, consisting of a single-handed tragedian, who performed a thrilling melodrama with innumerable acts, scenes and characters on a mat of very moderate dimensions. And, as soon as he had worked the audience into a palpitating stew of excitement over some sensational climax, he would pull up and send round his hat for sen before he could be prevailed upon to continue.

Here I am rather tempted to embark myself on a comparative view of the Korean and British dramas, with the critical inquiry as to which of the two (if either) is in the more advanced state of decay—but again *cui bono?* since probably I should merely be chucking precious pearls before—I am not to say "a swine"—but a Public which prefers some music-hall comedy to a classical tragedy-drama like *Mr. Frankenstein!*

Moreover—whether from the notorious insalubrity of Korean climate, or whether I have contracted any diseases from too constant nursing of *Sho-ji*—I am feeling sadly out of gear and good for nothing.

The Korean vet. (whom, in the absence of a more general practitioner, I have been compelled to call in) reports that he cannot detect any incurable bodily diagnosis, but is of the opinion that it is my mind which is being diseased by unkindness of some person or persons unknown, thereby occasioning indescribable cataclysms in pit of stomach. He assures me that, if I could only experience some windfall (as, for instance, a kind and encouraging letter enclosing handsome tip) I should immediately buck up and become fit as a trivet.

Otherwise he has emitted the dismal prediction that I may at any moment pop off *impromptu* like a candle-snuff!

If I am doomed to die the death of a doorsnail, unsympathetic Sir, I shall leave instructions that, after I have become a *post obit*, the fleshly triangle of my heart is to be carefully packed up and forwarded, carriage paid, to your London address.

And when you have received such article, you will perhaps



THE NATIONAL GAME. OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

WE HAD THIRTY SECONDS LEFT BEFORE THE TIME FOR DRAWING STUMPS. OUR TWO LAST MEN WERE IN, AND WE WANTED ONE RUN TO TIE AND TWO TO WIN. IT WAS THE MOST EXCITING FINISH ON RECORD.

(should you condescend to inspect same at all closely) be dumbfounded to discover, through the misty blind of your tears, that my said organ is indelibly engraved with the hallowed name of Hon'ble *Punch!*

In the meantime I have the honour to regretfully inform you that, for the above indicated reasons, this War-correspondence must now cease. H. B. J.

[ED. COM.—*By a curious coincidence we had already cabled to* Mr. JABBERJEE *in precisely the same terms.*]

THE END.

ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTIES.

["It is obvious that he must be a man of exceptionally original ideas who can invent any new form of comparison for the physical charms of his lady-love. Dare we suggest that woman's features have come to assume the position of architecture, and that we can only go on copying what has already been written about them?"—*Temple Bar.*]

OBSERVE the ordinary rhymester's quest,
Inspired by no particular afflatus
Whereby he may in worthy mode attest
His lady's form and facial apparatus.

The tropes are getting somewhat hackneyed now
That bards have trotted out in sheep-like fashion
Spring after spring, when yearning to avow
In amatory verse each tender passion.

Those similes—I 'm sure we know them well,
To wit, the swan-like neck, lips like a cherry,
The teeth resembling pearls, the ear a shell,
Orbs like a sloe (why not a whortleberry?)

Nature, we hear, is like an architect,
And duly stereotypes her beauteous creatures;
Stay! here 's a hint—a novel dialect
Wherein to catalogue the fair one's features!

Address, then, if your paragon you 'd win,
The Decorated cheek that she possesses,
Her Norman eyebrow-arch, her Pointed chin,
Renaissance figure and Transition tresses.

But sing with reticence of "squint"-like eyes,
Be sparing of "façade," when "face" were fitter,
Nor celebrate a "frieze" where "fringe" applies.
Such technicalities might cause a titter!

THE *Evening Citizen* (Glasgow) refers to the honour of knighthood conferred upon Professor DEWAR, "the eminent scientist, who, while occupying the Chair of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, London, was born in the little town of Kincardine-on-Forth."

This, we believe, is a record in Infant Precocity.

NOTE BY EMINENT HISTORIAN.—The worst time for Light Literature was during the Dark Ages.

SENSATIONAL CRICKET.

Mr. Punch's Special Report.

ON June 31, on Sir Gilbert Parker's Piece, at Oxbridge, was played a match between Mr. D. L. A. JEPHSON'S Eleven and the Omar Khayyám Club, led by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL. *Mr. Punch* has been fortunate in obtaining several special accounts, including the point of view of each of the gifted captains. The full score is appended:—

MR. D. L. A. JEPHSON'S XI.

P. F. Warner, not out	275
C. B. Fry, not out	387
Extras	131
	793

K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Iremonger, Hirst, R. H. Spooner, G. L. Jessop, Storer, Rhodes, Cuttell, and D. L. A. Jephson, to bat.

THE OMAR KHAYYÁM CLUB.

	FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.
Sir Gilbert Parker, b Cuttell	14	c Spooner, b Rhodes	23
J. H. Choate, b Cuttell	2	b Cuttell	11
L. F. Austin, c Spooner, b Rhodes	21	c Warner, b Rhodes	43
H. Newbolt, b Hirst	33	run out	17
Adrian Ross, c Jephson, b Hirst	4	c Hirst, b Rhodes	1
A. Birrell, not out	102	not out	99
Sir Douglas Straight, run out	13	b Hirst	6
D. B. W. Sladen, B.A., LL.B., L.B.W., b Hirst	5	st. Storer, b. Jephson	4
C. K. Shorter, b Cuttell	16	run out	2
E. Clodd, c & b Fry	2	c & b Fry	1
Dr. Robertson Nicoll, b Rhodes	0	b Rhodes	0
Extras	8	Extras	6
	220		213

THE SPHERICAL POINT OF VIEW.

By C. K. Shorter.

I have in my library an unique literary treasure, consisting of a copy of the immortal *Rubaiyât* in the first Persian edition, containing my name in the author's autograph. Being but an indifferent Persian scholar, I have hitherto been unable to read the flattering inscription, but, on being bowled to-day by a very good ball from CUTTELL (who is, I am informed, a grandson of the delightful old mariner in DICKENS'S brilliant story, *Dombey and Son*) I took advantage of the lull in the game to ask Prince RANJITSINHJI kindly to decipher the passage for me. This he did with characteristic readiness, and I am now in the enviable position of being able to tell my expectant readers how it runs:—"To the Bud of Editorship, the Mirror of Clubmen, the Rose of Eloquence, and the Nutmeg of Criticism, from his friend and admirer O. K." Had I not played in this ever-to-be-remembered match I might never have obtained the translation: I had for years asked in vain among the members of the Club.

C. K. S.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

By P. F. Warner.

The match, which was closely contested, ended in a victory for Mr. JEPHSON'S XI. by an innings and several runs to spare. The principal scorers for the winners were CHARLES FRY and myself.

The bowling analysis of the Omar Khayyámites is too tragic a document to reproduce, but it may be said that Mr. CHOATE, who trundled well, was very unlucky, both men being missed off him, FRY when he had made 386, and I when my figures stood at 273. Had these chances been accepted there is no knowing how the match might have ended.

For the losers Mr. BIRRELL surprised all expectations. His innings were superb compilations, and he will now, no doubt, get his blue.

Mr. ADRIAN ROSS was unlucky, but he hit one ball very finely over the Ropes.

Mr. SLADEN'S initials and degrees were too much for him, one of the latter bringing about his downfall in the first innings.

Nothing but my good fortune in holding a bad catch prevented Mr. AUSTIN from adding to his very useful score.

Mr. SHORTER at one point delayed the game considerably by engaging RANJITSINHJI in a literary discussion on the field. They had at last to be parted by the umpires (SHERWIN and GOSSE).

THE O. K. POINT OF VIEW.

By Claudius Clear.

I am informed that the circulation of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* is not yet equal to that of *The Expositor*.

Mr. P. F. WARNER'S book on the Recovery of the Ashes having done so well, he has undertaken to prepare for Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON a theological treatise on the Ember Days. It was a pleasing thought that Mr. WARNER interrupted his honeymoon to meet us to-day in friendly contest. In the tea interval he created a sensation by drinking Tatcho and Apollinaris.

I am glad to be able to announce that during the lunch interval Mr. SPOONER completed the arrangements for publishing a new book through a firm which he describes as Messrs. STODDER AND HOUGHTON.

RHODES seemed to me a very nice young fellow, though not so tall as Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, whose new book, by the way, is selling well.

My friend Mr. SHORTER kept a good length, but Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT was frequently off the wicket.

I was surprised to see how sunburnt Prince RANJITSINHJI has become.

O. O.

WHAT YOU GET, WILLY-NILLY.

By D. L. A. Jephson.

Yesterday's cricket contained many tit-bits for the epicure. The most consistent bat in the country, CHARLES FRY, and the player with the most polished head, PLUM WARNER, both laid another coat of paint on their over-vermilioned doorways!

A translation of *Omar Khayyám* runs thus:—

> One moment in Annihilation's waste,
> One moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
> The stars are setting and the Caravan
> Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—oh make haste!

And it struck me that the "poor old O. K." caravan are tasting very little water from the "Well of Life" this season.

The O. K.'s, in spite of their BENJAMIN'S portion of leather hunting, fielded remarkably well all along, and, in the words of WILLIAM MORRIS, "Fellowship on a fielding side is Heaven, and lack of fellowship is—not."

CHOATE'S cutting was superb. The ball left his bat with a nasal twang that I shall never forget.

Every game leads to one of two termini, a win or a loss. There is also a draw, which I forgot when I composed the first sentence, and now and then a tie too. This shows the danger of being epigrammatic. Better be direct like dear old TOM RICHARDSON, my quondam whilom associate.

BIRRELL'S two innings were great. You ought to have seen the smile on the face of the genial AUG.

Good old GILLY played well too, but the Red and White Roses were too much for him.

Good old Everybody!

That's all for to-day; but to-morrow you've got to have it again.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to all reports, both KING and KAISER were in excellent spirits at Kiel. Indeed, at times they behaved like a couple of schoolboys. Among other things they actually changed clothes, the KAISER appearing as a British Admiral and the KING as a German one.

It is confidently hoped that the Russian ships which recently sallied forth from Port Arthur and were injured will soon be repaired and be in a condition to be injured again.

General BOOTH denies that there has recently been a slump in recruiting for the Army.

It is rumoured that, as a result of his interview with the KING, the General will shortly be made a Field-Marshal.

It looks as if war in Morocco were now inevitable. At any rate the Moroccan Minister of War has left Tangier for the Continent.

King PETER of Servia was last week the guest of honour of the 7th Infantry Regiment, which carried out the assassination of his predecessor in office. His Majesty has expressed the hope that he may be their guest for many years to come.

The Rev. FORBES PHILLIPS, in an attempt to upset the statistics of church attendance, has made a confession which does no little credit to his honesty. Talking about his own church, he states, "The people who come one Sunday do not come every Sunday."

According to the *Express*, there are two children in New Jersey who weigh between them 335 lbs., and one of them "thinks nothing of demolishing a dozen eggs at a sitting." We should have thought that he could easily have crushed more than that.

It is almost too horrible to believe, but it is rumoured that several persons are deliberately waiting until it is too late to accept "*The Times*" offer to prospective subscribers.

An American gentleman has, in his will, stipulated that his estate of £10,000 shall go to his widow and children, provided that none of them shall become addicted to intoxicating liquor during the next five years. The orgie which will, we presume, take place at the end of that period should be worth seeing.



A CASE OF TU QUOQUE.

She. "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HAT?"
Sutherland Highlander. "BY JOVE, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY HEADGEAR YOU WOMEN DO WEAR!"

In Madagascar, unmarried men are made to pay an annual fine. It is said to be the only tax that is paid with perfect cheerfulness.

Mrs. ASQUITH plays golf bare-headed on the St. Andrews links. Reverence for the game can surely go no further than this.

London is feeling sorry to-day. To greet Dr. DOWIE on his return to Zion City, a triumphant arch of imitation stone was erected, on each block of which was inscribed the name of a city visited by the prophet on his recent tour. Cities which welcomed him were inscribed in black letters: others in red. London was in red, and the inhabitants of Zion City are saying that the punishment is not a bit too severe.

Lord ROSEBERY likened himself, at the inaugural meeting of the City of London United Liberal Association, to a Salvationist. Certainly, not long ago, he had something to do with a booth.

A Staffordshire labourer has been charged with attempting to murder his wife because she had drunk some of his beer. If a conviction be obtained it will come as a cruel surprise to hundreds of thousands of husbands, and the result of what is looked upon as a test case is anxiously awaited.

A valuable contribution to the problem of our dwindling population has been supplied by some statistics which show that there are more doctors in England in proportion to its numbers than in any other country.

The Faculty are recommending patients with sluggish livers to walk on all fours for twenty minutes four times a day. It is possible that a portion of the Row will be set aside for the purpose.

We are requested to deny the statement which has been very widely circulated to the effect that farmers in every part of England are rejoicing over the record hay crop. Farmers never rejoice, and the report has caused much pain to those concerned.

THE *Daily Mail* makes the following frank admission:—

"The fact that the *Daily Mail* sent a representative as a steerage passenger to New York from London has awakened the New York Press to the grave consequences which the wholesale unloading of aliens may have for America."

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM FOR TWOPENCE.—1s. 6d. post free.—Advt. in *Surrey Mirror*.

We recommend this investment for cats with nine lives. It would just go round.

LICENSING BILL.—Parliamentary majority is suffering from severe attack of "Beery-Beery."



SWEET HAY-TIME.

Extract from Ethel's Correspondence:—"JACK AND HIS COUSIN TURNED UP UNEXPECTEDLY LAST THURSDAY, AND WE ALL WENT AND HELPED ONE OF THE NEIGHBOURING FARMERS GET IN HIS HAY. EVERYBODY GOES 'BACK TO THE LAND' NOWADAYS, YOU KNOW. WE WORKED FRIGHTFULLY HARD, BUT THE FARMER MAN WASN'T A BIT GRATEFUL—IN FACT, HE SEEMED QUITE STUFFY ABOUT SOMETHING OR OTHER."

THE NEW THEATRE AND THE OLD PIECE.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S comedy of *The Liars* deserves to be ranked among the classics of the Victorian Era. Its freshness, which is that of an entire novelty, is perfectly preserved by the admirable cast provided for it by Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM. As good wine improves with age, so do some good plays, and this one is an example in point. Its weak feature, as occasionally happens with our HENRY ARTHUR, is the last Act. Here is our old friend the man hiding behind the curtain, for which situation HENRY ARTHUR has a deeply-rooted affection, as instanced in his latest comedy at the Haymarket.

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, as *Colonel Sir Christopher Dering*, gives us the very best taste of his quality, modulating his tone from grave to gay, from lively to severe. The most difficult parts, viz., *Edward Falkner*, gallant hero and seducer, *Gilbert Nepean*, the uncouth husband, and his brother *George Nepean*, the suspicious sneak, are admirably rendered, "with conviction" is the modern phrase, by Mr. DENNIS EADIE, Mr. EILLE NORWOOD and Mr. BERTRAM STEER.

As the earnest noodle, *Freddy Tatton*, Mr. SAM SOTHERN is delightful; and Mr. A. BISHOP absolutely irresistible as the fussy, correct and old-fashioned husband of the accommodating *Dolly Coke*, so amusingly rendered by Miss SARAH BROOKE.

The modern easy-going married woman with the whip-hand of her nervously weak spouse is played to the life by Miss ENID SPENCER-BRUNTON; and equally good is Miss CYNTHIA BROOKE, whose *Beatrice Ebernoe* belongs to the modern school for scandal. As honest and hearty *Mrs. Crespin*, Miss LILIAN WALDEGRAVE seconds Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM in a rather trying scene in the last Act of the play. Miss SYBIL WILLIAMS' slight part of *Lady Jessica's* maid *Ferris* is given its full importance in the scheme without being in the least overdone.

Miss MARY MOORE has rarely had a better part, nor a more trying one, except, perhaps, in *The Tyranny of Tears*, than that of the *tête de linotte Lady Jessica Nepean*, where all the art consists in never once gaining the sympathy of the audience for this amusing and irritating character.

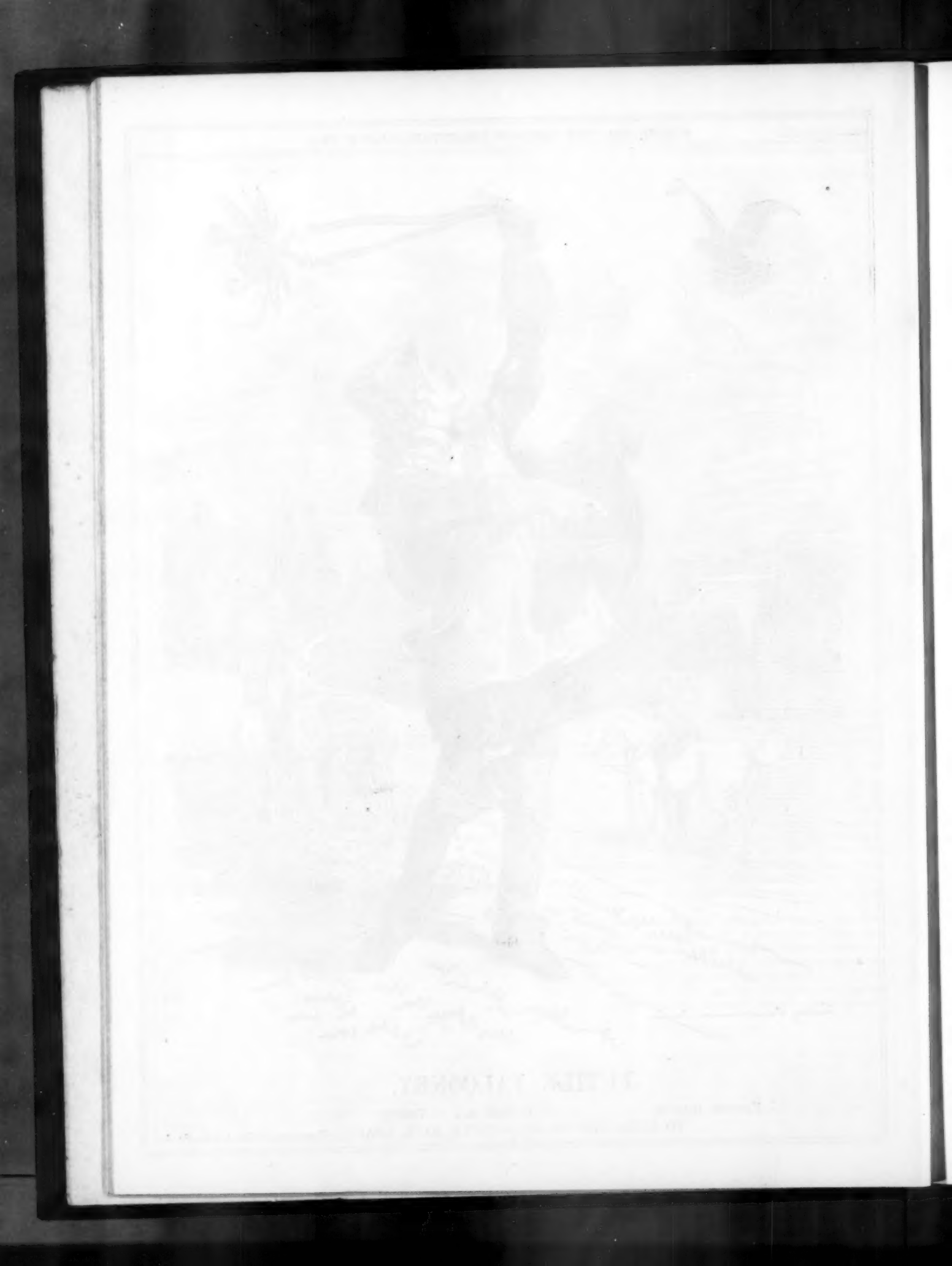
The Liars should be in for another long run, as it is one of the best acted and most amusing pieces now to be seen in London.

THERE has recently been started a question as to the origin and meaning of the conjuror's words, "Hanky-panky." With that we are not at present concerned, but when there were financial troubles in which more than one big commercial house was involved the general term used for the state of affairs was "Hanky-Banky."



FUTILE FALCONRY.

FALCONER BALFOUR. "O FOR A . . . VOICE
TO LURE THIS TASSEL-GENTLE BACK AGAIN."—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Sc. 2.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 27.—On Friday, JOHN LENG, in his persuasive style, suggested that as House and country have had enough of best of all Governments they had better retire. PRINCE ARTHUR with equal blandness took opportunity of intimating to whom it might concern that if Ministerialists are not in more constant attendance at crack of ACLAND-HOOD's whip he will throw up sponge.

To-day first meeting of House after circulation of warning word. Curious to test its effect Opposition promptly challenged division. Some anxious moments followed. Obviously forces pretty equally divided. Would the Government scrape through? They did—by a bare majority of 38, less than half their normal majority, a round dozen below what it stood at last week before PRINCE ARTHUR issued note of solemn warning.

Different thing in case of quite too brief week-end Session on board P. & O. steam yacht, *Vectis*. H.M. TOM SUTHERLAND *Rex* (P. & O.) having issued summonses to Members of both Houses for special Session there was rush to obey. Recurring to earlier Parliamentary custom when the Session was held at Oxford and elsewhere than Westminster, Parliament, gathering at Gravesend, boarded the stately yacht.

Punctually at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon the SPEAKER, who was attended by his Private Secretary and accompanied by Sir COURTENAY ILBERT, Clerk of the House, took the Chair (at the luncheon table). First Order of the Day was to cast loose from the wharf and steam out to sea. Progress reported in the Downs. Usual adjournment for dinner-hour. Once more the difference between conduct of Members on the *Vectis* and at Westminster painfully marked. At the latter nine o'clock brings fresh pang to the faithful bosom of the PINK 'UN. Anxiously he counts his men straggling in and wonders what the next hour may bring forth. On the *Vectis* not a Member missing when the bell chimed nine o'clock, attendance being maintained up to midnight, when the cry, "Who goes home?" rang through the smoking-room.

On Sunday steamed down Channel under blue sky over shimmering sea, skirting the green fields and gleaming white cliffs, which never looked more beautiful. In addition to Members of both Houses there were a good many "strangers," each eminent in his profession; a social salad deftly mixed. After prayers in the late afternoon, anchored off Netley, in full view of the glory of the setting sun.

On Monday morning all the really responsible men, the bees of the busy hive of London, went back by early morning train to work. People who never would be missed made another day of it, going on in the ship to Tilbury, where it is hoped they spoke no scandal about Queen ELIZABETH.

A touching scene marked the parting of this first contingent. Amid the crowd on the upper deck waving farewell stood a strange solitary figure. Round his head a bath towel was folded turbanwise; his tall spare figure was clad in long loose garment girdled with bright colour. On his otherwise bare feet shone a pair of sandals, primrose in



Yet another Infant—"in maiden meditation fancy free."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n. "To quote a well-known expression of my right hon. friend's, 'I am a child in these matters.'"

hue. In his mouth was a cigarette; in his right eye a rimless glass; over his dark countenance a look of supernatural gravity, lightened now and then by a gleam of humour; a face that suggested associations combining Bagdad and Dublin.

At first sight the awed crowd in the tender, looking up from the humbled level of their boat, thought it was one of the Lascars in his Sunday clothes. Then a whisper ran round that it was a mad fakir. It was neither. It was Major-General Sir JOHN ARDAGH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., Director of the Intelligence Department at one of the most critical stages in English history.

I well remember in the dark December week that saw GATACRE driven back from Stormberg, METHUEN repulsed at Magersfontein, BULLER checked in attempt to cross the Tugela, how righteous anger rang through the country at administrative mismanagement that made such things possible. Looking about for a victim, people fell upon the Intelligence Department. What's the use of an Intelligence Department, it was asked, that allows a rich and powerful country to stumble into pitfalls prepared by the slim Boer?

SARK then told me how he had heard on unimpeachable authority that long before the outbreak of the war, the Intelligence Department under JOHN ARDAGH conveyed to the proper quarter the fullest, minutest information with respect to military preparations and resources of the Boers; warning lightly regarded by highly placed persons at home, tragically verified as soon as the first gun was fired. Incredible as it seemed, even on the testimony of so well-informed a person, it was later authenticated in evidence given before the War Commission.

And here on this June morning is JOHN ARDAGH, his helmet now a hive for bees, lolling over the taffrail of the *Vectis*, wondering when these chaps will get away, let him go off, get into his morning clothes, and so to breakfast.

"ARDAGH," says RATHMORE, looking up laughingly at his old college chum, "was not at first intended for War Office service. I think science was his earliest love. When he turned aside and entered the Royal Engineers we called him 'Military ARDAGH.'"

Business done.—Speaker gets back to Westminster. House in Committee on Licensing Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR doesn't like flippancy, especially when practised by a Marquis and directed against the Woolsack. This afternoon LONDONDERRY, of all men, guilty of this crime. Led into it partly by the heat, the glut of strawberries, and attempt by BEAUCHAMP to carry second reading of Bill enabling women to act as members of County Councils and the like.

LORD CHANCELLOR came down upon proposal literally like cartload of bricks. BEAUCHAMP, the mildest-mannered man that ever governed a Colony, shrunk with visible terror when LORD CHANCELLOR, throwing back with angry gesture a flap of his wig, turned upon him with scathing remark, "This Bill is part of the agitation going on to place women in exactly the same position as men."

Think of it!

LONDONDERRY did, and came to conclusion that it really wasn't so monstrous after all. In fact, he argued, that if it was right for women to exercise the political franchise there was no reason

why they should not become Members of Parliament, represent Launceston, and work their way up until, in process of time, one occupied the position of the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack.

Peers languidly tittered. LORD CHANCELLOR gasped. This kind of thing very well, he supposed, in places like a music-hall or the House of Commons. To introduce it into the Lords, with the servants in the room, and a stray stranger in the Gallery, was playing it a little low. Some comfort from PORTSMOUTH, who, looking more than ever like *Hamlet* in prosperous circumstances, laid down the axiom that a woman's politics (like her fortune) should be the politics of her husband.

SARK, reviewing the last eighteen years, and having particular cases in his mind, observes that under this ordinance the wife loyally desiring to march apace with her husband would have to be particularly agile in her movements.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR has bad time in the Commons. Adjournment moved from his own side in order to force Ministerial statement with respect to promised scheme of Army organisation. ARNOLD-FORSTER replying, confessed that his predecessor's latest scheme of reform "has created a situation the seriousness of which it would be difficult to exaggerate." At morning sitting another Ministerial revolt against proposal to report progress in order to include in Licensing Bill an amendment not wholly acceptable to The Trade.

House of Commons, Friday.—Long time since we had good bull trotted out in House. Place too dull now, even for bovine enterprise. SAUNDERSON removed reproach. Talk about outbreak at Lurgan, where stones were thrown.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "they do throw stones at Lurgan. When I was Member for Cavan one hit me on the head. It weighed 4 lbs. 8 oz. Luckily my head is very thick, so I had it made into a paper-weight."

Obviously that not quite what the Colonel meant to say. But what SAUNDERSON has said he has said; indeed he has since illustrated by a sketch what he didn't mean to say.

No Irishman can do more than that.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR proposes to closure the Licensing Bill.



NOT SO GREAT AN INNOVATION AFTER ALL.

If a lady did really "come to occupy the position of the noble and learned Lord on the Woolsack," the change would not visually be so very startling; the eye having become somewhat prepared for it in recent years



Interesting Table-ornament at Castle Saunderson, Belturbet, co. Cavan.

"Luckily my head is very thick, so I had it made into a paper-weight."

(Col. E. J. S-nd-rs-n.)

RECEIVING ORDER.

In re J. Pluvius (lately trading as the Meteorological Council, Limited, and carrying on business in Victoria Street, S.W.).

THE Weather Office is to be wound up, and the British climate will, in future, be regulated by the Board of Agriculture. We have long suspected that the Clerk of the Weather's business was not a going concern. The stock has been extensively watered of late, especially during last "summer," and now the crash has come, after flooding the markets. The finishing touch was given the other day by the report that the Gulf Stream had petered out and failed to meet its obligations. Wireless telegraphy also has exercised a disturbing effect on transatlantic samples, while cyclones have been much too bullish. The Leonids were of the wild-cat order, and declared no dividend whatever, in spite of phenomenal booming. There has been a corner in radium, and hence a deficiency of solar heat. Even Saturn has not escaped his ring. The Derby was turned into a Regatta. Altogether, the meteorological import and export trade has been dislocated during the past few years, and the confidence of the public thoroughly shaken. The uncertainty attending Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Fiscal Policy has doubtlessly affected the barometer. We hope the new brooms of the Board of Agriculture will sweep clean, and attend strictly to business, and not allow it to rain cats as well as dogs during the coming dog-days.



PRETTY DRY.

Young Beginner (fishing with dry fly). "AM I KEEPING MY FLY PROPERLY DRY, DUNCAN?"
Scotch Keeper. "OH, I'M THENKIN' SHE'LL BE DRY ENOUGH. SHE'S STICKIN' UP IN THAT BIG WILLOW NEAR BY WHERE YE STARTED FUSHIN'."

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 25.—In most respects that great artiste Madame CALVÉ is an ideal *Carmen*. And, this being so, it is a pity that she should somewhat mar her impersonation by the un-Carmenlike shawl-drapery worn by her in the Second Act, where she is supposed to be a leading spirit in bacchic orgies, and by not playing the castanets in the *danse d'amour* with which she fascinates her impressionable and impulsive lover *Don José*. Madame CALVÉ prefers to wave her arms about and to make mesmeric passes over the head and before the eyes of her enamoured swain, while all the time the castanets, which *Carmencita* ought to be playing as the only accompaniment to her winning voice and seductive action, are "heard without," and thus the scene is shorn of a part of its realism, and the audience is comparatively disillusioned. Still, it is CALVÉ'S *Carmen*, and, popularised as such, it attracts a crammed house and evokes rare enthusiasm.

M. HEROLD being suddenly incapacitated, M. DUFRICHE played *Don José* at very short notice. No one, of course, blamed M. HEROLD, yet it was noble of M. DUFRICHE so generously to "take his part."

Signor SCOTTI gave a spirited impersonation of the *Toréador*, who, like the *Postillon de Longjumeau*, is "*toujours gai*," but for all that the great song was not so great as usual, though it was followed by a dropping fire of applause which Signor SCOTTI was well advised not to return with an "encore verse."

M. GILIBERT and Herr REISS were excellent as the two biggest knaves in the pack, as also were Mlle. HELIAN and Miss EDITH KIRKWOOD as their fascinating accomplices in crime who know how to play their cards, in the Third Act, to the very best advantage. In voice and acting Miss AGNES NICHOLLS as simple *Micaëla* was most sympathetic. M. COTREUIL was a dashing *Captain Zuniga*, and M. DUFRICHE (this is "t'other DUFRICHE," not M. G.) quite the gay Brigadier. The Hullabellew and regular Stock company of choir-boys did capitally everything required of them. Signor MANCINELLI conducted himself like the thorough musical director he is, and the performance satisfied everybody.

Wednesday, June 29.—VERDI'S *Un Ballo in Maschera*. Excellent house to give warm welcome, in keeping with this



Don José takes the chair at a private meeting. Carmen proves herself good at figures.



HIDE AND SEEK.
Don José Dufriche and Carmen Calvé.
"Catch as catch can."



The Ruffian Dan-caire-a—— M. Gilibert.



AT THE PALMIST'S.
Ulrica Frascani informing Riccardo Caruso that his line of life is very short.

lovely night of June, to the June-premier vocalist CARUSO, as also to the mixture of melody and melodrama presented to us in *Un Ballo*. Signor CARUSO in fine voice and at his very best as the gay *Count Riccardo*, and 'tis simply owing to the familiar terms on which the public finds itself with the music of this opera that the delightful "*È scherzo od è follia*," sung perfectly by carousing CARUSO as *Count Dick*, is no longer acclaimed with three times three encores as it was in the days of MARIO, and afterwards in those of GAYARRE, popularly known as *Gay 'Arry*. By the way, is *Riccardo* a Count or a Duke? In one version he has both titles; but the Operatic Syndicate wisely avoids the solution of the vexed question of rank and precedence by merely giving his name on the bill as a simple commoner, *Riccardo*, without even prefixing "Signor" or adding a surname; thereby evidently implying that, as far as the Syndicate is concerned, it 's "all Dicky" with his titles. Besides *Dicky* there are also *Tommy* and *Sam*, played admirably by Messrs. JOURNET and COTREUIL. Signor SCOTTI a first-rate *Renato*, while Fräulein KURZ as spry boy *Oscar*, adds a brilliant page to her operatic records. Signorina RUSS made much of *Amelia* ("Who wouldn't?" asks the *Gay Lord Quex*, lorgnetting), especially in the Third Act. Signorina FRASCANI, if not an overpowering *Ulrica*, is better in this than in some previous performances, while the chorus is well done on both sides, and the merry men of MANCINELLI are, individually and collectively, first-rate. And so say all of us.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

(By our Medical Expert.)

THE question which confronts a large and constantly increasing section of the population as the month of July proceeds is, "Where shall I go for my holiday?" It becomes necessary therefore to make a brief excursus into climatology. Climates may be divided into marine and inland, the latter being again subdivisible into those of low and high altitudes. Some are bracing, such as those of the East Coast of England, Spitzbergen and Siberia, whilst others are relaxing, such as Madeira and the basin of the Congo, too often erroneously identified with

CONGO TEA,

which, when indulged in to excess, is fraught with the most deleterious consequences. If, then, we assume the holiday maker to be healthy, but a hard worker, and subject to insomnia, hay fever and asthma, it is obvious that the choice of his place of sojourn should be one in which, as far as possible, the prevailing climatological conditions are not favourable to the development of these ailments. It is true that proximity to the sea may occasionally cause insomnia, light-house keepers being

PROVERBIALLY LIGHT SLEEPERS,

but as a rule the sea exerts a sedative influence on the nervous system, so that, in a certain number of cases, insomnia is reduced by a visit to the seaside. On the other hand, asthmatic patients generally find their symptoms aggravated at marine resorts, and the lowest percentage of

DEATHS FROM HAY FEVER

is to be found in the great mountain plateaus of Tibet. The generalisations to be deduced from these considerations are therefore sufficiently obvious. Elderly people whose arteries are beginning to harden should always seek warm places, or, if not, they should always be warmly clad. Violent physical exercise is only salutary for those who keep themselves in condition all the year round, and in any case chronic invalids, bedridden persons and octogenarians should abstain from emulating the feats of professional athletes. It has been said that there is not a professional cyclist in Roumania of over sixty with a perfectly sound heart, but of course there is no limit to the power of assertion. Speaking broadly, high altitudes are a most valuable stimulant to a depressed nervous system—witness the case of

ST. SIMEON STYLITES,

but it is dangerous to carry this principle to its logical conclusion, and I do not recommend the summit of Mount Everest or even Aconcagua as a permanent residence for the victims of melancholia. To sum up, nearly everyone has his ideal climate, in which, *mutatis mutandis*, and other things being equal, his holiday will do him as much good if not less than he will derive from staying quietly at home. In this context, now that the warm weather has set in, and the attractions of an *al fresco* life are approaching their grand climacteric, it is desirable that a word of caution should be uttered against the pernicious habit of taking meals in the open air, which seems to be gaining ground amongst the members of the

UPPER AND MIDDLE CLASSES.

Fresh air, let it be frankly conceded at the outset, is an excellent thing in itself; so too is an adequate supply of wholesome food. But just as two wrongs do not make a right, so also it frequently happens that two rights may make a wrong. The practice of picnickers—we prefer to spell the word in the old-fashioned way, in spite of the late Mr. HERBERT SPENCER's deliberate rejection of the letter "k"—is, as a rule, to seek out a convenient place on the

GREEN SWARD,

and, dispensing with a table, to dispose the viands on the ground, sometimes with, but occasionally without, the adjunct of a tablecloth. If the day be windy, stones or other heavy weights are placed on the cloth to prevent it being blown away. While, however, these precautions are taken to secure the stability of the provender, nothing whatever is done to guard against the dangers which the merest tyro in bacteriology recognises as inherent in the situation. It does not need a microscope to establish the fact that grass teems with all manner of coleoptera, entomostraca, infusoria, scarabæi, and millions of other

DEATH-DEALING ORGANISMS,

endowed in many cases with prodigious agility and that wonderful faculty of protective imitation which renders their true nature indistinguishable by the naked eye. But this is not all. Not only is the picnicker incapable of recognising the presence of foreign bodies in the viands of which he is partaking, but, with his appetite enhanced by his recumbent position, he almost invariably overeats him or herself, and, returning to his home in a state of

ABNORMAL HYPERTROPHY,

falls an easy and predestined prey to apoplectic seizures, congestion of the rhomboid ganglia, apocolocyntrosis, and other distressing and highly polysyllabic complaints. In view of these and other equally notorious facts we cannot too vehemently impress upon our readers the paramount need of picnicking with the utmost circumspection. Thousands of people injure themselves every summer by indiscreet indulgence in this deplorable habit. They come back with hectic complexions, inoculated with the virus of anopheles mosquito, and other bombinating plagues of the worst type. The stethoscope reveals all sorts of ineffable mischief, and it may be months before they recover, especially if they be on the wrong side of seventy.

UNREST.—Summer is here. Soon a majority able to afford it will be leaving London for various "Cures." The *modus vivendi* of home and foreign Spas will be advertised, and then will have commenced the Spas-modic Season.

THE THEATRE OF WAR.—To assist in the Great Drama, of the most serious interest, now being performed, the Japanese have already secured several passes. With this exception the free list is entirely suspended, public press not excepted.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"IF it 's humour you want," as the Heavy Dragoon says in *The Pantomime Rehearsal*, read *The Diversions of a Music-Lover*, by C. L. GRAVES (MACMILLAN & Co.). From a series of papers where all are interesting and instructive, and some most amusing, it is difficult to select any one or two for special commendation. Yet if someone were to say to the Baron, "Behold, I am pressed for time, tell me the best of these to read within the next half-hour!" then would the Baron unhesitatingly answer, "Begin with *The Voices of the Orchestra*; take next the thoroughly appreciative article on *Sir George Grove*; proceed to *Reminiscences of Malibran*; and finish with *A Musical Celebrity*, which, purporting to be the record of an interview with *The Concert Cat* at St. James's Hall, is quite enough to rouse a fellow feline and to make a cat laugh." The longest article, *A Forgotten Book*, with the amusing Studies in Musical Criticism, can await your leisure. But 'tis something to take with you on a journey, for, as a real good travelling companion, Mr. GRAVES—in spite of his name—can be the gayest of the gays. He is always lively, never severe, and should you be inclined to sleep and not to read, why, at a second's notice, without any effort of wit on your part, you can shut him up.



Society in the New Reign (FISHER UNWIN) purports to be written by A Foreign Resident revisiting London after an absence of some years. My Baronite seems to know that Foreign Resident. He does not come from Sheffield, but is in occasional retreat in a district less remote from London. However that be, he has written an entertaining book which commends itself to the gentle reader by the device of smartly saying disagreeable things about his (the reader's) dearest friends. The range of reference is all-embracing. The Resident, whether Foreign or native, is in a position to observe most of the men and women who form what is known as London Society. He discusses them with the frankness, something above the average of cleverness, of talk in the smoking-room, or in the confidence of the dressing-rooms where ladies at a house party foregather to say a last few words before going to bed. My Baronite is tempted to quote some of the glittering sentences in which personal friends are stabbed. But he leaves them to look up the passages for themselves. To that end, the Foreign Resident, always anxious to oblige, adds an index.

Mr. BASIL KING has already given proofs of remarkable skill and versatility in *Let Not Man Put Asunder* and *The Garden of Charity*. His latest novel, *The Steps of Honour* (HARPER), will add to his reputation. The main theme of it, indeed, is not a new one, for it deals with the assumption by one man of work done long ago by another who at the time gained no credit by it. In *The Steps of Honour*, however, this theme is handled with striking ability, and the reader is driven, in spite of himself, to sympathise with *Antony Muir*, the wrong-doer; so natural, nay almost so necessary, does it seem that he should have acted as he did, and so cruel is his punishment when he is detected and exposed. How he redeems himself and finally wins the woman he loves must be read in Mr. KING'S brilliant pages. The character-drawing is wonderfully strong and distinct. Every person lives and moves with a clear-cut individuality. *Agatha*, the ambitious, self-centred, rigid, New England young woman; *Persis*, the sweet and tender maiden with her soft heart (a charming character), and *Professor* and *Mrs. Wollaston*—all are admirable. The Professor, indeed, with his sublime tactlessness, his record-breaking certainty in saying the wrong thing, his shrewdness and his kindliness, is a delightful addition to this Assistant Reader's gallery of humorous portraits.

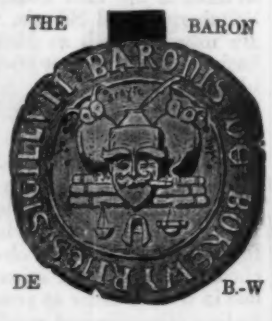
The Editor, Mr. SHAW SPARROW, describes *The British Home of To-day* (HODDER & STOUGHTON) as a book of modern domestic architecture and the applied arts. Its avowed purpose is to give specimens of good workmanship in these pursuits. They take the form of sketches or photographs of houses built within the last quarter of a century, furnished by craftsmen who have outlived the spell of the monstrosity familiar to some of us in the mid-Victorian era. The letterpress is contributed by masters of their art like Mr. ARNOLD MITCHELL, Mr. GUY DAWBER, and Mr. NORMAN SHAW. The illustrations of shapely, cosy cottages lighten up pages of common-sense talk. Persons about to build will find the volume a mine of treasure. Those who, like my Baronite, have already built, will wish they hadn't till they had enjoyed the advantage of studying this work.



During a recent visit to the United States my Baronite was privileged to assist (as a spectator) at the process of cooking on the table a charming luncheon for three. Pigeons were the sacrifice, the altar a chafing dish. He was so enchanted with the operation and its result that he hunted through Boston to find a chafing dish, brought it home in triumph, and found he could have purchased one in London for 7*s.* 6*d.* less. In *The Cult of the Chafing Dish* (GAY & BIRD) Mr. FRANK SCHLOESSER chats charmingly about this domestic joy. Also he supplies a number of recipes for the use of cooks who have mastered the simple mystery of the chafing dish. 'Tis a pleasing pursuit, having, in the case of amateurs, the added excitement of flattering uncertainty as to what will come out of the dish at the end of ten or twenty minutes.

In *Celibate Sarah* (GRANT RICHARDS), Mr. JAMES BLYTH—so the Assistant Reader reports—goes once more to the Norfolk Broads for the scenery, atmosphere and characters of his book. In his former book, *Juicy Joe*, nothing relieved the grimness and sordid tragedy of the story—nothing, that is, except Mr. BLYTH'S relentless power in telling it. In *Celibate Sarah* the evidences of power are not less striking, but there are chinks in the battered and decayed cottages of these souls through which the light is let in. The hope of better things is not utterly to be denied, even to the inhabitants of the Norfolk Broads. *Celibate Sarah* is in its way (and its way is not unlike that of GUY DE MAUPASSANT) as strong a book as your Assistant has read for a long time.

The Baron, being thoroughly appreciative of genuine Irish stories, such, for example, as *My New Curate* and *Luke Delmege*, was attracted by the title of a novel brought under his notice entitled *Father Clancy*, by A. FREMDLING (DUCKWORTH). He wrestled with it manfully, but, apart from its great defect of being uninteresting, its pretence at true characterisation is very thin, and the writer is apparently ignorant of some of the most ordinary terms familiar to Irish clergy and people. The Baron was sadly disappointed.





DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

"HOH, I SAY, 'ARRY, JES' LOOK 'ERE! BLOWED IF THEY AIN'T PUT THE CHIMNEY-POT ON AFORE THE 'OUSE IS BUILT!"

GOLF NOTES.

INTERESTING FEATS AND EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCES IN THE GAME.

AT Tipperusalem, U.S.A., the local professional, TITUS O. HORLICK, equipped with a croquet mallet and fifty hard-boiled eggs, once played a match against the leading local amateur, who was allowed the use of a hair-brush and fifty fish-balls. HORLICK, who won the match on the sixteenth green by 3 up and 2 to play, with seven eggs in hand, is now a prosperous hatter at Panama.

At Peebles, in 1889, a player, on going to the green of the "Crater" hole, found a tiger which had escaped from a travelling menagerie crouching at the pin. On realising, however, that he was a scratch player, the tiger followed him quietly to the club-house, where a large dose of sloe gin rendered the animal perfectly harmless until the arrival of its keepers.

In a match at Biarritz last winter on a very misty day, the Marquis of GUIPUZCOA made a drive from the third tee, and no one could tell where the ball went. After a prolonged search in all directions the ball was ultimately discovered on the back of a sheep which was grazing about fifteen feet from the tee box.

A famous scratch player once undertook to play a fellow member of the Westward Ho! Club a match over those links, his only equipment being an unlimited supply of uncooked sausages, while his opponent was allowed the use of all his clubs. The scratch player won the match, using up 159 sausages, and completing the round in 264 strokes, the loser taking 286.

At Drumnadrochit one day, as WILLIE MCLURKIN was addressing his ball at the fifteenth tee, a magnificent golden eagle swooped down and carried off the pellet. MCLURKIN, with wonderful presence of mind, put down another ball, and drove a "skyer," which hit the eagle on the neck, killing it instantaneously. Lovers of golf will be interested to learn that MCLURKIN has since become a teetotaller.

At Moreton-in-the-Marsh, one day in 1903, a player, on going up to his ball, found a poached egg perched on the top of it. Taking his mashie, he topped the ball, but landed the egg in the hole.

At Inchnadamph there is a tame capercailzie which accompanies the players on the links and applauds a good stroke by flapping its wings.

At Wimbledon, in the year 1900, there were four caddies whose united ages amounted to 286 years.

The larks on the Brancaster (Norfolk) links are occasionally so vociferous that nervous players are obliged to stop their ears with cotton wool.

At the Atlanta (Ga.) links the principal green-man is a black man.

RECORD DRIVES.

At Cannes the Grand Duke MICHAEL once drove a ball so hard into the ground that it was never seen again.

At Wembley Park, Lord HALSBURY, playing in a foursome with ANDREW KIRKALDY against BEN SAYERS and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, missed the globe seven times running without allowing his partner to play his turn.

IN the *Spectator*, the Skinners' Company advertise "a pension for a poor preacher." *Mr. Punch* in his time has sat under some very poor preachers, and thinks there should be no difficulty in finding a deserving case.

THE DUST-HEAP OF EUROPE.

Humani nihil (however nasty) *a me alienum puto* (always excepting voluntary Chinese labourers on the Rand).—*Terence.*

[In view of the uncompromising attitude of the Opposition it has been found necessary to drop the Aliens Bill.]

HITHER, hither, O ye strangers,
Greasy Pole and grimy Russ,
Leave your kennels, leave your mangers,
Make yourselves at home with us.

Soaked with gin or vodka-sodden,
Thieves and beggars stony-broke,
Chivied by police and trodden
Under foot of honest folk,—

Come in crowds obscene and fetid,
Choke with germs each vacant chink,
Let this isle of ours be treated
As the universal sink!

Introduce obscure diseases,
Caught in Slav or Teuton slums,
Bringing odours on the breezes
Freely as the swallow comes!

Vice-debauched and vermin-bitten,
Dust and scum of all the earth,
Lo! in genial little Britain
You shall strike a pleasant berth.

Here you have no haunt of slavery,
Here you have no brutal Rand;
Life is one continual savoury
In this altruistic land.

For to be the world's off-scouring,
Swept in sewers out to sea,
Constitutes an overpowering
Claim on English chivalry!

We may love, or not, our neighbour,
But the stranger in our gates,
If he shrink from manual labour,
Lives at ease upon the rates!

Passports? Never more you 'll need 'em,
Never more attempt the foam,
Once you touch the soil of freedom,
Once you find a "home from home."

Welcome, then, beloved aliens!
Though your rags incline to rot,
Though your skins be coarse and scaly 'uns,
Though the bath may know you not;—

Though your lack of social training,
And your pestilential airs
Mock the hope of entertaining
Wingless angels unawares;—

Yet we found the Tory Party
Keen to stem your flowing tide,
Which explains this warm and hearty
Welcome from the other side!

O. S.

At the Gentlemen v. Players Return Match.

New Yorker. Say, can I get a square meal here?

Waiter (with dignity). This, Sir, is the Oval 2*s.* 6*d.* Luncheon.

A TIME-FUSE FOR MESSENGER BOYS.

IT was an American idea, of course. The firm was called "The Quick Return Boy-Messenger Company." In reply to a request for an interview, the Manager, Mr. ULYSSES K. HUSSEL, wrote that he courted publicity, and would be pleased to see me at Smart's Buildings. So I presented myself, and the Manager explained to me his system.

"You see," said Mr. HUSSEL, "Time is money. I had long been exercised over the amount of time wasted by the average errand-lad with his loitering ways. One day the idea flashed across my mind, like an inspiration, Why not a time-fuse for errand lads?"

"Ah, why not?" I said. "And how does it work?"

"It is simplicity itself. A message has to be carried, say, to Pall Mall. To get there and back should take forty minutes. Very well. I call one of my boys, give him the letter, attach the fuse to him, and set it to go off in forty-one minutes' time. I alone possess the key which will detach the fuse. The lad is back, as a rule, in thirty minutes."

"I note that you say 'as a rule.' What happens if the boy exceeds the forty minutes' limit?"

"I should have thought that would have been obvious. When the forty-one minutes have elapsed, there is a loud report, and a volume of smoke, and the mechanical attachment clanks to the ground."

"And the boy?"

"The boy, if he has been a pretty good boy, is in Elysium. If not——"

"But surely the Public, with its humanitarian views, cries out against this?"

"Not a bit of it. Since the Prince of WALES uttered the warning words, 'Wake up, England,' the British Public has been only too eager to improve its commercial methods. Excuse me one minute," said the Manager, as one of his lads came running in. He had grey hair, like all of them.

"I'm in good time, ain't I? I ran all the way," said the little fellow.

"Yes, you have ten minutes to spare," said the Manager, as he patted the boy's head, and unlocked the fuse, which he threw into a big tank of water at the back of the office.

"And now, Sir?" he said, turning to me.

"Oh, I was only going to ask whether you lost many lads."

"No, not many. On the average, a couple a month, I should say. You see, when we lose one, it makes all the others more expeditious."

"And what about the relatives of the boys who explode? Don't they ever make a fuss?"

"Oh, they give us very little trouble, very little trouble. You know the average boy? The average relative is only too glad to be rid of him. Sometimes, however, a father will come around and threaten to make trouble. In a case like that I give him ten shillings compensation, and he thinks he has bested me. But, as a rule, in engaging a boy, I insist on his being an orphan. Now——"

At this moment a youth came tearing towards us, with scarlet face, streaming with perspiration, his eyes almost starting out of his head. "I've only six seconds!" he yelled, as he rushed into the office.

As quick as lightning my friend seized him, and flung him bodily into the water tank, and the next second there was a hissing sound, followed by a cascade of water, and the lad crawled out, a miserable spectacle.

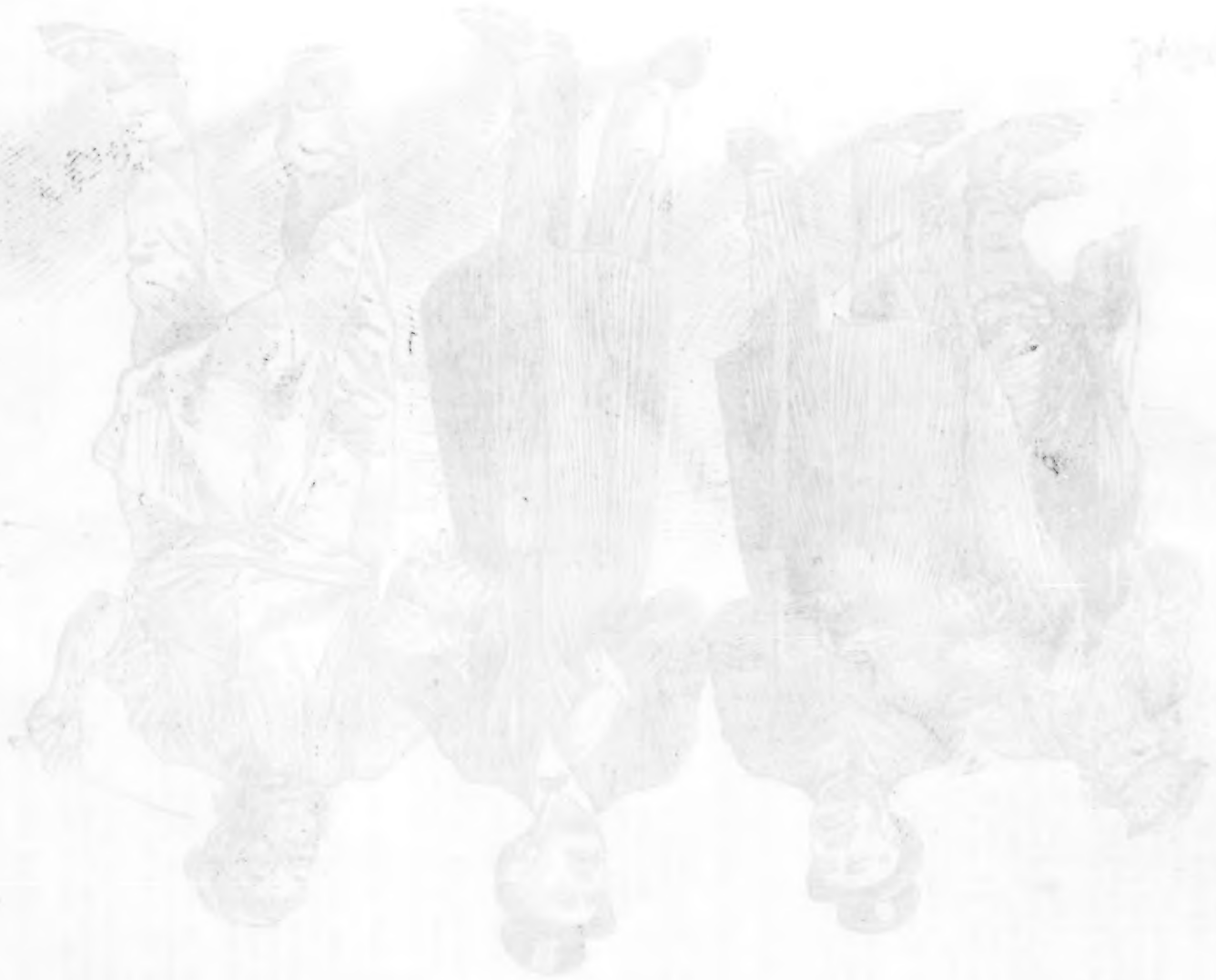
"That 'll teach you, perhaps, not to watch dog-fights," said Mr. HUSSEL.

MR. HALL CAINE'S forthcoming novel is said to be superior to his previous work. This would seem, on the face of it, to be impossible; but we have the further statement that the book is to contain fewer words.



A MATTER OF TASTE.

RIGHT HON. ARTH-R B-LF-R } (*aside, together*). "QUEER FRIENDS SOME PARTIES DO PICK UP, TO BE SURE!"
SIR H. C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N }





THE GENTLE ART.

Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from). "I DO WISH YOU WOULD TELL ME THE NAME OF THE WOMAN YOU SELL YOUR THINGS TO. I'VE GOT A LOT OF OLD GOWNS LIKE THESE THAT I WANT TO GET RID OF!"

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIX.—SWEARING IN PUBLIC.

SCENE—*International Hall.*

PRESENT:

Mr. Max Pemberton (in the Chair).
The Bishop of London.
The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.
Mr. Henry, First Commissioner of Police.
Mr. G. Bernard Shaw.
The President of the Bargees' Union.
Mr. W. W. Jacobs.
The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P.

Mr. Max Pemberton. Some little while ago one of *Mr. Punch's* informal committees considered my proposal to hang, draw and quarter organ-grinders. He has now kindly collected another galaxy of intellect to discuss my scheme for arresting and imprisoning all persons using bad language in the streets.

Mr. Henry (First Commissioner of Police). I wonder if Mr. MAX PEMBERTON has any idea how much the police have to do already.

Mr. Pemberton. Then I would add new men. Where there's a will there's a way, as my old nurse (a very profound woman) used to say.

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. But what is bad language?

Mr. Pemberton. By bad language I mean such words as are not current in polite society.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. But polite society only uses some five or six thousand words altogether. It never, for example, says "onomatopœic." Would you have one arrested for using that word in the street?

Mr. Pemberton. I meant swearing, of course.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs. How are the police to know? A provincial might bring to London an entirely new set of objurgatory expressions. Is he to go free, while we suffer? It is shameful.

Mr. Pemberton. The police would have dictionaries.

Mr. Henry. Never.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. What is not generally understood is that everyone swears. The only thing is that some of us are individualists in our oaths or imprecations, while others draw from the common store.

Bishop of London. I rise to a point of order. Does the last speaker suggest that I am a swearer?

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Certainly.

Bishop of London. But this is very painful. No one could be more careful than I not to swear.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Except perhaps myself.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Let us look into it a minute. Suppose, when in a hurry in the morning, you drop your collar-stud, and it rolls under the chest of drawers, what do you do?

Bishop of London. I kneel down and look for it.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. So should I.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. But when you find that it is a few inches out of reach, what do you say?

Bishop of London. I am not sure that I say anything. I might perhaps say, "Bother."

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Or even "Pish."

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Exactly. That is swearing—your swearing. To another class of swearer it might seem but a feeble remark. To you it is terrific.

Mr. Pemberton. All this is beside the mark.

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Not at all. It goes to prove that swearing is merely another name for emphasis. Every time the

Archbishop of CANTERBURY strikes the cushion he may be said to swear; every thump on General BOOTH'S drum is an expletive.

Mr. Pemberton. I meant ugly, harsh words, such as are covered by the term swearing.

Mr. James Bryce. But that might be very awkward. Suppose, for example, I was talking to a friend about Amsterdam, and a passing policeman heard only the last incriminating syllable, I might spend the night in a cell, yet be as guiltless of crime as if I had written *The Iron Pirate.*

Mr. Pemberton. There might be a few martyrs now and then. I take the matter very seriously. I would have a list of forbidden words on every lamp-post. We must keep our streets wholesome. It is becoming positively distressing to walk in London at all. Only this morning I heard an errand boy of quite tender years say "Blow."

Mr. Bryce. But London is not quite hopeless. There are cases of reserve. Look, for example, at the A. B. C. shops. What would be the state of Mr. PEMBERTON'S mind if they went on to D.? But they do not. We are not yet wholly lost to shame.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs. The experience of sailors is that gentle language, such as Mr. MAX PEMBERTON advocates, would be of little avail at sea.

Mr. Pemberton. Progress at sea is, however, an affair of steam or wind.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs. That, I know, is the popular belief. But I can assure the company that there would be neither steam nor wind if the mates and the engineers used the language of polite society. I would defy Mr. PEMBERTON by his own methods to get any vessel to run as far as from Margate to Clacton.

Bishop of London. This is all very sad.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. Very sad. But is it true? Do mariners really try?

The President of the Bargees' Union. What Mr. JACOBS says of the high seas is no less true of the narrow waterways of England. No one can navigate a barge on a Pembertonian vocabulary. Ask any bargee.

Mr. Bryce. I wonder if any one could inform me why a bargee is so called?

Mr. G. B. Shaw. Probably because he doesn't bar D. It comes to this, that masters of labour, no less than novelists, must get their effects in their own way.

Mr. A. J. Balfour. It is a fallacy to suppose that swearing is necessary at golf. It has been on record more than once that no ill fortune in the game can move me to say anything stronger than "Dear me," "Tush," or "Tut, tut."

Mr. G. B. Shaw. All of which phrases are of course swearing.

President of the Bargees' Union. There is something in that. I assure you that a member of my Union would feel himself to have gone very far indeed if he said, "Tut, tut." Only extreme provocation could so move him.

Bishop of London. As I have an appointment with my friend the Bishop of Swears and Wells—I mean, Bath and Wells—I must say good-bye. I wish the campaign the success it deserves.

Mr. Pemberton. This meeting is now adjourned, but I trust you will not consider that we have had a blank day, if I may use the expression without offence. We have, it is true, passed no actual resolution; but at least some of us have met the prevailing vice with a virtuous and indignant counterbl——

Omnes. Hush! [*Exeunt.*

THE FEEDING OF THE OLD.

(*With acknowledgments to Mrs. Earle and the Editor of the "National Review."*)

I HAVE frequently been invited to write about the food of the old, but hitherto have thought that this problem had better be left alone until the world in general, and the rising generation in particular, had become better instructed and more sensible on the subject. But waiting is weary work, and attended with grave disadvantages. Besides, as the Roman poet SOCRATES has it, *maxima debetur senibus reverentia*, and the modern tendency to exalt the young at the expense of the aged, with all its concomitant dangers of extravagance and exuberance, impels me to break silence.

A fairly close association with a good many elderly people has, of late, come into my life, and I watch with immense interest their progress towards the attainment of longevity. I think the healthiest octogenarian I have ever seen is one who, at the age of seventy-two, with only four teeth, was gradually taught to eat bread and butter, milk puddings, potatoes, and cauliflowers. The aged person in question never chokes now, munches his food bravely, and is wholly immune from the agonies of dyspepsia. Another striking case was that of a venerable gentleman in the neighbourhood, aged eighty-four, who was brought under my notice last autumn. He was suffering from chronic rheumatic arthritis, and the local doctor spoke seriously of the case, recommending cod-liver oil, brandy, and stimulating flesh-foods. I asked his grandchildren if they would entrust the case to me through the winter months, and they gladly consented. He was given no meat, fish, tea or tonics, but raisins, fruit juice, and a little water now and then. When strong enough to resume his work—he is a conveyancing barrister in large practice—the only food he took with him for his midday meal was a couple of nuts or a Spanish onion. He has got on exceedingly well in every way, and his handicap at the local golf club has been raised to 48. I allow him six almonds twice a day and a raw apple on Sundays, and I have every hope that by the time he is ninety he will be able to live on nothing but barley water. Needless to say his family are most grateful to me for the immense economy which has resulted from the new treatment, and estimate that, if he lives to a hundred, the saving effected will represent at least an extra £1000 in the estate to be ultimately divided amongst his heirs. Nor has his example been thrown away on his grandchildren, one of whom, a precious little girl of ten, has voluntarily abandoned meat, fish and fowl, and subsists happily on a dish of turnips, variegated by an occasional Carlsbad plum.

Although constantly pained by the spectacle of overfed octogenarians, I cannot help thinking that encouraging signs are abroad with regard to dietetic reform, and that the bulwarks of obscurantism—as represented by the medical profession—are beginning to crumble before the repeated onslaughts of the battering-ram of common sense. Wise people in all ages have been on the side of a minimum diet, and the notorious cases of ALEXANDER THE GREAT, MOZART, and NAPOLEON, enforce with terrible directness the lesson that unrestricted indulgence in a carnivorous diet leads inevitably to a premature decease. VOLTAIRE, a chronic dyspeptic, practised strict moderation all his life, and though he encouraged a fatal habit of insomnia, through his ignorance of the amount of proteid necessary to keep him in health, he lived to be eighty-four. Had he been entrusted to my charge, I have little doubt that he would still be alive.

One word in conclusion. Persons who adopt the new diet frequently complain of hunger. But, as a high authority has remarked in the July number of the *National Review*, "craving for food is a sure sign that it ought not to be given." Conversely, the absence of such craving is an equally sure indication that it is not required. We can, therefore, look forward with reasonable assurance to the advent of that happy time when young and old alike, reconciled to total abstinence from food, will be able to support existence for an indefinite period without placing the smallest strain on the digestive system.

THE House of Lords has decided that an incoming tenant is not liable to a gas company for arrears owing by the outgoing tenant. The incoming Liberal Government is said to be greatly relieved by this decision.

MY MALADY.

I AM not feeling very well to-day;
I know not what the malady may be;
Less than a week ago I felt as gay
And active as a—grig.

But I am sad; I get no rest at night;
I tremble at the buzzing of a gnat;
I do not take my meals with appetite;
My heart goes pit-a-pat.

My vigour—and my sprightliness—have flown;
The social qualities my friends enjoyed
Have left me; I desire to be alone,
And not to be annoyed.

I know there 's nothing wrong with limb or lung
Or liver, as the flippant might suppose
(Rejoice, all you that love me, for my tongue
Is like a Red, Red Rose).

But there 's a something—though I can't say what—
That burrows—though I couldn't tell you where;
Nor could I even stroke th' afflicted spot,
And say, "The pain is *there*."

This is not one of those established ills
Which of their nature leave an outward sign;
It does not make one pale about the gills,
This malady of mine.

"It is the little rift within the lute";
Some fatal, undiscoverable germ
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And drag me to the Worm.

And am I then beyond all human cure?
And will the grim old Gardener come and pluck
My flower of beauty just when it 's mature?
Really, it 's shocking luck!

No, no, a thousand times! Pale phantoms, hence!
Away with morbid thoughts and empty sham!
I am in love! Away with vain pretence!
Yes, by the gods, I am!

'Tis Love that weaves this enervating spell;
Love whose familiar darts have laid me low;
It always used to make me feel unwell;
As if I didn't know!

And yet, how softly through my being steal
The dolorous joys of Love's delicious pain,
How innocent, how young it makes one feel
To be in love again!

Bite on, dear Germ. For though the heart be sad,
Seeing that thou, and thou alone, canst win me
Back to a youth's sweet fancies, why I 'm glad
To think I 've got it in me!

DUM-DUM.

Art's Ministers.

Boy (to Music-Shop Assistant). Copy of "*Pansy Faces*," please, Miss.

Assistant. In what key?

Boy. Key? She didn't say nothing about keys.

Assistant. Do you know if the lady is a soprano or contralto?

Boy. Lor' bless you, Miss, she ain't one of them sort—she 's the barmaid, acrost at the "Red Lion!"



Book Agent. "NOW, SIR, CAN I SELL YOU AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA?"
Old John. "NOA, I DOAN'T THINK SO. I'M TEW OLD TO RIDE NOW."

COCHERS, *NOT* COCHONS.

DEAR SIR,—Stimulated by the newspaper correspondence on the discourtesy of cabbies, and inspired by the brilliant example of the *Daily Express* representative, I yesterday took three cab rides, each just short of two miles, and tendered the drivers their legal fare of one shilling. I am happy to say that, far from being a painful experience, the treatment I met with was as cordial and gratifying as that of the intrepid journalist. The first cabby, who had driven me from St. James's Square to Ludgate Hill, remarked with evident gratitude as he took the proffered coin, "Oh, Sir, if they was all like you there wouldn't be none of this trouble." The second, who drove me from St. Paul's Churchyard to Westminster, regarded me, as I paid him, with an apologetic smile, evidently mistaking my identity. "Beg pardon, my lord," he said; "I didn't recognise you at first." I anticipated a scene with my last driver, who had driven me from Trafalgar Square to the Edgware Road, for his face flushed a deeper purple as he looked at the shilling in his hand. I paused on the curb, prepared for the orthodox torrent of abuse, but, looking down on me, he only said very courteously, "Was you waiting for the change, Sir?"

Surely these additional experiences are sufficient to prove that London cabmen are a grievously misjudged race of men, and that, as a matter of fact, two-mile-shilling cab-rides form a delightful bond of sympathy between cabby and fare.

Yours truly, FAIR PLAY.

THE MERRY MILLIONAIRES.

ONE of the Atlantic liners, according to the *Standard* of the 6th, arrived from New York on the previous day "with a number of wealthy Americans on board."

We are able to supplement this meagre information by the following more precise report on the ways, as well as the means, of these rich passengers.

Mr. WASHINGTON Y. WIRKE had secured the finest suite of state-rooms, and one afternoon gave a select tea-party which excited great admiration. The table was covered with a tea-cloth formed of £100 Bank of England notes, stitched on old Point de Venise lace. The spirit lamp under the tea-kettle was lighted with a bundle of greenbacks. After tea fruit was served, and between the plates and finger-bowls, instead of common doylies, £10 notes were placed. The whole entertainment was extremely elegant.

Mr. GREENBACKS R. GOODE, the day before the vessel reached Queenstown, walked about for some time carrying an immense roll of English and American notes. He gave one of them to anyone who would accept it. The roll of notes rapidly disappeared, but Mr. GOODE had several more bundles in his state-room. The explanation of this generosity is rather pathetic. To spend an income of 10,000 dollars a day is difficult enough on land; on the sea it is almost impossible. The charges for state-rooms and every luxury hardly help at all. Wines and cigars do nothing. Even Mr. GOODE'S new system only relieved him of the burden of about thirty-six hours' revenue. Later in the day he whiled away a short time by throwing sovereigns at the sea-gulls.

Mr. BULLION U. BETT appeared one day in a yachting cap of solid gold, with a band of diamonds round it, and a string of pearls to go as a strap under the chin. Finding it rather heavy, he did not wear it again, but gave it to one of the stewards. It was considered rather ostentatious by the other passengers. A novel idea introduced by Mr. WYNN I. GOLD was much more admired. Mr. GOLD wore an ordinary cloth overcoat, lined entirely with £500 notes. He said that nothing is so impervious to cold as paper, and that Bank of England notes are the softest and lightest material of the kind. Of course £5 notes would be equally serviceable, but £500 notes look better if the coat is unbuttoned.

Independence Day was celebrated in a novel manner by these and other wealthy passengers. As there could be no doubt that persons whose united incomes amounted to many millions of pounds were quite independent, they made a variety in their ordinary habits by living frugally for that one day. Simple dishes, iced water, and twopenny cigars were all they indulged in. A quiet game of halfpenny nap finished what they all declared to be a delightful day of entire rest and change—a day on which the least wealthy of them had only spent the income of two minutes.

THERAPEUTICS À LA MODE.

["We are informed that every human being is constantly sending forth 'an actual substance,' sometimes termed 'atmosphere,' sometimes 'electricity,' but more correctly to be described as 'aura' . . . . a visible, luminous substance surrounding every person, changing in colour with the moods, emotions, thoughts and dispositions he may undergo . . . We shall soon have a new race of physicians who will take a patient's 'aura' of a morning, just as they now take his pulse."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

So long as doctors sound your lungs,
  Or vainly try to tell
By studying their yellow tongues
  Why people are unwell,
So long will doctors disagree,
  And while one diagnoses
You've mumps, the next says housemaid's knee,
  A third tuberculosis.

The signs by which men used to judge
  Are nothing but a fad:
Your temperatures are merely fudge,
  And pulses are as bad.
There is but one unfailing test
  Which must be tried before a
Disease can be declared, *id est*,
  The colour of the *aura*.

A subtle emanation flows
  From every human soul,
Which gathers round the head and glows
  Like some faint aureole.
Observe its varying hues with care,
  And you shall see depicted
Precisely how and when and where
  Your patient is afflicted.

Each mood has its distinctive shade:
  If love is his disease
The *aura* will at once be made
  As crimson as you please;
Or if the red is shot with green,
  The mingled colours tell us
The very moment they are seen
  That he is also jealous.

Inspired by this unerring hint
  'Tis only left for you
To modify the sickly tint
  With some more wholesome hue;
A dash of sympathetic grey
  Or intellectual yellow—
The sickness vanishes away,
  And leaves a healthy fellow.

Then ply your stethoscopes no more
  In sounding human hearts!
Abjure thermometers! Give o'er
  These hanky-panky arts!
And to the one true science cling,
  Since now at last you've got it;
The *aura* tells you everything—
  If only you can spot it.

AT THE GRAND LLAMASERAI.

[". . . . the Tibetans, it is now known, possess some rifles of the latest pattern . . . . it may be that when the British Mission penetrates to Llassa, it will be found that the Llamas are more modern in thought than is generally believed."—*Weekly Press.*]

Cabinet Council, Grand Llama *presiding.*

Grand Llama (*adjusting eyeglass*). Well, dear boys, "What do you think of it all?" as ROSEBERY says. 'Stonishes me that these chaps have got so near us as Gyangste. Such a beastly road an' all. Doosed annoyin' thing, because we've absolootly no use for British Missions an' things here, what? Might upset all our arrangements and so forth, don't you know.

Second Llama. Well, shall we fight 'em, or just mote over to Gyangste on the new 50-h.p. Wolseley and ask the Colonel and Staff chappies to come up here and have a bit of dinner with us and talk the whole thing over, afterwards?

Third Llama (*aged and not up-to-date*). Oh Great One of the Mountains, if it be permitted me to speak in the presence of the One who——

Grand Llama (*encouragingly*). That's all right—drive on and throw it off your chest.

Third Llama. Then I would say, let the Great One arise in his might and hurl the rash invader from——

Grand Llama (*interrupting*). Yes, that's all doosed fine in theory and so forth, but you see, my dear chap, you're a bit of a back number now, and don't move with the times. We don't want to go rottin' about and gettin' potted at by British Missions and so forth, don't you know.

Second Llama. Let's have 'em here for a week—do 'em thunderin' well—get up a race meetin', a polo match and some cricket, and send 'em back again swearin' we're the best fellers in the world, eh? I believe there's value in it if we make the three events all gate-money meetin's. And of course our monastic life is a wee bit dull here—(*winks at* Grand Llama)—might cheer us up a bit, eh?

Grand Llama. Righto. There's somethin' in what you say. Fightin's rather rot. And why shouldn't they come here, after all? I can't think why our more or less respected ancestors made such a mystery over this one-horse little town, eh? Why, until lately we positively weren't on the telephone! Even now

we 're hardly on speakin' terms with China.

Second Llama. Then you 'll go to meet 'em?

Grand Llama. Yes, I think that 's the decentest thing to do. But you fellers 'll have to stump up your share of the entertainment ex's. And now send out for my hairy coat and goggles and tell my *chauffeur* to bring round the old shandrydan to the Llamaserai front steps. Do a split-soda-and-goat's-milk with me, before starting? Right—then just press the button behind you and order it in. Ta, ta, boys.

[*Council breaks up.*

GARDEN NOTES.

[*Mr. Punch* declines to guarantee the seasonableness or general reliability of the ensuing recommendations.]

THERE is now a busy time coming in the garden. With the approach of warm weather labels should be repainted and hens kept off the borders and flower-beds. Tea-roses and dogs should be tied up, and protection may now be removed from the more delicate poplars. No time should be lost in transferring the autumn-sown dandelions to their flowering quarters. They will be liable to droop a little at first, but a slight mulch of well-rooted garden literature will tide them over the difficult time, and later on, either in the open border or in sheltered nooks of the wild garden, they will yield an abundant harvest of showy blooms. If the plot of ground given over to the culture of tapioca has not yet received attention, it should be taken in hand at once.

The soil should be first prepared in the following proportions: Two parts of rich sandy clay to one either of turfy loam or of loamy turf. The top-spit off an old barley meadow would be best. Add one part ashes from a good cigar, and two parts well-sifted carpet-sweepings (Brussels). Mix well together and stew over a slow fire. In planting the tubers, select only strong, well-rooted cuttings. Remove all dead and unsightly growth, and slightly trim the shoots. Paper frills would do. Let the juncture of stocks with shares be at least six feet below the surface. If all these directions are attended to, it will not be many months before the plants throw out their long pendulous racemes, and a plentiful crop of the tapioca pea will result. If the puddings are designed for the exhibition-table, the buds must be pinched off gradually, and protection from heavy rain is necessary. The ordinary lady's umbrella, which can be bought at most drapers, is as suitable as anything for the purpose.

It is not yet too late to make a sowing of chickweed for autumn flowering. The seed should be obtained from the best canaries, otherwise it will fail to germinate, and disappointment will result. Bobbin-beans should be earthed up at once or they will damp off at the collar.

Pantechnicon Incomparabile Shoolbredii.—This beautiful hybrid vanwort is now in full flower in the sub-tropical house at Kew, and merits notice. Its blossoms, borne on long, fibrous canes, are fully twenty feet across, and are slightly imbricated, but not so much as those of the type. Their colour is a rich Spanish mahogany, deepening to rose-wood about the stamens. *P. Hamptonense*, a hardy variety, should be grown for the sake of its foliage. No special cultivation is necessary. In fact this delightful shrub will bloom freely in the most unlikely positions, and we lately came across one that had sown itself in a rivet-hole of an iron girder on Vauxhall Bridge, and scented the air with its varnish-like fragrance.



STUDY OF A STATE OF MIND.

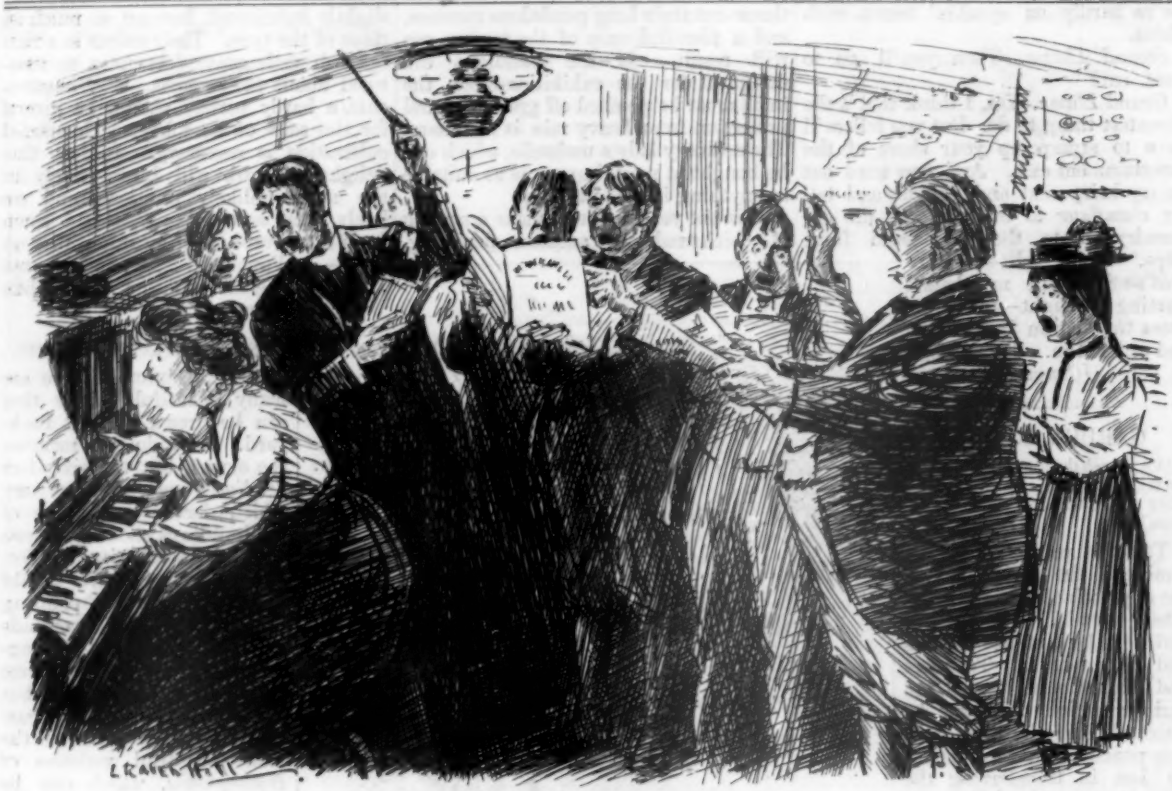
A LADY "ALL OF A FLUTTER."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. T., HOXTON.—There are many beautiful things that can be grown in your back-yard. You do not mention the aspect, but the sixty-foot dead-wall of the brewery which faces your range of out-buildings should give you a grand opportunity for effective gardening. We should not recommend the planting of expensive climbing orchids against this wall, as you suggest, as it will be some time before they cover it; but there is no reason why you should not try some of the many beautiful varieties of *Hydrophobia*, which can be raised from seed, and will soon cover the required space with masses of foam-like blossom. *H. polyantha excelsis William Sikes* is perhaps the best, but *H. tonsilitis uvularia* and *H. canensis lunatica* could be used with good effect. And we should recommend mixing with them some of the hardy *Magnesias*, especially *M. citrata*. Then, for the garden proper you might plant bold masses of *Pergola princeps*, some of the beautiful early-flowering *Erysipelases* and the rarer forms of hybrid *Caterpillarias*. In your soil many well-known hardy Hebdomadals, such as *Brickbatia*, *Os Muttonense*, and *Tinnus salmonensis*, ought to flourish, as well as varieties of the broom or besom tribe. But, perhaps, as your available space measures only fourteen feet by twelve, we have said enough.

More Yellow Slave-Trade.

"JAPANESE, female for sale, five months, short face, beautifully marked, very healthy, 8 guineas only."—Advt. in *Exchange and Mart*.



OUR GLEE SINGERS.

"HERE IN COOL GROT AND MOSSY CELL
WE RURAL FAYS AND FAIRIES DWELL!"

IN MEMORIAM.

George Frederick Watts, R.A., O.M.

BORN, 1817. DIED, JULY 1, 1904.

HERE, in an age when fashion's test of worth
Follows the price at which the markets buy,
When the great Thought that slips the bounds of earth
Gives way to craftsmanship of hand and eye;—

When Art, content to find perfection's goal
Through schemes of form and colour, light and shade,
Cares not to make appeal from soul to soul
Lest she should trespass on the preacher's trade;—

He knew her destined mission, dared to hail
The place assigned her in the heavenly plan,
Reader of visions hid behind the veil,
Elect interpreter of God to man.

His means were servants to the end in view,
And not the end's self; so his heart was wise
To hold—as they have held, the chosen few—
High failure dearer than the easy prize.

Now, lifted face to face with unseen things
Dimly imagined in the lower life,
He sees his *Hope* renew her broken strings,
And *Love and Death* no more at bitter strife. O. S.

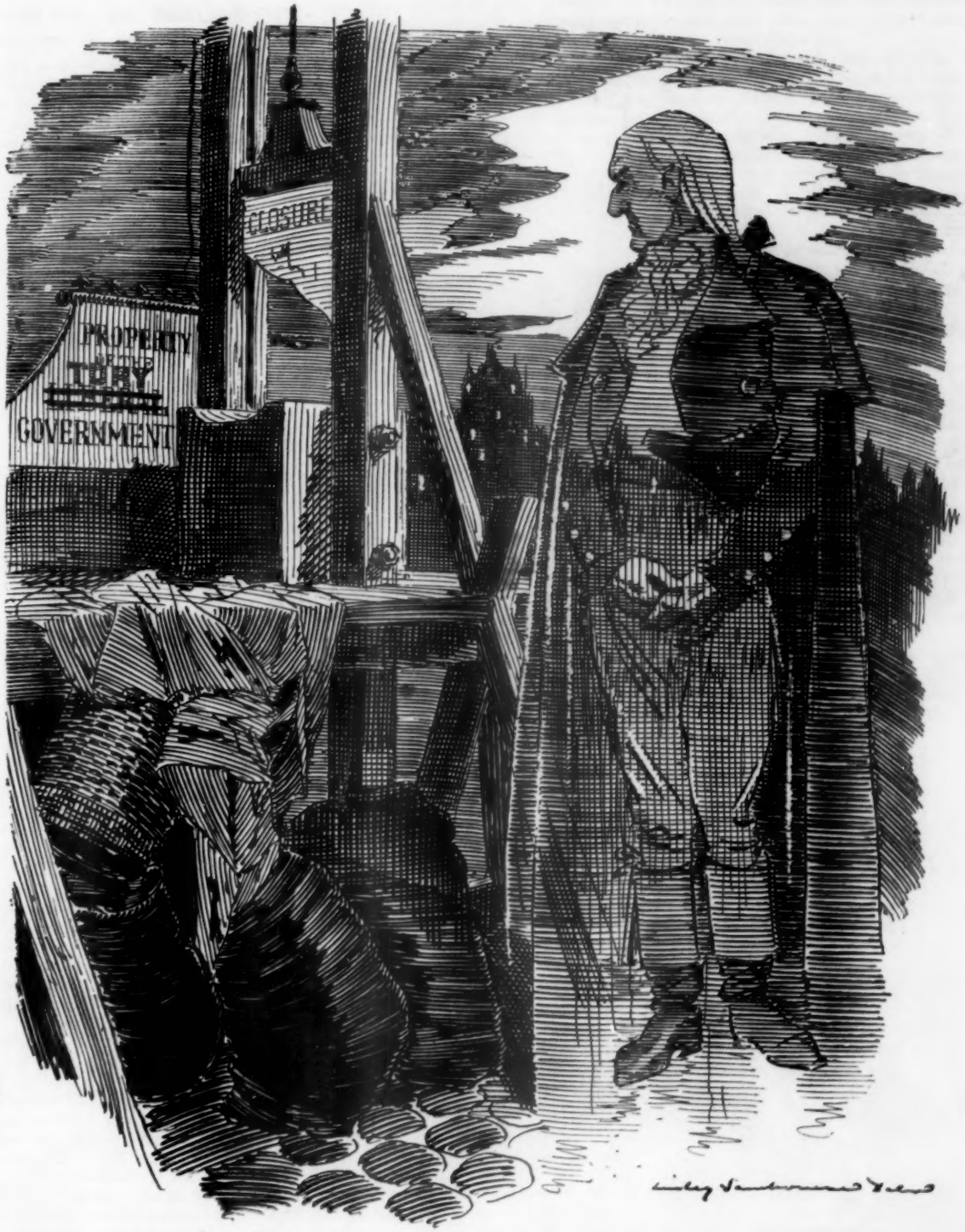
THE SOCIETY VOICE.

[A contemporary complains that most people in society consider it necessary to address one another in shrill, high-pitched voices.]

You're pretty, Miss KITTY, and dainty and slim,
And graceful indeed is your mien;
Your eyes are as bright and your ankle as trim
As any the writer has seen.
Your curly brown locks, which invite a caress,
Would make any artist rejoice;
But you've one little fault, even I must confess,
And that's your Society Voice.

When I asked you to wed me a fortnight ago
At Mrs. DE JENKYNSON'S ball,
I never expected you, KIT, to say "No"
In tones that would ring through the hall.
You dreamt not—how should you, of course?—that the sound
Of your voice would be heard far and wide,
But I *did* feel a fool when a titter went round
As we walked to your chaperon's side.

A beautiful maiden was never yet won,
'Tis said, by a faint-hearted swain;
And so, Mistress KIT, ere the season is done
I am sure to approach you again.
And oh! if your feelings should leave you no choice
But to utter the verdict I dread,
Pronounce not my doom at the top of your voice,'
But speak in a whisper instead.



TIME'S REVENGES.

SHADE OF GL-DST-NE. "AND TO THINK THAT *I* INTRODUCED *THIS!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

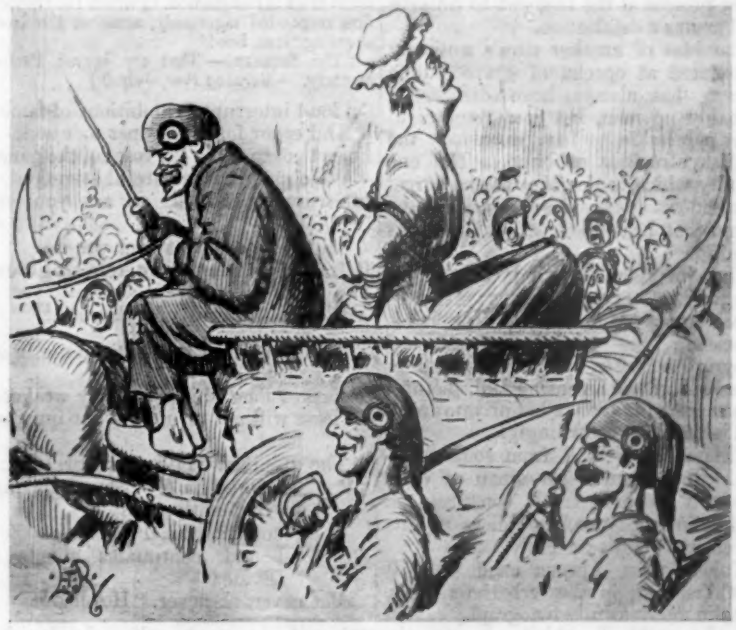
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 4.—Independence Day. At the Embassy the American Ambassador, with his coat off, his shirt sleeve upturned displaying brawny arm, is shaking hands with citizens of the great Republic who desire to congratulate him upon the fact that he has lived to see the morning of this momentous day.

"Yes," said Mr. CHOATE, rubbing his disabled arm; "but I'm not sure I shall be alive at its close."

Tableau II.—In the Commons PRINCE ARTHUR, as Opposition complain, celebrating day by severing House from its Independence through operation of guillotine. Benches crowded. Indignation profound. Downfall of Empire imminent. JOHN MORLEY affected almost to tears by spectacle of "a Minister making such a motion as this."

WINSTON CHURCHILL, not inclined to be out of scene of this description, secures corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, and with hands on hips goes for the Government *en masse*, and DON JOSÉ in particular. From this very seat twenty years ago GRANDOLPH, in precisely same attitude, amid uproarious cheers from Conservative Party, charged DON JOSÉ with conspiracy in respect of Aston Park riots. A great deal has happened since then—GRANDOLPH's decline and too early death, DON JOSÉ's transmogrification from object of most virulent contumely by Conservative gentlemen to the highest height of their adulation. And here, to-night, is GRANDOLPH's son, unconscious of the coincidence, denouncing "a carefully organised attempt, in which the right honourable gentleman, the Member for WEST BIRMINGHAM, has been an accomplice and a consenting party, to prevent my obtaining a hearing."



IN THE TUMBRIL; OR, GOING TO THE (GENERAL ELECTION) GUILLOTINE.

Mr. Balfour (in a kind of Mary-Ann-toilette) is led off in anticipation to the Place de la Ballotte by Citizens Labouchère, Macquennat, and Loïdo-Georges.

It is the Aston Park charge in every point of bearing, save that the CHURCHILL who makes it sits on the Liberal benches, his voice drowned in stormy shouts of execration from the Conservatives massed in bristling ranks round the inoffensive figure of the accused.

The whole thing, when we come to think of it, is a melancholy farce.

"The only time," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "when the House of Commons sinks to lower standard than when it is discussing a closure proposition, is when it is engaged upon a case of privilege."

No one doubts the honesty and sincerity of the seething indignation on Opposition benches when PRINCE ARTHUR proposes to hustle through the Licensing Bill by wholesale closure. They really do at the moment regard it as an iniquitous attack on the privileges of Parliament, the liberties of the country. That was exactly the view taken, with equal good faith, by PRINCE ARTHUR, his older colleagues on the Treasury Bench, DON JOSÉ and the Unionist Opposition of 1893, when Mr. G., driven to desperation by organised obstruction, submitted an identical proposition in the interests of the Home Rule Bill.

There is, of course, the difference that no obstruction is alleged in case of Licensing Bill. But the principle is the same. To the cynical mind it is as amusing to hear PRINCE ARTHUR justify the application of closure by compartments as it is to hear C.-B. indignantly denounce it. Doubtless in a year or two we shall have the positions precisely reversed, as they were in 1893. The fact is, what is the Ministerialists' meat is the Opposition's poison. 'Twas ever thus, and ever will be to end of time.

Business done.—Closure resolution carried by 301 votes against 228.

Tuesday.—By hook or by CROOKS the Member for Woolwich resolved to keep himself in sight of public and hearing of his constituents. To-night hit on fresh departure—or to be precise, absence of departure. Declined to leave House when SPEAKER ordered it to be cleared for a division.

Really nothing new in this. Twenty years ago it was familiar weapon in armoury of Mr. PARNELL's gay young men. In the session of 1881 thirty-seven Irish Members, persisting in refusal to budge when division was called, were haled forth one by one. SPEAKER of those days more accommodating. To-night Mr. GULLY blandly refused to take a hand in Mr. CROOKS' little game of self-advertisement, and



PENROSE-FITZGERALD AND HIS BATH TOWEL.

"No time to dress; wouldn't do to be left out."

it flickered out in ludicrous fashion. Still the Member for WOOLWICH got a line on the newspaper bills of the following morning; so on the whole it was worth while.

PENROSE-FITZGERALD'S exploit more amusing. This the day for his quarterly bath, which he enjoys at expense of the nation. Whilst in full ecstasy of unwonted diversion division bell rang. No time to dress; wouldn't do to be left out. Just been reading about JOHN ARDAGH'S appearance on deck of *Vectis* arrayed in slippers and bath towel. The very thing. PENROSE packs himself up as carefully as time will permit, runs up the gangway with the agility of an old yachtsman, darts across floor with pained consciousness of shining eyes gleaming from the Ladies' Gallery on his svelt figure, and so gets into Lobby, where he is welcomed by rousing cheer from comrades envious of the suitability of his garment to sultry weather.

BOB REID not to be entirely out of it. Neither of these exploits quite in his way. But he can give a neat turn to oratorical phrase. A familiar thing for Members to conclude their speech with the remark, "I sit down by saying——" An ex-Attorney General can do better than that.

After showing cause at some length, with convincing perspicacity and overwhelming force, why report stage of Licensing Bill should be omitted from guillotine process, having divided his argument under two heads, he turned to his learned friend in the chair and remarked, "On those two points, Mr. SPEAKER, I sit down."

There was no subject for dear FRANK LOCKWOOD'S pencil more alluring than the face and figure of his friend and companion dear in morning rides to the Law Courts. Had he still been with us we should certainly have had a sketch of BOB REID gravely sharpening his two points, sitting down on them, and suddenly rising.

Business done.—Closure resolutions carried by majority of 55.

Friday.—After a week's fitful fever PRINCE ARTHUR, it is to be hoped, sleeps well. It is understood that in holiday time he is a pretty good practitioner in the morning hours. He carries with him into brief retirement recollection of the triumph of at least one brilliant speech. It was delivered in debate on motion for application of closure to Licensing Bill. It had the supreme merit of being absolutely unprepared. Closely following JOHN MORLEY it was purely a debating speech. How habile, how exquisitely phrased, with what flashes of gay humour underlying a mood in which he was evidently deeply moved!

It is a familiar matter that Members below the Gangway opposite, and some above it, should gird at the PREMIER with more than suggestion that during his absences from the Treasury Bench he is amusing himself, or at least idling. It is a suspicion that moves Members to curiously profound anger. Felt more acutely by those who were not themselves present at the moment to observe the PREMIER'S defalcation.

The idea of another man's untimely amusement at epochs of grave public concern has always been distasteful. Probably no man, however resourceful and painstaking, has exceeded the fiendish atrocities of NERO. The one iniquity which to the Man in the Street overshadows his morose iniquities is the legend that he fiddled whilst Rome was burning.

The imaginative mind below the Gangway, observing PRINCE ARTHUR'S place empty whilst Mr. CALDWELL is discussing the question of Musical Copyrights, or Mr. WHITTAKER storming round clauses of Licensing Bill, pictures him tuning his lyre in his private room, and is wrathful accordingly.

This all very well from some quarters. But when a statesman of JOHN MORLEY'S position and constitutional moderation of speech publicly repeats the charge it calls for reply.

This PRINCE ARTHUR made. It is worth reading in the verbatim reports. But the most skilful stenography cannot reproduce the humbled manner, the adroit hesitation with which he assured the House that if not present on the Bench he was engaged in matters of public interest, "which, if not of more importance"—this with a winning smile at gentlemen below the Gangway opposite—"at all events involve much greater personal labour and exertion.

"I can only say," he added, "that in the course of a somewhat laborious official career, the moments of greatest repose I enjoy are the moments I spend on this bench. It may not be agreeable to listen to a series of tirades directed either against myself or against the policy of the Government. But," here a moment of hesitation, the crowded House straining attention to catch the next words, "it is not fatiguing."

With assumption of another manner, with change of a word or two here or there, this reply might have conveyed a sense of insolent indifference to petty darts of political foemen. Such a tone would have been unparliamentary, such an attitude injudicious on part of Leader of House of Commons. All the same the polished phrases, their delivery accompanied by most urbane manner, uncomfortably conveyed to whom it might concern a subtle sense of that mental attitude on the part of the smiling gentleman standing by the Table.

Business done.—Irish Members ask leave to withdraw the flattering remarks they once passed on the Land Act of 1903.

HOO-HOOLIGANISM.

["The end of the sentence was lost in Ministerial cries of indignation, to which the Opposition responded vigorously, some of the Irish shouting 'Hoo, hoo!'

"The SPEAKER — That cry is not Parliamentary."—*Morning Post*, July 5.]

Oh loud interrupter, ambitious of fame
And eager for newspaper mention,
Forget not to study the rules of the game,
Which merit your careful attention;
Interrupting is really an art, you will find,
And therefore, whatever you do,
Refrain, I entreat, from relieving your mind
By resonant cries of "Hoo-hoo!"

There are phrases in plenty to use in its stead,—
Expressions which, possibly weaker,
At least will not bring on your innocent head
The dignified wrath of the SPEAKER;
"Rot"—"Question"—"Shut up!" may be frequently tried,
They incur no official taboo,
Or, loud and continuous shouts of "Divide!"
But never, oh never, "Hoo-hoo!"

When they prate about licensing benches and boards,
It's really a virtuous labour
To talk of the crops, or the scoring at Lord's
(At the top of your voice) with a neighbour;
There are adequate methods, like "Bosh!" or "Pooh-bah!"
For making a hullabaloo:
An angry "Oh, Oh," a derisive "Ha, Ha!"
Will serve you as well as "Hoo-hoo!"

You may act in the House—in the "best of all clubs"—
When anxious to show disapproval,
In a way which, adopted in common-place pubs.,
Would promptly secure your removal;
Indeed, you may raise your tumultuous din
Till all (in a figure) is blue,
Avoiding the one unforgivable sin,
By never exclaiming "Hoo-hoo!"

LAST week a pigeon suddenly made its appearance at the House of Commons, and, to the surprise of many, made itself at home there. It is said to be an imitation dove-of-peace syndicated by the Liberal leaders.

CHARIVARIA.

THE MULLAH is reported to be moving with 6000 men and 2000 rifles, and it is hoped that he knows, what our Government knows, that he is powerless.

In Russian Poland some drunken sotnias of Cossacks were encouraged to enter a prison and attack defenceless political prisoners, gouging out the eyes of some. As the *Svet*, of St. Petersburg, says, "When it comes to barbarity, we are helpless before the Japanese. We are Christians."

PIET CRONJE, the ex-Boer commandant, has been married, and we understand that the second Mrs. CRONJE objects to her husband being described as the hero of a hundred engagements.

Those who scoffed at the *Entente* with France and declared that it was not durable, must now admit an error of judgment. Three hundred British workmen have visited Paris, and the *Entente* still exists.

The Independence celebrations in America were a great success this year. But the roll of killed and injured—roughly 1400—is considered small for so free a country.

Mr. ASQUITH stigmatised Mr. BALFOUR'S Closure proposals, which were received by his party with cries and yells of "Gag!" "Muzzle!" "Tyranny!" "Hanky-panky!" and "Throttler!" as an outrage on the dignity of the House.

When the division bell rang, the Unionist member for CAMBRIDGE was having a bath. We consider the sneer that no Radical M.P. has ever been surprised in similar circumstances to be in bad taste and uncalled for.

It is not a fact that the Government will resign. Mr. BALFOUR has got his guillotine, and intends to cut, but not to cut *and* run.

"In my opinion," says Sir EDWARD GREY, "it is best for us to depart from our policy of 'splendid isolation.'" This is taken to foreshadow an increase in the number of Liberal leaders.

An anonymous gift of £1000 has been sent to the Additional Curates' Society. We understand it comes from two young ladies who reside in an Adamless Eden.

It is now proposed that there should be a tax on cats. This seems a natural corollary to the proposed tax on bachelors.

The new Forage Cap has made its appearance. The previous pattern, it will be remembered, necessitated a change in the headgear of the Westminster road cleaners. Now, we hear, the London shoeblacks are running the risk of proceedings for bringing his Majesty's uniform into contempt.

The *Daily Mail* last week published an article entitled, "*The Times*—Poor people who buy it every day." We



SUCH IS FAME!

Duchess (with every wish to encourage conversation, to gentleman just introduced). "YOUR NAME IS VERY FAMILIAR TO ME INDEED FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS."

Minor Poet (flattered). "INDEED, DUCHESS! AND MAY I ASK WHAT IT WAS THAT FIRST ATTRACTED YOU?"

Duchess. "WELL, I WAS STAYING WITH LADY WALDERSHAW, AND SHE HAD A MOST INDIFFERENT COOK, AND WHENEVER WE FOUND FAULT WITH ANY DISH SHE ALWAYS QUOTED *YOU*, AND SAID THAT *YOU* LIKED IT *SO MUCH!*"

fail to see that they are more deserving of pity than the readers of the halfpenny press.

A restaurant waitress declared at the Shoreditch County Court that her employer gave her notice because she refused, as she said, to "mash" the customers. The Judge declined to believe her, but it is not improbable that she was speaking the truth. We know a case of a cook being dismissed because she refused to mash the potatoes.

In a consignment of Jamaica bananas unpacked last week at Bradford a lively little opossum was found, and careful folk are now opening their fruit before eating it.

An American Judge has held that insanity is not a ground for divorce. He will be supported by a great weight of opinion among those who contend that marriage is originally impossible without insanity in at least one of the parties.

LOVE OR MONEY?

THE other afternoon I was having tea with PHYLLIS in Kensington Gardens, where there is the nearest approach to an open-air café to be found in our sedate and lugubrious country. We have nothing between the two extremes of the tea-shop and the gin-palace. But in that sylvan resort in the middle of London, if the July weather is not wet, or stormy, or cold, or foggy, one can spend a very pleasant hour with a pretty and charming guest. And PHYLLIS is all that.

As I smoked my cigarette in idle contentment—for the arm-chair was quite comfortable, there was just enough breeze and sunshine, and as a decorative feature of the landscape it would be hard to find the equal of PHYLLIS—I perceived a mournful man sitting near. In that radiant scene his despondent face, his twitching mouth, his morose frown annoyed me. Why should the wretched fellow appear so miserable, so black and ugly—like a steamer on a Venetian lagoon, or a thundercloud on a summer sky?

"He looks," said PHYLLIS, when she also noticed him, "as if he was thinking of her."

"No," I replied in a low voice, though he was too far off to hear, "I venture to disagree with you. If she had been so unkind as to make him look like that, he would have given up thinking about her long ago. Women always think men are always thinking about women."

"What," she asked, "do you think he is thinking about?"

"I would bet anything, from the look of his face, that he 's just heard of the reconstruction of the Bunkum Mine, and is wishing to goodness he hadn't been such a fool, and a great deal more, as to follow that absolutely safe tip and take five hundred shares in such a rotten swindle."

"Just like you men," she said scornfully, "always thinking everyone is absorbed in money. That wouldn't make him so miserable. He only has to take a cab to the Stock Exchange and sell his shares."

"Of course," I assented, "at three-halfpence each."

"I don't know anything," said she, "about the price of shares. I know you buy them one day and sell them another, and make a lot of money. It 's quite easy."

"Nothing easier. I must really try it."

"Very well, then," she continued, triumphantly, "that settles it. It can't be money. He is thinking of her."

It is foolish to contradict PHYLLIS. As I lighted another cigarette, the depressed stranger looked at his watch, and, resting his elbow on the table and his cheek on his hand, took a letter from his pocket and glanced at it.

"Her letter," said PHYLLIS.

"I 'm not so sure. It may be a call."

"A what?" she asked.

"A call. Something you have to pay."

"Of course you have to pay calls. But why should that make him so miserable? He need only leave a card, if he chooses the time the people are sure to be out. I 'm certain he is disappointed in love. I feel really sorry for the poor man. He looks quite ill. I 'm sure it 's not money. He doesn't look that sort of man."

"Indeed! What does the sort of man look like who enjoys losing money?"

"You 've no sympathy with anybody. I think he has a very interesting face."

"It 's swollen on one side as if he 'd been fighting. He has a hang-dog look and his hair wants cutting. I don't see much to admire in him."

"I think she has treated him very badly."

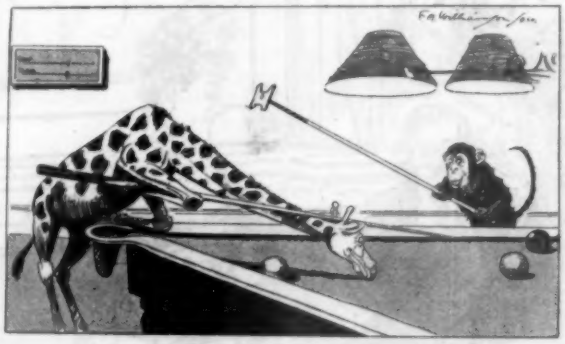
"The more fool he not to keep his money in Consols."

At this moment the object of our whispered remarks got up and walked slowly away. The breeze seemed cooler, the sun was overclouded, and one leg of my chair began to sink into the grass.

"Let 's be off," said PHYLLIS, pulling round her shoulders that fluffy sort of thing which is always slipping down.

As we got out of the Park into the streets at Knightsbridge we saw the melancholy stranger before us. He looked at his watch, and at a house, and hesitated. "Her home," whispered PHYLLIS. Then, seeming to screw up his courage, he rang the bell and went in. As we passed the door we read on a brass plate,

"Mr. WRENCH, Surgeon Dentist."



Marker. "REST, SIR?"
The Giraffe. "NO, THANKS. I THINK I CAN REACH IT."

A RIPLEY ROAD MARTYR.

[It is understood that those who formerly enjoyed the rural calm of the country highway are now returning to the streets of the metropolis in search of pure air and quiet surroundings.]

I NEVER have clung to a motor car,
Or crouched on a motor bike.
Worry and scurry, clank and jar
I cordially dislike.
I do not care for grimy hair,
For engines that explode,
But of one and all I've the put and call,
For I live on the Ripley Road.

I drank the country breeze at first,
Unsoiled by fetid fumes,
But now I am cursed with a constant thirst
That parches and consumes.
I am choked and hit with smoke and grit
When I venture from my abode,
My pets are maimed and my eyes inflamed,
For I live on the Ripley Road.

I pass my days in a yellow fog,
My nights in a dreadful dream,
Haunted by handlebar, clutch and cog,
And eyes that goggle and gleam.
I am not robust, but I dine on dust,
Gratuitously bestowed,
And for twopence I 'll sell my house in the dell
By the side of the Ripley Road.

OPERATIC NOTES.

IN consequence of the gracious patronage bestowed by their Majesties, the Prince and Princess of WALES and the "Upper Sukkles" generally, on the performance given at His Majesty's own theayter by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, and aristocratic talent appearing in charming tableaux for the benefit of the British Ophthalmic Hospital in Jerusalem, to the great delight of the charitable sightseers in London, the first representation of MASSENET'S opera *Salomé*, which had been announced for Tuesday night, was, by desire, deferred until Wednesday, on which occasion our music-loving Monarch, Patron of all the Arts, honoured the *première* with his presence. Much was expected from such a first night, whereat of the two Operatic and Artistic Recorders, namely, Professor Pen and Professor Pencil, on *Mr. Punch's* staff, only the latter was able to be present, the former being temporarily represented by a "Faithful Ariel" in whom Professor Pen has the most implicit confidence. His own personal views the Professor himself hopes to be able to record on the second representation of *Salomé*, whose name, when he is on more familiar terms with the lady, he will abbreviate (all new pieces, dramatic or operatic, require shortening in order to avoid more cutting remarks) to the monosyllabic *Sal*.

On this occasion the Professor is informed that *on faisait salle comblée*. Naturally. The name of MASSENET for music and CALVÉ for dramatic opera being a combination of unusual attraction, no wonder that, as my "tricksy sprite" reports, the house was crammed. From the same trustworthy source I learn that "the First Act overflows with beautiful melody,



Salomé Calvé. "Kindly pick up this dagger, as I want to put an end to myself and the Opera."

and that there is a fine musical and dramatic scene to which Madame KIRKBY LUNN, as *Hesatoade* (being rather a venomous person, 'She 's-a-toad' would be more appropriate) and *Moriarty*,—no, I should say correctly *Moriame*,—*Roi d'Ethiope*, played by M. RENAUD, did full justice." The ballets—*trop de ballets*—throughout the opera somewhat recall those in *Aïda*. My Dainty Ariel says, "CALVÉ, always beautiful in voice and movement, never has any real opportunities in this opera." In the Second Act M. PLANÇON, the Chaldæan astrological priest, "has a fine chance and makes the most of it." Act III. is "introduced by a lovely melody." Every one must have been pleased at this introduction. But here break we off until the second representation on the 16th, after which, at no very great distance of time, will come "the closure" of the Opera season.



Our old friend Caius and Balbus in one—Gilibert.



CRITICS AND PUFFERS.
An Entr'acte. First Night of Salomé.

Æsop on Tour.

A YOUNG Swain was sitting in the Stalls with a Damsel who deemed him to be a Dramatic and indeed every other kind of Critic. "Did you note," said he, "the Face of the merely ornamental Lady at the Back of the Stage when *Shylock* began to sharpen his Knife? Did you catch her beautifully feigned glance of horror as she turned for Protection to the equally ornamental Gentleman her companion? It is such apparent Trifles that make for Perfection in Art, and Perfection, as MICHAELANGELO remarked——" "How clever you are, EUSTACE," murmured the Damsel, "and how observant!" But what the merely ornamental Lady at the Back of the Stage was really saying to the equally ornamental gentleman her companion was, "JOHNNIE, for goodness' sake lend me a safety-pin!" *Moral.*—Never judge by appearances.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MOST appropriately Mr. SWINBURNE, presenting through CHATTO AND WINDUS's publishing house the first collected edition of his poems, dedicates them to "my best and dearest friend, THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON." Since the time of DAVID and JONATHAN there have been few friendships so intimate and so helpful as that long existing between the prose writer and the poet. The dedicatory epistle adds fresh interest to the life-long work of the genius who is not the Poet Laureate. The magician takes us into his laboratory and shows us how the spell was worked. Many of the principal poems are discussed, their form of composition explained, their purpose defended. Studying his own work in retrospect, behold the poet finds it very good. "I find," he writes, "little to recant and nothing to repent on reconsideration of them all. Nothing I wish to cancel, to alter, or to unsay in any page I have ever laid before my reader." To the present generation it will seem unnecessary that this should be said. SWINBURNE is now accepted as one of three great poets of the last half of the nineteenth century. But the present generation forget, or do not know of, the storm, approaching execration, that greeted some of his earliest works. The first volume contains the Poems and Ballads. Five others will follow, the whole a precious possession, which my Baronite chiefly delights in as worthily presenting the work of the singer who in loftier strain, more intimate, more musical than others, has sung "the revels and the terrors and the glories of the sea."



Let my gentlest readers get hold of *The Diamonds*, by J. S. FLETCHER (DIGBY, LONG & Co.). These are real sparklers in the way of crime, and the ingenuity of the plot is as remarkable as is the lightness of the author's descriptive narration of the most thrilling deeds. Never within the Baron's recollection have horrors been so cheerfully treated; nor, on the other hand, could the moral that

"Ill deeds will rise,
Though all the world o'erwhelm them from men's eyes,"

be more powerfully enforced. In the course of this story there are five murders, and not two of them alike; three deaths, of sorts, varied, and one suicide. The reader may sup full of horrors, and yet sleep the sleep of the just. So pleasantly is this dose administered that it can be without scruple recommended by the Faculty which the Baron has the honour of representing.

The Countess of Mountenoy (JOHN LONG), by Mrs. STANNARD, *alias* JOHN STRANGE WINTER, preferring to have her literary merits recognised as the author of *Bootle's Baby*, is a cleverly-written story, working out a decidedly original plot. In a certain sense it is a drama without a villain, for the heroine herself supplies the deficiency, and yet will she be acquitted by a jury of sensible matrons. What must be termed, conventionally, the *dénouement* ties still tighter the cords with which the heroine has bound herself, and in this tight place the authoress, most artistically, leaves her.



At Scotland Yard, "being the experiences during twenty-seven years' service of JOHN SWEENEY, late Detective-Inspector Criminal Investigation Department, New Scotland Yard," edited by FRANCIS RICHARDS (GRANT RICHARDS), is a decidedly attractive title for all who affectionate tales of crime and mystery, and, reckoning himself of this number, the Baron was considerably disappointed with these very plain tales from the police courts, which are not within measurable distance of the *Sherlock Holmes* romances, nor, except when occasionally "the late Detective" is inclined to tell us "how it 's done," does any one of them rise much above the level of slightly-developed police-reports. Perhaps the comparison between the fictions invented by the arch-romancer Sir CONAN DOYLE, and the facts as told by the prosaic JOHN SWEENEY, is only another illustration of the truth conveyed in Master Æsop's old fable of the triumph of art over nature, as instanced in the imitated squeak of the pig and the genuine article.

The *Art Magazine* so ably conducted by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN has come to an end, to the Baron's great regret. It may have a future before it in some other form when in these practical money-coining days the motto of its proprietors shall be expressed in the words of *Hamlet* to *Polonius*, "More matter and less Art."

Had "Q" or ANTHONY HOPE selected for a romance the period that has been chosen by MAY WYNNE in her *For Faith and Navarre* (JOHN LONG) we should have had a fine plot, carefully woven, and running through breathlessly exciting scenes painted with the broad touch and bold colouring of a Sir JOHN GILBERT, while such details as might be essential to the story would have rested upon a basis of historical truth, which is lacking to this novel, at least in those portions of it where the authoress has relied upon exploded fables which were "once upon a time" regarded as gospel truth by the illiterate, the bigoted, and the wilfully ignorant. Such episodes as concern cut-and-thrust duels, assault and battery, gallant rescues, or attempts at assassination, and such-like stock-in-trade material of the melodramatist, are fairly well told; but the narrative portion is wordy and the scheme inartistic.

To-Morrow? is a queer sort of book, cleverly written, but unnecessarily spun out, by VICTORIA CROSS (WALTER SCOTT Co.). If my readers be acquainted with the authoress's previous works, *Six Chapters of a Man's Life* and *Anna Lombard*, they will pretty well know beforehand what to expect from the same bold hand. Here, however, there is more of suggestion than of action, the analysis of which is rather left to the attentive reader, than expressed by the authoress. It represents the start in life, and in love, of a youth of exceptional literary talent, whose self-worship, sensuousness, and utter lack of nobility of mind blind him to his own errors, and cause him—where the love of a frail erotic supersensuous girl-artist, which he has won, is concerned—to mistake duty for self-sacrifice. Girl and man are represented as a couple of mortals who have neither the philosophy of paganism to sustain them, nor Christian faith to direct and console them in their miserably wasted lives. The weirdly-imagined story is to a certain extent powerful, but it is decidedly not pleasant, and its perusal might well be deferred till—*To-morrow*.



SCIENTISTS are still puzzled to know how it is that, in a basket of strawberries, in direct contravention of a well-known law of nature, the heaviest specimens always rise to the top.

IT is rumoured that on one of the hot days last week some stripped tobacco was seen to be having a nice cool time.

THE ART OF POPULARITY.

(With acknowledgments to "Home Chat.")

A GOLDEN rule for the achievement of social success is to be

FORTHCOMING BUT NOT FULSOME.

Don't be careless or indifferent about meeting people half or even two-thirds of the way. But to overdo affability is a fatal error. Thus, to take a practical instance, it is quite right to offer a fellow passenger a newspaper, or, on rare occasions, a sandwich. But to volunteer to pay the excess fare of a total stranger, should he be travelling in a class superior to his fare—that is going "beyond the beyonds."

Above all things cultivate a good memory for faces and names. To do so is an act of loyalty, as well as good policy, for is not the faculty of remembering faces a peculiarly royal gift? Yet kings remember, not by divine right, but as the result of careful training. When the German EMPEROR was in petticoats he was sternly punished if he could not remember the face of every Pomeranian grenadier at Potsdam. There is a touching anecdote of

QUEEN ELIZABETH

in her old age encountering one of her courtiers and saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "I remember your name, but I can't put a face to it."

If one were asked to define the highest form of popularity, perhaps the best answer would be that it was the art of

DIFFUSING SUNSHINE.

To attain this laudable result, healthfulness is an indispensable adjunct. No valetudinarian was ever widely popular. Nowadays, however, thanks to the multiplicity of infallible hygienic systems, no one has any excuse for not being perfectly robust. But exceptional cases do sometimes occur, and if you should be unable to acquire the boon of health remember that it is always possible to counterfeit its manifestations. A touch of rouge, a pair of elevators, artificial calves—if knickerbockers are worn — these are only a few of the obvious devices by which a resolute and high-minded nature is able to rise superior to circumstances. Remember, again, that a

NICE BRIGHT VOICE

is one of the surest passports to favour. Many a good man, and many a true-hearted woman, has been terribly handicapped in the race of life by a husky, gruff or squeaky voice. No doubt some persons are unduly favoured by nature in this respect. But though we cannot all be Chrysostoms, patience and practice will work wonders with the most intractable set of vocal chords. In this context it is right to emphasise the value of a

MUSICAL LAUGH,

which at all times and in all ages has proved a wondrous means of enlisting good will. This, too, can be acquired by diligent practice. At any rate, it is always possible to modify or suppress the vulgar chuckle, the unseemly guffaw or the square-mouthed laugh which are so distressing to persons of refined and sensitive tympanums. But though a musical laugh is a delightful accomplishment it needs to be indulged in with moderation. To laugh at everything is the sign of the zany. Be cheerful by all means, but do not emulate the hyæna. To conclude this portion of our discourse, if you cannot laugh with elegance, it is always possible to fall back on a winning smile.



ART AND NATURE.

(Overheard during the Private Theatricals.)

She. "HOW WELL YOUR WIFE PLAYS *LADY GERALDINE*, MR. JONES. I THINK THE WAY SHE PUTS ON THAT AWFUL AFFECTED TONE IS JUST SPLENDID. HOW *DOES* SHE MANAGE IT?"

Mr. Jones (with embarrassment). "ER—SHE DOESN'T. THAT'S HER NATURAL VOICE."

MR. J. F. MARSH, who recently made 172 not out for Cambridge against Oxford, has been appointed to a mastership at Rossall School; but the Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM, of Essex, who compiled 201 against Middlesex, is still waiting for a vacancy on the Episcopal Bench.

THE PERILS OF PARTISAN HUMOUR.

[The methods of Mr. A. UPWARD, emissary of the Eighty Club, and Editor of the *Chertsey Elector*, in which he parodied some popular hymns for political ends, have been rebuked in certain Liberal quarters.]

RARE as the lush oases which allure
The humpèd camel coursing through Sahara,
(Sometimes defective as a water-cure
Owing to bitters, like the stuff at Mara);—

Rare as the few, among the many called,
Chosen to speed the sacred Bacchic orgies*—
O ye in Humour's priesthood robed and stalled,
Our WILFRID LAWSONS and our D. LLOYD-GEORGES!—

How have the wells of laughter been defiled
From which you drew the crystal potion cupward!
How must your cheeks have flamed when Chertsey smiled
Over the errant Muse of Mr. UPWARD!

For he ignored the elemental rule
(Since manners count in even this profession)
That whoso means to play the chartered fool
Must wear his motley with a nice discretion,

Nor take that facile pathway towards the pit
That tempts the prentice while his tastes are callow,
And outrage by a cheap and obvious wit
The themes that old associations hallow.

'Twas bad to break this first of Humour's laws;
But there was worse offence and yet more weighty
In that his ribald license wrecked the Cause
Of those who sent him out—the noble Eighty!

On them, I feel, the luck was very hard
Who pinned their hopes, all new and freshly spangled,
On that rare thing, a comic Liberal bard,—
And lo! the jester's bells were badly jangled.

But here 's a lesson we might lay to heart,
We other mountebanks with various missions,
Who turn a decent self-respecting Art
Into the hireling hack of politicians.

She would be mistress, privileged to look
Round corners like an independent critic;
We bound her vision by our party's book,
Exacting service purely parasitic.

Spoiled of her right to "free, arouse, dilate"
Through laughter tempered by a wide humanity,
She drops abruptly from her high estate
Into the muddy fen of mere profanity.

So you, good Sirs, whose wit is still urbane
But yet eschews the charms of deviation,
Who, having JOE and ARTHUR on the brain,
Conceive no other source of cachinnation,—

Remember Chertsey, and the Cause undone!
Tempt not your virtuous Art a touch too sorely;
But let her try and find a little fun,
Just for a change, in BANNERMAN or MORLEY! O. S.

* Πολλοὶ τοι ναρθηκοφόροι, βάκχοι δέ τε παῖροι.

FROM the *Midland Counties Tribune*:—

"The Japs will not permit any news to come through, and it is probable that Port Arthur will have fallen before the intelligence reaches this country."

Mr. Punch doubts it. He has far too high an opinion of the enterprise of modern journalism. What about Pekin?

BRIDGE PROBLEMS.

Solution of Problem No. 591.—A.'s hand consists of the seven top spades in sequence, four hearts to the knave, the three of clubs and the two of diamonds. "No Trumps" is declared on A.'s right, and he thus has the opening lead. What card should he play? Score, one game all, and eighteen all.

A plebiscite of our competitors selects the ace of spades as the correct card, and, though the hand is not an easy one to play correctly, we are inclined to agree. It is worth noticing that as A. holds the seven top cards of the suit, the nine would really be as effective a lead as the ace. Some of our solvers have missed this delicate point. "Nothing Venture" thinks A. might have ventured to double the declaration, but it must be remembered that a score of twelve will give A. and B. the rubber, and students should always remember to play to the score. "Bird in the Bush" suggests, incorrectly, we think, the lead of a small heart. On the supposition, he continues, that A.'s partner has ace, king, queen, and another heart, the knave will form an invaluable card of re-entry.

Bridge Problem No. 592.—A. and B. are partners against C. and D. A. deals; his hand is—Diamonds, A K J 9 8 5. Hearts, J 8. Spades, 7 3. Clubs, Q 6 2. While meditating he observes his partner sorting his cards with obvious signs of delight and impatience. Should A. make diamonds or pass the declaration? Score, one game and twenty-four-love in the dealer's favour. Give reasons for your answer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Your action in taking your partner's king with your ace, in the hope of unblocking, although, as you admit, it unfortunately allowed your adversaries to score five tricks in the suit, was well conceived. Your partner's method of welcoming this coup, by throwing a soda-water syphon at your head, seems to us to have shown an unfair tendency to judge actions solely by their results. It was unlucky that you were too stunned to explain your motives clearly.

PUZZLED.—Upon no account, when the declaration is left to you, should you declare "No Trumps" on the ground that you have no suit good enough to make trumps. Without in any way justifying the language used by your partner, we can understand that it would not alleviate his chagrin to hear your excuse that you fancied four knaves counted fourteen above the line. We should not advise you to play shilling points with strangers.

ENTHUSIAST.—With only one trump and no court cards, you had clearly a very doubtful chance of establishing your seven clubs to the ten, though, as you say, it would have been a very useful suit to bring in. We sympathise with you more than your partner appears to have done, but these freaks of fortune give one of the chief charms to the game.

ANXIOUS PARENT.—Your daughter should obviously have returned Mr. GOLDSTOCK's lead. Whether, with five pounds depending on the rubber, he was justified in breaking off the engagement on the spot, is a point we prefer to leave to a jury to decide. We cannot at the moment recollect if there is any test case.

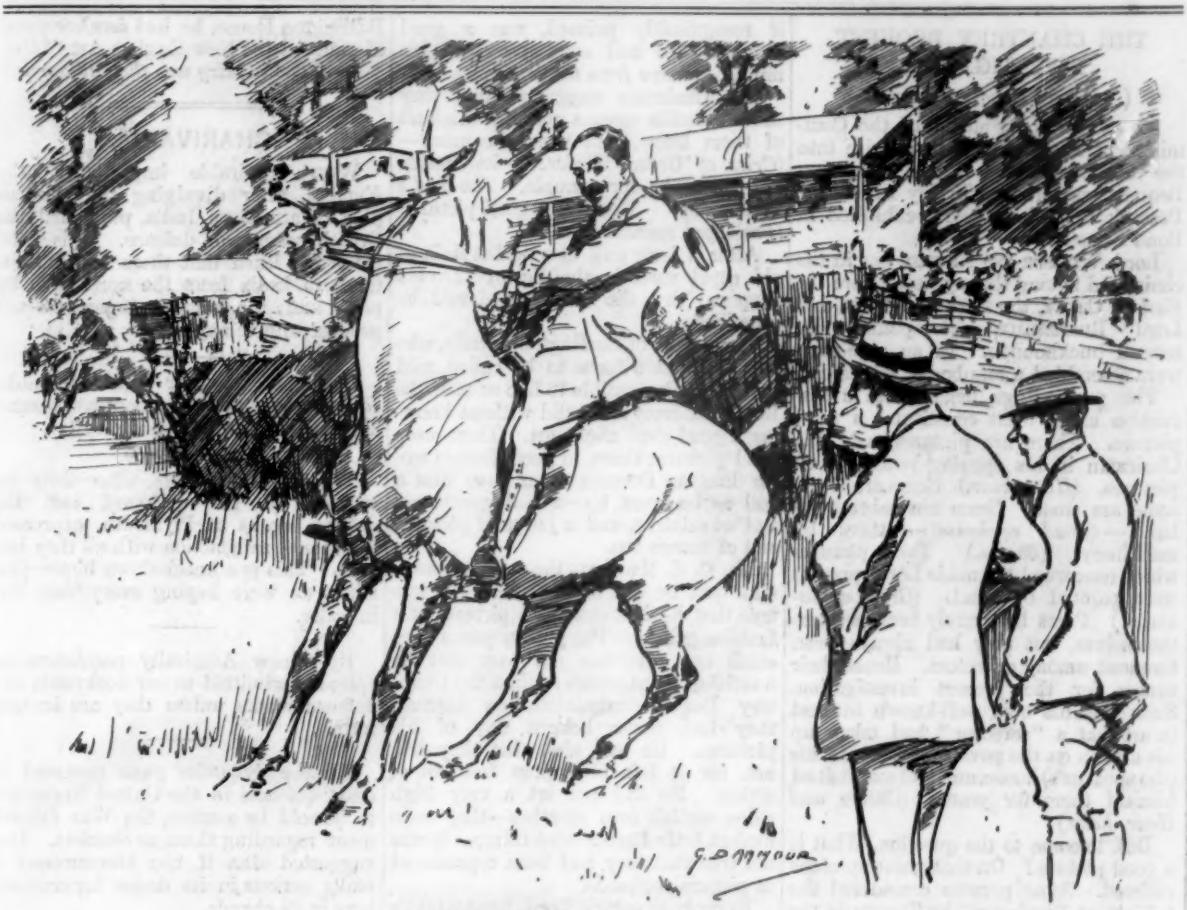
CHICANE.—You were too light to make "No Trumps" on an exposed hand. The fact that your partner, before leaving it to you, hesitated for three minutes, and asked twice what the score was, seems to have misled you. It was doubly unfortunate that his indecision should have been due to an uncertainty whether his own hand was sufficiently bad to justify a protective spade declaration. Yes: Grand Slam counts forty, whatever the trump is.



THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

BRITANNIA. "REALLY, MY DEAR, THIS IS THE SIMPLEST WAY OF SETTLING DIFFERENCES."
COLUMBIA. "WHY CERTAINLY—IF WE HAD ANY!"

[Harvard and Yale meet Oxford and Cambridge at Queen's Club, July 23.]



DRAWING THE LINE.

Owner. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE HIM?"
Intending Purchaser (who has been trying the horse). "OH, HE'S ALL RIGHT, BUT NO GOOD FOR OUR COUNTRY."
Owner. "WHY'S THAT?"
I. P. "WELL, YOU SEE, WE'RE TOO FAR FROM THE SEA; AND I THINK THAT'S THE ONLY THING WOULD STOP HIM!"

WAYS TO WEALTH.

["There is something undeniably attractive about a book which purports to reveal 'One Hundred and One Easy Ways of Making Money in Spare Hours.' We all of us have some spare hours, we all of us could do with more money, we are most of us capable of compassing the easy."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

"At last," thought I, "the road is plain
Which I have sought so long in vain.
No more penurious thrift, no more
The counting of my niggard store
With anxious frown, no sordid care
To save a sixpence here and there
On filling vegetarian fare.
Riches are now for me. Behold
A hundred ways to wealth untold!"

I seized the book with trembling hand,
And eagerly the pages scanned.
Way One: the poodle-clipping trade
Is one where money may be made.
You ask whatever sums you please,
And ladies give you lordly fees
If you have skill to comb and wave,
And give their pets an easy shave.
(The writer adds that any noodle
Can soon be taught to clip a poodle.)
Thus are your fortunes swiftly mended,
Nor is your dignity offended.

Way Two suggests a cure for those
Who find the rent a source of woes.
Why see your hard-earned savings spent
To pay a greedy landlord's rent,
And swell his unearned increment?
Why stint and starve and pinch and screw?
Why not let *him* provide for *you?*
"Caretake" his empty flats, and he
Not only lets you live rent-free,
But adds a modest weekly fee.

Way Three will help you supplement
Still further what you save from rent.
Pigs are delightful pets, and may
By any fool be made to pay.
They thrive and fatten anywhere
On simple inexpensive fare,
Finding an appetising meal
In tea-leaves and potato peel—
What otherwise were wash is taken,
And turned to marketable bacon.

The thoughtful writer also mentions
A few desirable inventions.
In simple things which none supply,
Yet all demand, great fortunes lie—
A linen cuff that will not fray,
A stud that never rolls away,
A hat-pin that defies the wind,
A head to which it can be pinned,
A foldable perambulator,
A cooler clime for the equator,
A low-flash oil that won't explode,
A skirt that 's always *à la mode*,
A cure for children when they blubber,
A substitute for india-rubber,
A lighter that will light a fire,
A self-inflating cycle tire—
When next you have a leisure hour,
Make use of your inventive power,
And lo! before you are aware,
You 'll find yourself a millionaire.

THE CHANTREY BEQUEST INVESTIGATION.

(A Purely Imaginary Report.)

AN extraordinary sitting of the Committee of Peers elected to inquire into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest was held on Friday last in the Peacock Room now being exhibited in Bond Street.

Lord WINDSOR AND NEWTON was in the chair, and among those present were the Earl of CREWE, the Earl of LYTTON, and Lord RIBBLESDALE accompanied by several buckhounds. In an ante-room were assembled a number of witnesses.

The proceedings began with a discussion as to what constitutes a good picture. There are pictures, said the Chairman in his opening remarks, and pictures. (*Hear, hear.*) Some are large, some are small. Some are painted by hand—(*Loud applause*)—others by machinery. (*Shame.*) The pictures which concerned the noble Lords present were painted by hand. (*Great enthusiasm.*) Peers had rarely been painters themselves, but they had always been foremost among collectors. Hence their fitness for the present investigation. Such was his own well-known interest in art that a "screever" had taken up his station on the pavement opposite his (the speaker's) house, and had maintained himself there for years. (*Cheers and Hear, hear.*)

But, to come to the question, What is a good picture? On that point opinions differed. Some persons considered the "*Fighting Téméraire*" by TURNER, in the National Gallery, a good picture—RUSKIN among others—but an American critic had likened it to a sandy cat in a bath of tomato salad. Who should decide when doctors disagreed? (*Cheers.*)

The Earl of LYTTON remarked that it was patent to the merest tyro that the administrators of the Chantrey Bequest had no notion of what was good art and what bad. He wept when he thought of the pigs that had lost their lives to afford the bristles for the brushes of such incompetent craftsmen.

The Chairman pointed out that a pig need not be killed in order to supply bristles. It can be shaved.

The noble Lord, in accepting the correction, remarked that his tears fell none the less. Also for the camels whose hair was similarly sacrificed and abused.

The Earl of CREWE concurred. He said that he would be ashamed to have even his house painted by some of the Chantrey Bequest artists.

Lord RIBBLESDALE, rising to a point of order, said that they were departing from the question, What is a good picture? For his part he thought that a full-length portrait of a good sportsman, if recognisably painted, was a good picture. He had such a one in his mind. (*Cheers from the buckhounds.*)

The Chairman suggested that they should decide upon a picture which all of them knew, and should canvass—(*Cries of Order! Order!*)—its merits. Let them take, for example, "*The Soul's Awakening.*" Was that a good picture? (*Prolonged sensation.*)

After a long pull at a pocket flask of old copal varnish, the Earl of LYTTON proposed that the witnesses should be examined.

The Beadle of Burlington Arcade, who was the first witness to be called, said that it was impossible to live as near the Royal Academy as he did without knowing a good deal about art. There were good pictures there, in good frames too. Sir EDWARD POYNTER often gave him a nod as he went by—a real gentleman and no mistake, and a judge of pictures and of frames too.

Mr. D. S. MACCOLL, the next witness, said that he was an art critic. It was true that he had exhibited pictures at a London gallery. The gallery was a very small one. It was not true that he nourished a grievance against the Chantrey Bequest administrators because they had never bought any of his pictures. He was glad that they had not, for it left him more freedom of action. He did not set a very high value on his own sketches—they were modest little Barbizonian things. It was not true that they had been reproduced as picture postcards.

In reply to one of Lord RIBBLESDALE'S buckhounds, the witness said that he did not greatly admire LANDSEER.

Mr. C. NAPIER HEMY, who came next, appeared in a sou'wester and jack boots, singing a well-known sailors' chantrey. In his opinion the Fund was admirably administered. The pictures were well chosen, and paid for on the nail.

Mr. JOHN SINGER SARGENT was the last witness of the day. He said he was an American by birth, but preferred Europe. It was not true that he never painted Christians. He had occasionally, he must admit, tried his hand on a commoner, but he would not do so again. Asked to say what he thought of the pictures bought by the Chantrey Fund, he replied that he preferred baseball to cricket, and STRAUSS to SOUSA. There was a little thing called, "*Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose,*" which he rather liked. Pressed to be more explicit he drew his mahl stick. . . .

On the return of the Committee, Lord RIBBLESDALE asked the witness if he enjoyed painting portraits, to which the reply was that it depended on the sitter. He did not exhibit exclusively at the Royal Academy; at the present time, in addition to the peers and peeresses at Burlington House, he had another scene of mules at the New English Art Club.

[*The inquiry was then adjourned.*

CHARIVARIA.

WITH admirable impartiality, the *Express*, after divulging the Russian plan of attack on India, published the British scheme of defence. It is satisfactory to learn that there is no admittance to India from the north save by pass, and the stage-managers do not propose to give any away.

Accidents in war are inevitable. *Reuter* telegraphs that about a thousand Tibetans fled into the Rong Valley.

The German officers, after their inspection of the dockyard and the defence works at Plymouth, expressed the utmost satisfaction with all they had seen. This is a knock-down blow—just when we were hoping everything was in order.

By a new Admiralty regulation no spies are admitted to our dockyards and defence works unless they are in uniform.

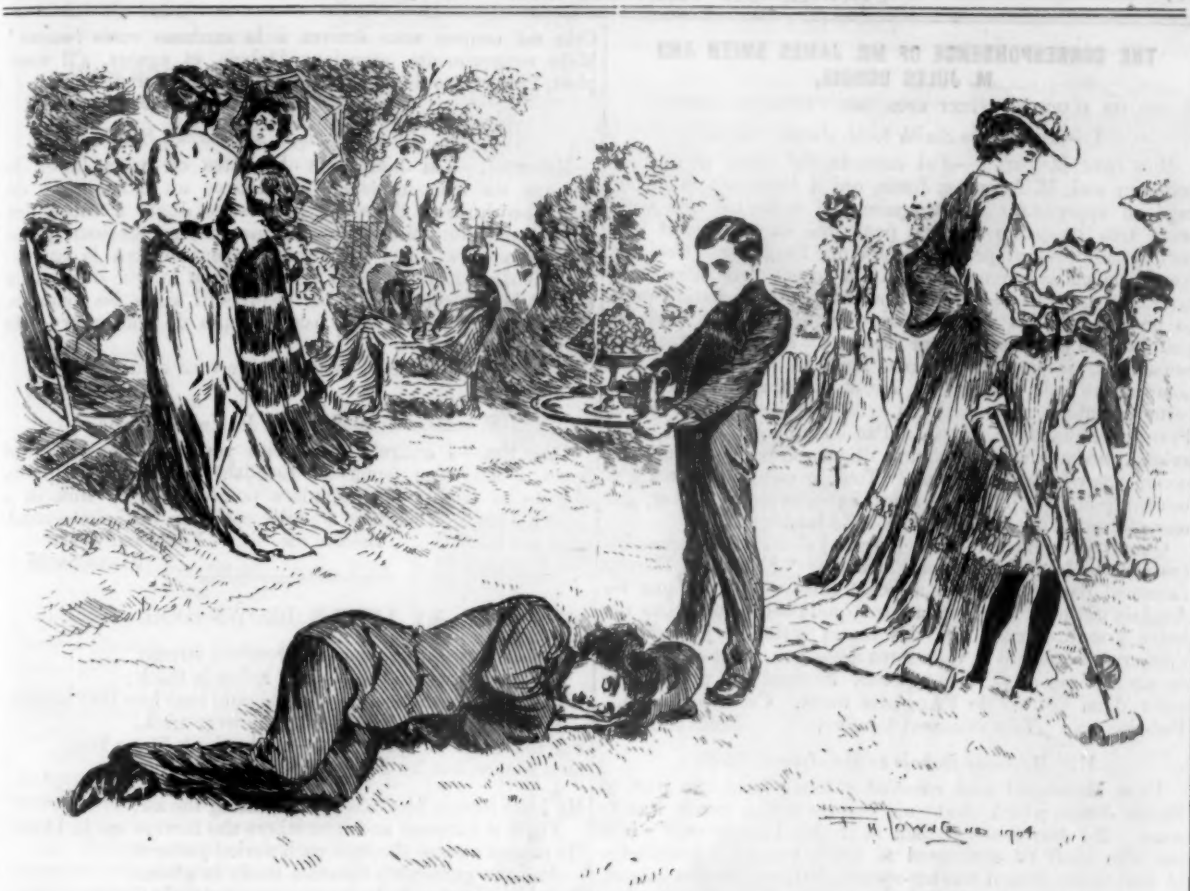
All the dynamite guns mounted as coast defences in the United States are to be sold by auction, the War Department regarding them as obsolete. It is suggested that if our Government is really serious in its desire for economy here is its chance.

A recent conversation in the House of Commons between Mr. REDMOND and Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY accentuates the fact that Irishmen possess all the attributes necessary to the carrying on of Party government.

Considerable indignation has been expressed in some quarters at the virulence of the attacks on Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who is described as being in reality a courteous, kindly gentleman. We think it has never been denied that Sir HENRY'S private life is blameless. The complaint is that he will meddle in politics.

Mr. STANLEY SPENCER recently made two airship ascents from Hanley Flower Show, and his Majesty the KING paid a flying visit to Sandringham.

There is, after all, every prospect of London having a worthy memorial to SHAKSPEARE. Mr. RICHARD BADGER has offered to provide the money, the London County Council will supply the site, and Mr. HALL CAINE is willing to sit for the statue.



WANTED—A KINDRED SOUL.

London Poet (asked down to join a country-house party for the day and finding he is not attracting sufficient notice, flings himself down on the lawn). "OH, LOVELY GREEN GRASS, I LOVE YOU. DO YOU LOVE ME, LOVELY GREEN GRASS?"

Those who said the London County Council would refuse to help in the scheme have turned out to be wrong. For ourselves we always felt that, as soon as it was explained to the Members who SHAKSPEARE was, they would be willing to assist.

The ex-Princess who some years ago eloped with a gipsy is at present in London having her complexion restored, but it is feared that nothing can be done for her reputation.

Meanwhile, the ex-Princess has informed the *Express* that her present husband is quite the nicest she has ever had.

A small boy who was charged at the Brentford Police Court with stealing apples from an orchard on his way home from Sunday-school was sentenced to write out "Thou shalt not steal apples" fifty times. The little boy smiled at the short sentence, for his favourite fruits, we hear, are strawberries and pears.

The arrears of work at the Law Courts are assuming such proportions that, to enable the mass of cases to be got through, it may become necessary for the LORD CHANCELLOR to limit the Judges to one joke per suit.

Mr. PRITCHARD, of Boston, America, in a speech on the ignorance of children, mentioned that a large number of pupils attending a school in his native town declared themselves unable to say what butter was made of. Possibly, however, the parents of these were in the margarine business, and the little ones were loyally keeping trade secrets.

A correspondent sends us an interesting natural history note. On opening his wardrobe the other day, he found a moth in his dress-coat. The effect, he declares, was ludicrous, as the coat was, of course, much too big for the moth.

MY LADY'S CAKE.

No light of glory lingers
  Around the name I bear;
Sweet Fame's fantastic fingers
  Wreathe me no laurels fair;
Love, no devoted hand shall trace
  In monumental stone
The fact that it was mine to face
  Your first-baked all alone.

Let worlds with wide-eyed wonder
  The deeds of heroes greet,
My modest head shall under
  Its bushel still retreat.
Yet oft I thrill with secret pride,
  Which time can ne'er dethrone,
Recalling how I once defied
  Your first-baked all alone.

The Point of View.

(At the Eton and Harrow Match.)

Etonian (applauding the record score). Good old BOLES!

Harrovian (bitterly). BOLES, indeed? I call it skittles!

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MR. JAMES SMITH AND M. JULES DUBOIS,

AND ITS ALARMING EFFECT UPON THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

I.—*Mr. James Smith to M. Jules Dubois.*

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—J'ai entendu de votre nom d'un commun ami, M. ALPHONSE JONES, qui a beaucoup m'encouragé en apprennant la Française. Il m'assure que vous serez très beaucoup aimable pour moi en m'écrivant une correspondance qui perfectionnera ma Française. Ceci est comme la chose commença. J'avais accompagné notre ami pour une semaine à la France pour voir la belle Paris—mais je ne pouvais pas comprendre quelquechose de quoi les peuples que je rencontrai me disaient. Egalement malheureusement, je ne pouvais pas faire les personnages me comprendre! Je semblais un âne, et je n'aime pas à sembler cette animal-là. Non pas plus encore, je ne pouvais lire la Française quand je la vis. Par exemple, à l'hôtel nous avions plusieurs courses pour le dîner que je ne pouvais pas nommer sur la carte de menu. Tout le même, j'ai très très beaucoup aimé la jolie ville magnifique, avec son louver, son morgue, son nôtre dame et sa bois de boulogne!

Quand je retournai à Angleterre, j'ai décidé à apprendre toute suite la Française, et j'ai acheté "*French in Twenty Lessons*," dans qui je l'ai appris "pretty well," comme les Anglais disent. Il y a peut-être quelques fautes dans ma lettre j'osedire, mais non des fautes sérieuses je crois, et j'aimerais beaucoup si vous serez aussi bon, et aussi aimable de me corriger dans votre réponse. Je serai très plu de vous aider dans l'étude de l'Anglaise aussi. Crois moi, mons. Dubois, Très vraiment le vôtre, JAMES SMITH.

II.—*M. Jules Dubois to Mr. James Smith.*

DEAR MISTER,—I had received a letter from the part of Mister JONES, which made me believe which yours was to come. My dear mister, which is it that I am to say? It is me who shall be enchanted to assist you to a knowledge of our noble french mother-speech, but, my dearest mister, you ought to avow that the task is a little bit tough—indeed, I may say of the most difficults. Do not wish me a grudge if I say that there are many faultinesses in your so aimable letter, some of them of a largeness which may be called huge. I do not *at all* desire to dammage your feelings, but "*la Française*" means "the French lady," and "*courses*" means "races." "*Peuples*" means "peoples." One says for "French," "*français*," and for the English word "coarses," "*services*." One does not *never* say "*très vraiment le vôtre*." I am very occupied at present, but will send soon to you a full revision of your letter, and a little book for to write the French endings. Charmed that you love Paris. What is it that you are thinking of the Lord JOE CHAMBERLAIN'S plan for taxing of the corns and of the foods in general? A little word thereupon will offer me grand pleasure.

I have much honnour, my dear mister, in saluting you with best love, JULES DUBOIS.

III.—*Mr. James Smith to M. Jules Dubois.*

MON CHER MONSIEUR,—Merci pour votre lettre, mais je ne crois pas que mes fautes sont tout à fait aussi terribles que vous faites dehors! En tout cas, le vôtre est aussi pleine de fautes qu'un œuf est pleine de viande, ainsi c'est six à l'un et une demie douzaine à l'autre, comme les Anglais très souvent disent. Vous ne disez non point *jamais* en Anglais "dear mister"; vous disez, "*Dear Sir*." Vous ne disez pas "of the most difficults." Vous ne disez pas "wish me a grudge." Vous "*owe* a grudge" en Anglais. Vous ne disez pas "the Lord JOE CHAMBERLAIN." Ce gentilhomme n'est pas un "*lord*." Vous ne disez point *jamais, jamais*, en écrivant à un gentilhomme ordinaire, "with best love." Cela est comme vous écrivez à la madame votre femme! Mille remerciments, monsieur Dubois, et agréez, s'il vous plaît, l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

JAMES SMITH.

IV.—*M. Jules Dubois to Mr. James Smith.*

MONSIEUR,—J'ai bien reçu la lettre où vous faites la critique de mon anglais. J'y trouve un mouvement de mauvaise humeur de votre part, sans doute à cause des fautes que je vous ai signalées. Il me semble, monsieur, que si un homme ne sait pas supporter convenablement la correction, il devrait renoncer à l'étude d'une langue dont il ne saurait jamais comprendre les beautés ni saisir les nuances. De sorte que ce ne sera pas la peine de continuer cette correspondance.

J'ai l'honneur, monsieur, de vous saluer,

JULES DUBOIS.

V.—*Mr. James Smith to M. Jules Dubois.*

DEAR SIR,—I entirely agree with you that a man cannot learn a language (such as English) when he palpably objects to having his blunders pointed out to him in a friendly way. Therefore, we will consider this correspondence as closed. Believe me, Yours truly,

JAMES SMITH.

MY LITTLE BROWN DOG.

MY little brown dog, when he crosses a stream,
Climbs out where the bevy of ladies is thick;
When he shakes himself well you should hear how they scream:
It 's a right little bright little showery trick.
For the terror he spreads you might think him a frog,
Or a mouse, but he 's only my little brown dog.

My little brown dog, when he 's taking the air,
Finds it sweetest and best where the flowers are in bloom;
He ranges at ease through each varied *parterre*,
And the gardener's face is a study in gloom;
And his mistress declares she must certainly flog
A respect for her flowers into my little dog.

My little brown dog is most carefully planned
For lying full length where he 's most in the way,
And the butler who comes, a decanter in hand,
Trips up with a crash—he has done it each day.
It 's a word from the butler, who lies like a log,
And a yelp, just a yelp, from my little brown dog.

In the dead hour of midnight we wake at a sound,
And we leave our warm sheets and we open the door:
Is it guns that are booming? No, no, it 's a hound,
A hound of small size and a terrible snore.
Oh how deeply he sleeps, while we 're both all agog
(My wife and myself), does my little brown dog.

But there—if it 's faithful affection you seek,
If you want a firm friend whom no fault can surprise,
Take the little brown dog with the tail that can speak,
And the heart that shines out through the eloquent eyes.
And I, as on life's rugged pathway I jog,
I 'm as rich as a king with my little brown dog.

R. C. L.

ACCORDING to the *Liverpool Echo*, "the Japanese Consul-General in London is authorised to state that the rumours current of an approaching loan of his Government are without foundation." We notice that he does not say what country was suspected of wanting to borrow the Japanese Government; but the PRIME MINISTER of England has, for his part, denied all knowledge of the origin of this rumour.

PICKWICK UP-TO-DATE.

[The following is an attempt at the style in which CHARLES DICKENS doubtless would have written one of his chapters had he been able to utilise the classic idioms of the modern cricket-reporter.]

ALL-MUGGLETON DISHES DINGLEY DELL!

PODDER PROPELS THE PILULE!

PICKWICK PATRONISES THE PAVILION!

JINGLE'S GENTLE JAPES!

(Special and Exclusive Report.)

A mighty smart crowd it was which sweltered in the reserve seats to witness this annual fixture. PICKWICK was there, SNODGRASS was there, WINKLE was right on the spot, and knocked them every time by his caustic comments. And the great JINGLE, button-holed by our representative, took the cocoanut with the following opinion:

"CAPITAL GAME—SMART SPORT—FINE EXERCISE—VERY!"

At eleven o'clock the fateful coin was jerked towards the azure, and the fickle jade gave All-Muggleton the right of first knock. Mr. PICKWICK was heard to question the Muggletonian skipper upon his policy.

"Bound to get 'em," explained Mr. DUMKINS. "Wicket like bloomin' concrete. We 'll let daylight into the bowling, give you my word we will."

Mr. PICKWICK was evidently about to enquire into the nature of this optical phenomenon when the tinkle of the Pavilion bell bade Skipper DUMKINS depart to

DON HIS SHIN-SAVERS,

since he and PODDER were to open the Muggletonian credit-account. And this they did to some tune. The Dingley-Dellers entrusted the rolling-up of the sphere to LUFFEY and STRUGGLES, but their deliveries were far from being of a rot-making order, and the batsmen promptly

TOOK TEA WITH THEM.

In the second over PODDER wafted one out of the ground for six, while DUMKINS quickly materialised with a touch behind cover for a quartett and a sylph-like push to the on-boundary. At the same time it must be conceded that neither willow-wielder would have enjoyed a protracted sojourn had the fielding of Dingley Dell been a trifle less moth-eaten. At an early stage of the proceedings PODDER offered LUFFEY

A DOLLY C.-&-B.,

—which, however, was declined without thanks. For an hour or more there was no slump in the run-getting, PODDER being particularly noticeable with his dreamy hooks, while his Co. twice patted the pilule into the ladies' enclosure. The second century had long since whiffled into the forgotten past when at length the Dingley Deller stick-custodian found PODDER not at home.

"BRAVO—CAPITAL START—TOUCHED 'EM PRETTY!"

—was JINGLE'S timely comment as the ousted wood-handler trickled through the Pavilion gate. Nor was Mr. PICKWICK himself slow to express his approval. "Permit me to congratulate you, Sir," he remarked. "So remarkable a display of skill in a manly and health-giving exercise justifies, I believe, an offer of at least half-a-dozen glasses of brandy-and-water, to be consumed by you at my expense."

Mr. PODDER was understood to refuse this offer. His innings, as he explained, had certainly given his average a useful heave, but anyone could knock the stuffing out of the ball when the bowlers were just lolloping up baby-soothers. "It 's a very different show," he explained, "when you have to conciliate humming-birds on a wicket like stick-jaw"; a phrase which Mr. PICKWICK carefully wrote down in his note-book, while replying, with a rather puzzled expression, that the game under these conditions must be very different indeed. "And you do not anticipate that your opponents will defeat you on this occasion?" he added. "Well," said the Muggletonian representative, "they *might* bring off a real hair-raiser, but I don't believe myself that they have

THE SLIGHTEST EARTHLY."

And the result proved Mr. PODDER'S estimate to be correct.



SWEET CHILD!

Head Schoolmistress. "BUT YOU OUGHT TO BE IN MISS SMITH'S CLASS, EVA. WHY HAVE YOU BEEN SENT OUT?"

Eva. "PLEASE, MA'AM, TO GIVE MISS SMITH A REST!"



OUR REVIEW.

THE COLONEL IS WONDERING WHAT MANŒUVRE HE OUGHT TO EXECUTE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

AT THE FLINDERIES.

AFTER a retirement of two thousand six hundred years His Majesty NEFER-KARA PEF-DUDU-BAST-MES-BAST, of the Twenty-third Dynasty, 700 B.C., is once more making a bid for publicity, and the claims of a monarch with such a haunting cognomen ought not to be lightly disregarded. His name alone is worth memorising. As an assistance to this mnemonic feat, he has entrusted a very beautiful gold statuette of HERSHEFI, the well-known and ram-headed god of Ehnasya (*alias* Herakleopolis, 60 miles south of Cairo), to Professor FLINDERS PETRIE for exhibition free of charge amongst other Egyptian antiquities at University College, London. We are very much obliged to PEF-DUDU-BAST-MES-BAST and his excavators for reminding us of his existence, which we must confess we were in danger of forgetting. He comes from a land where a millennium or two is a small matter, but we hope that, though late in the day, the editors of *Who's Who* will see to it that his name is properly inserted in their obituary columns.

The researches of Drs. GRENFELL and HUNT have been similarly rewarded by the scribes of many valuable but tattered Greek papyri, dating from the second and third centuries A.D. Thus, we cannot forbear a testimony to the paternal shrewdness of PANECHOTES, the talented ex-cosmetes of Oxyrhynchus. We were quite pleased to see his agreement with a professor of shorthand for the apprenticeship of his son through a two years' course at a fee of 120 drachmæ to be paid in three instalments—the time to be extended for as many days as those whereon the boy was idle. We fear that PANECHOTES Junior's nose was kept close to the potsherd (or other writing-tablet) during the hot season, if the professor was short of money. Besides this document, there are menus, marriage-contracts and many other things that leap to the discerning eye.

Various modern tastes have been catered for by the artists and artificers of Thebes, and Gurob in the Fayum. Their London agents, Prof. NAVILLE and Messrs. HALL and LOAT, are enabled to show, for instance, a model bakery from an eleventh dynasty tomb, with women of the Noah's Ark type grinding the corn and men kneading the bread or stoking the ovens; some glass kohl tubes and other toilet requisites of the time of AMENHOTEP III.; two reed mats enclosing children's bodies, for those who like such domestic objects; etc., etc.

Professor PETRIE has also a nice little selection from over 1000 lamps on view, showing the sad degeneration of their adornments as the types were handed down through the ages. It is for the moralist to note how the oil-vessel which once resembled a realistic frog was eventually copied into a lump with a few meaningless scratches on its back.

Altogether, *Mr. Punch's* representative spent a highly Egyptological morning at what might (it is hoped without undue disrespect) be called the "Flinderies," and left more confused than ever with the respective dynasties and their kings and dates. One name only he will cling to (as a most useful expletive), and that is, "NEFERKARA PEF-DUDU-BAST-MES-BAST."



TILL FURTHER NOTICE.



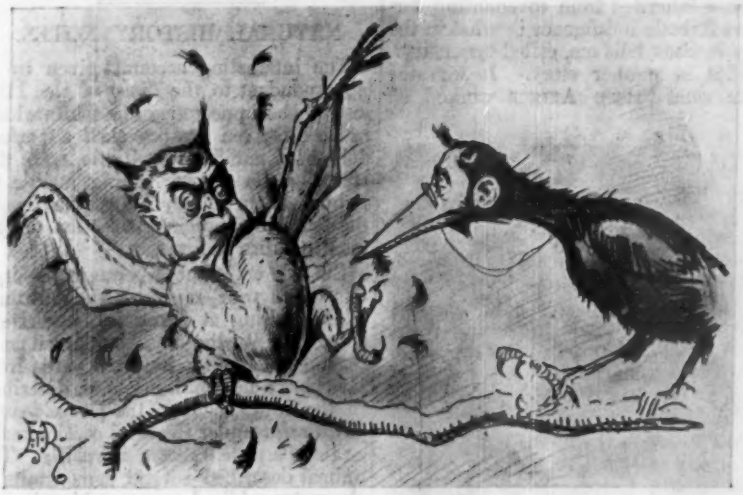
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 11.—On meeting of House to-day all eyes turned towards corner seat in Irish camp below Gangway. There on Friday stood certain landlords demanded twenty-four and a-half years' purchase for their land.

"And these are the people," TIM added, "who are interrupting me now."

In an instant the simmering pan of Irish wrath boiled over. "Name, name!" they cried.



A DREADFUL EXPOSÉ.

The Crow (T-m H-ly) nips in and plays sad havoc with the Owl (J-hn R-dm-nd).

TIM HEALY, object of contumely to his countrymen. Place now empty. Gruesome rumour about that, after the adjournment on Friday, messengers gathered up from neighbourhood of Gangway six baskets full of something and removed It to the crypt. May be nothing in this. All the same nothing seen of TIM since his comrades in the representation of Ireland fell upon him on Friday afternoon.

It was a simple business as seen by ordinary lights. Second Reading of Irish Land Bill to the fore. Last year, it will be remembered, a generous-hearted Government having provided for landlords, parsons and denominational education, attempted to conciliate Irish vote by pledging national credit to minimum amount of a million sterling in order to facilitate transfer of land between Irish landlord and tenant. Bill now before House proposed to amend the Act in certain particulars. REDMOND *aîné* met motion by amendment protesting against unjust inflation of prices. Eighteen years' purchase, he insisted, was ample scale of price.

Towards close of debate TIM HEALY nipped in. His presence unexpected. Holding there is nothing useful to be done at Westminster he stops at home and earns an honest living. As usual when it was known that TIM was on his legs House filled up. Went on quietly enough till he expressed the hope that Irish tenants would note the fact that

"Here is the honourable gentleman sitting behind me," said TIM, turning round and indicating REDMOND *aîné* with friendly nod.

Then broke forth uproar that lasted continuously for twenty minutes; TIM with every sign of unconcern faced it. Mr. FLAVIN and Mr. DEVLIN cried aloud and cut themselves with knives and lancets—of course, in Parliamentary sense. "Judge HEALY!" roared SWIFT MCNEILL, bounding about on the bench as if it too were red-hot. "Traitor!" "Coward!" "You want a job," were cries that rose above the angry roar.

A great opportunity for Mr. LUNDON. Master of himself in six languages, rules of House have for nearly four years compelled him when joining in debate to speak English, almost the only language he doesn't know. Now, with the uproar screening him from detection, he let fly at TIM in good old Irish of the kind spoken in the time when BRIAN BORU sat on his throne, and MALACHI wore the collar of gold he won from the proud invader. Occasionally, when the roar sunk for a moment, the voice of the Member for East Limerick could be heard rasping forth remarks that made the blood tingle even in the body of English Members who hadn't the remotest idea what compliment was being conveyed.

The worst of it was that amid the uproar REDMOND *aîné* found no opportunity of making the simple statement that would have put matters right. Impossible to conceive, short of criminal act, a graver charge brought against leader of Nationalist party than this, that whilst at Westminster he was earning cheap applause by denouncing Irish landlords for exacting more than eighteen years' purchase on the sale of their land, he had been bargaining with his own tenants for twenty-four and a-half years' purchase. He will doubtless seize the earliest chance of putting the matter right when House gets into Committee on the Bill.

Business done.—Licensing Bill getting along with help of closure. On important amendment to limit operation to fourteen years, Ministerial majority ran down to 41.

Wednesday.—Another Jameson Raid. This time it's the Major, not the Doctor. Returned for West Clare as recruit to Irish Nationalist Party, JAMESON has long shown himself restive. Compromised matters by sitting in Irish camp and voting with Ministerialists. That sort of thing increases in awkwardness, as WINSTON and Major SEELY, trying it the



BRODRICK'S DOUCHE.

Mr. Arn-ld F-rst-r, in introducing his Army Reform Scheme, said, "Hon. members have frequently attacked the Army Corps system of my rt. hon. friend the Secretary of State for India, . . . which really had very slight importance indeed. . . . It does not matter two straws what these divisions are called — Sunday-school districts or Army Corps districts. . . . An Army Corps is an accepted expression which connotes a certain proportion of troops. My rt. hon. friend hoped that that proportion of troops might be attributed to each of these divisions, but up to the present time it has not been attributed to all of them."

other way about, discovered. After a while these Dissentient Unionists, following the direction of their accustomed vote, made tracks across floor of House and seated themselves among Opposition. JAMESON partly redresses balance by publicly joining Ministerialists.

No midnight manœuvre his; no creeping up back stairs into new quarters, though always inclined to peripatetics. Entering Army in the 18th Royal Irish he changed into 20th Hussars, finally landing in Queen's Own Worcestershire Hussars, where without the aid of a Whip he secured his majority. Spirit of these famous Regiments still lives in his breast. Having decided upon act of recantation he will perform it in full light of day.

So arrived in good time this afternoon; sat for a moment in old quarters below Gangway on Opposition side; then rising, pulling himself together, squaring his shoulders, and wishing he wore his spurs and clattering sword, strode across floor amid jeers from compatriots who love the family whiskey, but lament the decadence of the family's head.

Some talk of inaugurating movement to boycott "JOHN JAMESON." Mr. FLAVIN, who knows his countrymen, recommends caution. It would never do to pledge the Party to another plan of campaign and have it fail as disastrously as the last.

"Lave him to his conscience," said the philosopher, "and we 'll have another three penn'orth each all round and drink to Ireland a Nation."

Business done.—Licensing Bill closured through Committee.

Friday.—There was one thing *Mr. Micawber* could do to perfection—that was a sum in arithmetic. His famous contrast between Happiness and Misery is engraved on every mind. "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19*s.* 6*d.*; result, Happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 ought 6*d.*; result, Misery."

The slightest flaw in the statement would have weakened its force, marred its moral lesson. Put it the other way about, for example, and see where you are.

This gift of doing a sum is shared by PRINCE ARTHUR. He 's not quite sure where 'e are in the matter of days of the week. Getting a little mixed in making a statement on the course of public business he turned to ATTORNEY-GENERAL, seated on Treasury Bench behind him, and audibly asked, "What is to-day?"

FINLAY, having replied, brought out note-book and made little entry. This was a consultation sought by the PREMIER on a matter outside the range of official salary. Comes under heading of fees, which last year, according to return laid on Table, reached satisfactory figure of £12,921 7*s.* 9*d.* There is something picturesque about that 7*s.* 9*d.* Any man but FINLAY would have slapped on two and three and so made up the odd half sovereign. Seven and ninepence was the precise sum earned, and conscience inherited from covenanting forbears forbade indulgence in what in the City is, SARK tells me, called symmetry.

That is another story. It was the little sum PRINCE ARTHUR worked off



THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.
For the benefit of W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.

Οὐ ἀρῶτὸ μᾶρρο, μειβοῦο?
Εἰβρυκτὸ θἰλάσσες!
Ὅκαν τὶ βῖτε γρῆκλικα Τροῖαν!
(*See "Times,"* p. 9, July 14.)

without a moment's preparation or hesitation that I was going to mention. Question arose with respect to dropping Aliens Bill in Grand Committee.

"I understand," said PRINCE ARTHUR, "that the average rate of progress was two lines a day."

"No," said a member of the Committee, "three lines in six days."

"Exactly," said PRINCE ARTHUR, turning with a smile and bowing in the direction of the interruption. "Three lines in six days; that is to say, two lines a day."

"Half a line a day," insisted the prosaic Grand Committeeman.

PRINCE ARTHUR didn't like to contradict so positive a person. But really it was very odd. The thing quite clear. Agreed that progress had been made at the rate of three lines in six days. Very well. Sixes into three you can't, so carry one and try threes into six. Two, of course. Two lines a day.

However, if his hon. friend behind insisted that it was only half a line a day it was too hot to argue the matter, and, dropping the point, PRINCE ARTHUR went on to promise a new Aliens Bill for next year. One Man, One Vote, is a principle that would meet with his uncompromising opposition. But One Session, One Aliens Bill quite another matter.

Business done.—Welsh Coercion Bill discussed.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

THE interesting account given by a correspondent to the *Times* of the 11th inst. of the appearance of a white whale in Loch Striven has provoked a perfect deluge of similar contributions to the offices of this paper. Being unable to publish them all *Mr. Punch* has made the following judicious selection of the most striking narratives:—

SIR,—It will doubtless interest a large section of your readers to learn that, while bathing at Brora, in Sutherlandshire, last Wednesday, I observed at a distance of about a hundred yards from the shore a fine pink porpoise, described in the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* under the head of Mammalia as the *Porpuga rosacea mirabilis*. The animal described several somersaults in the water while I was watching it, and from time to time emitted a plaintive wail similar to that of the plover. We have often seen porpoises off the coast of Brora, but during a residence of twenty-five years I have never seen the pink variety before. I think it only right to add that I never drink anything stronger than China tea. I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER PRUFFLE.

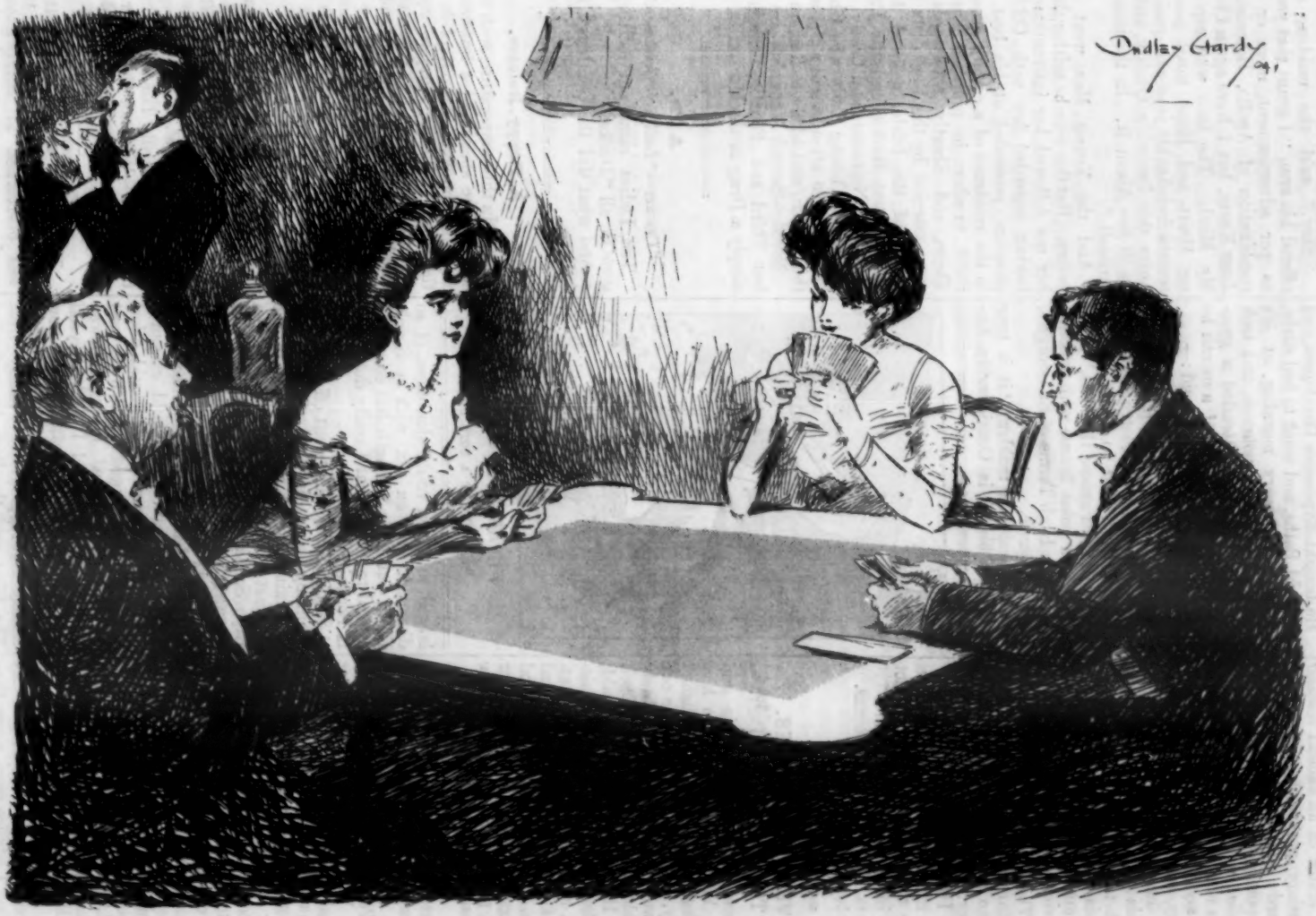
Skelbo Lodge, Brora, N.B.

SIR,—Those of your subscribers who are interested in eccentricities of natural history will be glad to know that within the last few days the village of Ballybunnion, in North Kerry, has been convulsed with indescribable emotion by the apparition of a purple polar bear which came ashore on some wreckage and has since devastated all the poultry yards in the vicinity. On referring to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, under the heading of "Quadrumana," I can find no trace of this species, but perhaps the editor of the *National Review* can throw some light on the subject. I am, &c.,

DERMOT GEOGHEGAN.

The Skelligs,
Lisdoonvarna, co. Clare.

SIR,—During a recent visit to the island of Skye I had an experience which I cannot but think will interest a large number of your readers. While traversing Glen Sligachan in stout boots and a well-tried waterproof, I was suddenly attacked by a group of hornblendic felsites armed with gabbros and dolerites of the most formidable descrip-



INGENUOUS!

Jones (to his fair Partner, after their opponents have declared "Clubs"). "SHALL I PLAY TO 'CLUBS,' PARTNER?"
Fair Partner (who has never played Bridge before). "OH, NO, PLEASE DON'T, MR. JONES. I'VE ONLY GOT TWO LITTLE ONES."

tion. With great difficulty I escaped from my assailants and took refuge in the extinct crater of an ancient volcano of the Tertiary period, from which I now forward this hurried despatch. Being temporarily separated from my *Encyclopædia*, without which I never travel, I am unable to describe the incidents of my encounter with greater particularity, but I feel that I am only doing my duty to the community by issuing this warning to impending visitors not to travel without an armed escort in this dangerous region.

I am &c., MUNGO TALISKER.

Viâ Coruisk.

SIR,—Whilst dry-fly fishing in Scrabster harbour last week, I had the good fortune to hook a remarkably fine black lobster. During thirty-five years' experience I have never seen a lobster that was not red, but my boatman assures me that the black variety is not uncommon in these northern waters.

I am, &c., WILFRID JAGGERS.

The Gazebo, Wick.

PROVERBIAL FABLES.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE THE BEST.

THERE was once an Energetic and Cultivated Youth who, falling in love with a Beautiful and Accomplished young lady, called at her residence one morning, and inquired Very Politely what he should do to make himself Worthy of Her. His character, he said, had been described by Experts as Fair-to-medium, allowing the usual discount. He was of a Cheerful and Musical Disposition, collected Dried Seaweed and Postage Stamps, disliked Caper Sauce, and possessed an Annual Income of eight hundred pounds.

"Nay," said the Damsel, having listened attentively to the recital of these virtues, "this is All Very Well as far as it goes, but what I most admire is Personal Beauty."

So the Young Man thanked her kindly, and went away and bought Cosmetics and Things, and read carefully through a book called *How to Be Beautiful: by One who has Done It.*

And after a month's treatment he returned to the maiden and said:—"Be good enough to cast your Blue and Intelligent Eye over me. I have adopted the suggestion you threw out in our conversation of the 18th ult., and I flatter myself that I now present a Neat and Gentlemanly Appearance." And in a glowing passage he invited her to Name the Happy Day.

"Nay," said the Damsel; "but on second thoughts I have Changed My Mind. What I admire even more than Personal Beauty is Physical Strength."

And the Young Man thanked her Very Kindly, and went off to make himself strong.

He bought Expensive Developers, and took Cold Baths, and went to bed early, and got up every morning at six o'clock, and refused potatoes, and took Boxing Lessons, and attended a gymnasium; and at the end of a month he returned to the maiden and said:—

"Be so obliging as to cast your Limpid and Observant Optic over me. I have followed your instructions, and I flatter myself that in Many Ways I now recall the Farnese Hercules."

And in a voice hoarse with emotion he spoke in High Terms of St. George's, Hanover Square.

"Nay," said the maiden, "it is true that your biceps is Considerably Enlarged, and you could doubtless, if so disposed, Fell an Ox with a Single Blow, but Mere Strength has ceased to appeal to me. What I really dote upon is Ber-rains!"

So the Young Man went off—without thanking her this time, for he was beginning to get a little tired of the contract—and set to work to become a Ripe Scholar. He read SHELLEY and BROWNING and RUSKIN and EMERSON, and after a year of Acute Depression and Incessant Headache, he returned to the maiden, and said: "I should esteem it a Personal Favour if you would allow your Soft and Sagacious Orb to rest upon me for a space. I have followed your instructions, and I flatter myself that in the way of Culture I am now No Small Potatoes." And quoting lightly an Appropriate Passage from *The Ring and the Book*, he embarked upon an eloquent and impassioned eulogy of the Registry Office, to which he proposed to lead her at as early a date as would be convenient.

"Stay," said the maiden, as he offered his arm, "I grant that you are, as per advertisement, more or less a combination of Apollo, Hercules, and JOHN KEATS, but I have again Changed My Mind. The man who aspires to my Heart and Hand must possess a certain indefinable *je-ne-sais-quoi*. Acquire this Desirable Quality, and then we 'll See About It. In the meantime, farewell."

And the Young Man went off as before. But this time he neither thanked her nor followed her instructions, but, having regarded her with Cold Displeasure, proceeded at his best speed to the residence of a certain Miss JANE SMITH, to whom he proposed Then and There, and Shortly Afterwards they were married by the Rev. JOHN SMITH, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. THOMAS BROWN, and the Presents were both Numerous and Costly.

And the Young Lady who Changed her Mind so often is still a Spinster of this Parish, and likely to Remain So.

Moral.—Second Thoughts are Best, but Third and Fourth Thoughts are simply a Drug in the Market.



FINANCIAL NOTE.

"RUNNING UP A LONG BILL."

A Tie.

CRICKET—"*Ladies* v. *Gentlemen.*"

THE Ladies came out as they had gone in, all "Ducks."

And what did the Gentlemen make?—Love.

A Happy Release.

SIR,—In this temperature, with ninety-seven in the shade and a hundred-and-anything-you-don't-like out of it, when the motto is "*Dum Perspiro Spero—meliora*," I shed no tear (the wells are dried up) on seeing at the head of a *Daily Chronicle* column in large letters "DEAD HEAT!" I read no more that day. *Requiescat.* Dead Heat has joined the Shades. Yours, A HOT 'UN.

FROM the Agony Column (a very proper place) of the *Morning Post*:

WIRE-HEADED TERRIER LOST. Black and Tan head evenly marked. No further reward will be offered,

This seems hardly fair on the rest of the animal. Will not the owner reconsider his reward, and go the whole dog?

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED MORE GALLANTLY.—"A tramcar was overturned at Birmingham last evening. . . . Fortunately the only passenger was a woman."—*Daily Graphic*, July 15.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

LAST week I received a hearty invitation from my friend JEAN JACQUES ROBINSON (note the accent on the "bang," second syllable) CRUSOË (French pronunciation) to revisit Le Touquet, in order to see what vast improvements had been made since the night of the great storm in September. "Now," said J. J. R., "is the time for enjoying sea bathing, river fishing, golfing, or tennising, according to the taste and fancy of the individual."

Then was added a most earnestly pressing invitation to the effect that I would bring with me "*madame votre très chère et très aimable femme*," who, in the regrettable absence of Madame La Châtelaine de Condette, would be received with open arms by J. J. R.'s daughter, Mlle. FÉLICITÉ. Wired acceptance, "Yes." Abrupt but economical.

By return, explanatory letter, giving hours of departure and arrival. Folkestone, Boulogne, Etaples; carriage for us to Le Touquet. Telegraphic reply, economical, "*Bon.*"

Wife and self limit ourselves to four bags, "portable." By "Portable" we, my wife and I, mean things easily carried by a professional muscular porter. We entertain no sort of idea of carrying them ourselves: absurd to suppose such a thing.

At Boulogne, after a perfectly delightful crossing from Folkestone, we entrust our portables to a porter whose business it is and whose number we take; we proceed to the *Douane*, where we find a Commissionaire with "Le Touquet" engraved on his cap more legibly and prominently than Queen MARY could ever have expected Calais to be engraved on her heart. *Avis aux voyageurs:* Employ this man: spry, ready, willing, most serviceable. To him we confide our porter and portables. "Shall we take a *voiture?*" my wife inquires. "'Tis only a walk of five minutes," I point out, and, like *Mrs. Johnnie Gilpin*, being, equally with myself, "of a frugal mind," she kindly yields, and baggage, truck, commissionaire and porteur having all disappeared (a matter of trifling importance, as the two men have not been remunerated), we step out gaily and make our way from the Gare Maritime to the Gare Centrale.

Avis aux voyageurs (as to this particular *trajet*):—DON'T! Unless your nerves are particularly strong, unless you have been in battle, or happen to be an accomplished bull-fighter, *don't attempt the walk from the Gare Maritime, Boulogne, to the Gare Centrale.* On one side they are unloading huge trading vessels, and depositing, everywhere and anywhere, wood, coals, gigantic bales; chains are rattling, packing cases, carried by cranes, are flying about wildly overhead; on the other side of the *quai* are trains drawn up, ready to be moved without a moment's notice; then in the middle there is a conglomeration of lines, intersecting, which catch the heels of your boots and play havoc with your ankles; but worse than all, there are locomotives in motion coming at you, going nowhere in particular, passing you, dodging you from right to left, their movements being accompanied by fantasias on various horns blown by grimy trumpeters, not in advance, but promenading determinedly by the side of the deadly engines, while in attempting to dodge the advancing Juggernaut-machines you are startled out of what may remain of your five senses by a cracking of whips and by angry shouts from harsh, red-republican-looking *cochers* of "*Hé là-bas! Hé là-bas!*" as they take you in flank, until we two, husband and wife, feel inclined to throw ourselves on the black, powdered, hard-hearted cobble-stones, crying, in the utter desperation of our agony, "We give it up! Pass over us! Waterloo is avenged!"

Enfin! Peace at last. We are inside the Gare Centrale. Appearing with no impedimenta, we are unmolested by porters. We take our tickets for Etaples. It is now 6.45. Our train is timed to start at 7.15.

My wife, who has come out triumphant, but exhausted, from her fierce fight with the locomotives, agrees with me in wishing there were a train immediately. Scarcely had the wish been expressed than up comes, in a hurry, our spry commissionaire.

"*Madame et Monsieur,*" says he, cap in hand, rather out of breath and desperately in earnest, "the Company has started a new train within the last week!" Marvellous! "It leaves for Etaples in five minutes!! Will you take it?"

Will we? Why certainly. And arrive by 7.45! Bravo!

Spry commissionaire orders porter and baggage to the front. We bring up the rear, charge the gate-way at the double, present tickets, hurry up, wife and self taking unwonted exercise (thermometer 90° in the shade); spry commissionaire finds compartment, and places bags therein; then my wife climbs up steep narrow iron steps, like *Margaret Catchpole* escaping from prison, grasping anything in the way of handles, tassels or cords that may assist her in such alpine gymnastics, finally disappearing quite unexpectedly into further corner of compartment, whence she emerges smiling, and inviting me to enter as if she had been there for months and had taken the place on lease.

Polite commissionaire, still cap in hand, salutes profoundly, wishes us *Bon voyage*, and will meet us on our return Monday. *Au revoir.*

Off! to the moment! "But," says my wife, "didn't Mr. JACQUES ROBINSON say he would send a carriage to meet us at Etaples by the train that starts from here at 7.15?"

"He did so," I reply, comfortably. "But *that* will be all right. His carriage is sure to arrive early at Etaples and be waiting for us."

Hope told a flattering tale. My wife, for the first time, exhibits some signs of uncertainty.

"If the carriage isn't there," I add, to show how resourceful I can be in emergency, "we can take the tram; and if the carriage *is* on its way we can stop the tram, and get into the carriage."

So we are satisfied; at least, *I* am; fairly so. All nature is gay and bright; and the sea breeze comes across the dunes, fanning us gently.

Etaples. Alpine descent from our steep compartment. Wife first. Safe! Hoorah! No porters anywhere! Every man his own porter! Yes, every *man*, but how about the ladies? There *are* two porters; I see them, doing nothing with something in a box. I shout, I signal; they are clearly deaf, and nearsighted. Again I climb into the compartment. Out I hand the four bags (they seem to have become rather less portable during the journey) one after the other, to my wife, who, in this drama, takes the part of second porter. How angry this sort of carelessness, this *insoucianee*, does make me! Where's the French chivalry?—the man who could let a lady carry her own bag is unworthy of the name of a *preux chevalier!* All out!—for four. Trumpet sounds! *En avant!* Farewell train. *Ah! les voilà! les porteurs!*

"I had best inquire about the carriage," I observe sagely to my wife, who is entirely of my opinion.

The porter knows nothing about any carriage from Le Touquet. "There is the tram," he says.

I will ask an official wearing distinguished cap.

Man with distinguished cap has not seen any *voiture de maître* from Le Touquet.

I mention the name of M. JEAN JACQUES ROBINSON. It has a wonderful effect. Distinguished Cap makes further inquiry: man is sent along the road to act the part of *Sister Anne*, charged to announce "if he sees anything coming."

No: no sign.

"*Mais, monsieur,*" adds the *Remplaçant du Chef de Gare* triumphantly, "*voilà le tram qui part sur l'instant même.*"

"Shall we?" I ask my wife.

"It will be the safer way," she replies, well and wisely.

We take our seats in the tram. Our four bags occupy, conspicuously, half the bench opposite. They have a heavy, uncompromisingly British air. Only two men enter.

"If we meet the carriage coming for us we can stop it," I repeat, adopting an off-hand manner to conceal a gradually increasing feeling of uncertainty.

We are well on our way through Etaples and approaching the wooden bridge over the Canche.

Our companions are pleasant gentlemen, artists, it is possible, except one in a blouse with porter's cap labelled "Paris-Plage," and a brass badge numbered on his arm. He doesn't seem a very intelligent specimen of the French working man; his face and hands are mahogany-coloured, his black hair is close cropped, his eyes are somewhat bleary, and his manner somewhat beery. He is smoking the stump of the nastiest cigar I ever remember to have smelt. Is smoking allowed in the trams? I can't see any notice up forbidding it, so I am silent; but 'tis pain and grief to me, while my wife employs her energies in keeping the sliding door wide open to let the smoke out or the air in.

The bleary commissionaire (or whatever he is) engages himself in a muzzy sort of jerky conversation with a companion who is sober and altogether his superior.

"I don't see the carriage," I say to my wife, aside. She shakes her head, and is silent.

"It doesn't matter," I continue, cheerfully, "because there's a sort of little station just at the corner of the road leading to Le Touquet where we get out."

"Ah," observes a polite man in a grey suit, who has joined us at Etaples. "The tram doesn't stop there *now*."

"What!" I exclaim.

Here is my edifice shattered! All my little plans gone at one fell swoop!

"No," the affable stranger continues. "There was some difficulty about it, and the trams *now* run up to about two or three hundred yards further off, nearer Paris-Plage."



A HOT WEATHER STUDY.

"But I don't want to go to Paris-Plage," I protest.

"You needn't," replies my chance acquaintance; "you can get out with the bags when the tram stops, and it's not more than a quarter of a mile, or so, to the Hotel in the Forest. Besides, they'll probably send some one."

My wife and I regard one another; we say nothing, but think the more. *Query.*—"*Would* they, *probably*, send someone?" And—if not?

Here the blear-eyed beery man in a blouse joins in. He offers his services uninvited; presents his ticket, numbered: gives us his name—it isn't unlike M. CLEMENCEAU—and he has, he says, only to go to Paris-Plage, not five minutes on, and he would return and do his possible for us. He argues, harangues, addresses all the passengers in turn, smoking his filthy cigar the while, and pressing upon everybody the incalculable utility of his services to *us*. I will have none of him. As I arrive at this fixed determination we pass the "shelter" where we used to stop for Le Touquet, and are carried on to a point where the roads divide—one going to Paris-Plage. Here there is no shelter at all. No signs of any life whatever—except insect life.

We descend. The conductor and the friendly *voyageur* assist us with the baggage. Blue-bloused man with filthy cigar regards the operation from a window. Then, as the tram slowly gets into motion again, the friendly *voyageur* puts his head out of one of the windows, and, while the grubby face of the blue-bloused muzzy porter appears just over his shoulder, he calls out, "You don't want *this* chap, do you?"

"No," I return, "most decidedly not." And my wife agrees with me, at the moment. The tram disappears into the sandy distance.

Here we are, the pair of us, with four bulky leather bags, our luggage, all alone, not a soul in sight, not a sound to be heard save the buzzing of flies and the humming of (probably stinging) insects. Two strangers in a strange land on the borders of the Forest of Le Touquet.

7.40. The shades of evening are already slowly commencing to gather round us.

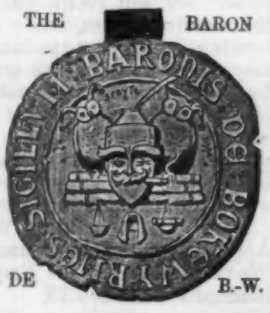
We regard one another blankly. "What shall we do?"

What we did and how we did it I must keep for "my next."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Blackwood, ever renewing its youth like the eagle, distinguished itself during the campaign in South Africa by publication of some of the most vigorous, vivid pictures of the war that appeared in the Press, daily, weekly or monthly. In the current number of the Magazine there is promise of fresh triumph in connection with the conflict between Russia and Japan. Since my Baronite read the contributions of "Linesman," and "On the Heels of DE WET," he has come upon nothing more picturesque than the stories under the heading, "The War in the Far East," by a writer who modestly conceals his identity under the letter O., omitting even the exclamatory "h." There are five pictures in the panel, all good. But the account of "the blocking of Port Arthur" is a masterpiece.

Let me introduce to your notice *The Challoners*, by E. F. BENSON (HEINEMANN), whose acquaintance few of you, if any, will regret having made. It is a quite unsensational novel of character and conversation: individualities are attractively described without any attempt at exaggeration, and all the conversations are so perfectly natural as to appear, occasionally, intensely silly; but, on the other hand, they are distinctly amusing when the conversationalists themselves are intended to be witty, and they are interesting when the *dramatis personæ* are in real genuine earnest. This is high comedy: the low comedy, in which term farce is not by any means meant to be included, is provided by *Lady Sunningdale*, a very modern, aristocratic, but quite legitimate development of our old middle-class friend, *Mrs. Nickleby*. So strong is her personality, so devoted to her is the author, that *Lady Sunningdale* is the book; she is everything to everybody, she is *Deus ex machinâ*: be the other characters what they may, none of them are worth a rap without her. She dominates and animates the whole: and when she is not on the stage the action languishes. The last scene of all will touch not a few, but to the Baron it is somewhat reminiscent of the Lion Comique's old music-hall ditty about "the good young man that died," and is rather Little Paul Dombeyish.



OPERATIC NOTES.



TO OUR NEXT MERRY MUSICAL MEETING! HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

"THERE 's a good deal in a title," as the Rightful Heir observed to the Doubtful Dook, and *Salomé*, at first glance, is a rather striking one. But, when it comes to be pronounced, all depends on where you place the accent. Now, unfortunately, the catching phrase to which the tenor's, M. RENAUD'S, plaintive love cry is set, emphasises and fixes pronunciation of *Salomé* as *Sallow May*, a part impersonated by Madame CALVÉ, anything but "sallow" with her make-up of brick-dusty but vivid colouring, topped by a jet-black wig.

The *rôle* of *Jean*, the inspired prophet, played by M. DALMORES, is a profitless part. *Jean* is ordered off to prison, where no doubt he will have his hair cut, as it wants it badly. The best scene of all, musically and dramatically, is between dignified M. PLANÇON, as the *Astronomer Royal*, and Madame KIRKBY LUNN, who, as *Hesatoade* (what a name!), interrupts the Professor's astronomical observations. M. GILIBERT as a Roman *Proconsul* is wonderful; specially when one recalls him as the brigand *Dan-Caire-a-cusso* in *Carmen*, and as the Fat Boy of Bohemia, *Schaunard*, in *La Bohême*. The banging and the clanging and the trumpeting, the frequent contests between the voices and the instruments, settled only by *force majeure* in the orchestra, the dull dancing in the love-sick *King's* apartments during the stagnant sentimentality of the Second Act, and the general lack of any strong dramatic interest in this twopence-coloured story which MASSENET has set to music, combine to render the permanent retention of this opera in the Covent Garden practical repertoire rather improbable.

The successes of the season that have been scored are:—the early Wagnerians under Dr. HANS (and arms) RICHTER; while under MANCINELLI and LORSE the ancient operas have had fine performances, honours easy being with Fräulein DESTINN, Mlles. SUZANNE ADAMS and KIRKBY LUNN, Mesdames CALVÉ and MELBA. The Covent Garden Operatic-Song-Singdicate must be "as pleased as *Punch*," and the public, with Signor CARUSO and the two VANS who carried the houses with them, viz., VAN ROOY and VAN DYCK: and heartily grateful to Messrs. PLANÇON, SCOTTI, DUFRICHE, GILIBERT, *et toute la boutique*.

And now the Voices of the Night-after-Night have ceased for a while, the singing birds have left the Garden, taking their notes (and those of their patrons) with them, leaving Manager MESSAGER, Secretary FORSYTH, and everybody on the establishment, generally satisfied.

A TEMPERATE BEVERAGE.—According to the *Daily Mail* "The Municipal Council (of Paris) issued a warning to the public to abstain from iced drinks when heated." Certainly there could be nothing more nauseous.

SHOULD SERIOUS DRAMA BE DIVORCED FROM THE STAGE?

[On reading, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER'S "Real Conversation" with Mr. A. B. WALKLEY on the subject of the revival of Serious British Drama, *Mr. Punch* immediately despatched his Special Philistine with instructions to interview these two dialecticians, and to adopt a style of diction appropriate to the occasion.]

SCENE—*The Fumoir of the Macready Club.* Messrs. WALKLEY *and* ARCHER *discovered reading the August issue of the "Pall Mall Magazine."* Mr. ARCHER *is making a filthy mess of his Oriental coffee by abstractedly stirring the grounds.* Mr. WALKLEY *makes a gesture of protest. Enter* Philistine.

Philistine. Gentlemen, I am indeed fortunate to come upon you at a moment of apparent relaxation, and engaged, I observe, in the perusal of that very *Nox Ambrosiana* of whose theme I am here to invite your further expansion. To plunge, as CORNELIUS NEPOS has it, *in medias res*, you have complained that our Master Dramatists are not sufficiently *en rapport* with the wider movements of the age. Yet it surprises me that you who bring this charge, and are yourselves the very flower of modernity, *très, très commencement du siècle*, should have overlooked the growth of what I must term, for want of an adequate English equivalent, *la vogue du restaurant*.

Mr. Archer. The recrudescence of a hedonism which recalls the Lucullan period——

Philistine. Coupled, as you were about to say, with the increased consumption of tobacco, the passion for Bridge, and the consequent development of epicene clubs—clubs, that is to say, which, like *artifex* and *opifex*, are common to either gender. Other Arts, less completely dependent on the patronage of the immediate public, suffer by these rivalries, yet need not perish. But the Dramatic Author, so long as he clings to the habit of being "interpreted" in a public place, can only exist by the public's leave. Serious British Dramatic Art will never improve its standard till it emancipates itself from wedlock with the Stage.

Mr. Walkley. ARISTOTLE (*don't* stir your coffee, ARCHER) in his clever brochure on Dramatic Principles——

Philistine. Had not, I take it, anticipated the inventions of CAXTON. We, *au contraire*, have the advantage of living in an age of printed matter. Why should I bolt my dinner, rob myself of my cigar, and pay half a guinea for the privilege of wedging myself into a stuffy crowd to listen to the interpretation of ideas which I could perfectly well imbibe from the printed page at my own house, in my own arm-chair, and with intervals of my own choosing for reflection or recurrence?

Mr. Archer. In the zenith of the Periclean Era, when the Dionysiac Theatre——

Philistine (*ignoring the interruption*). And don't ask me to believe that my intelligence and imagination are *si peu de chose* that I couldn't grasp the Dramatist's Purpose without artificial lighting and coloured scenery and intermediary "creators" to show me how the blank verse wants mouthing out of all recognition of its rhythm. If I can't mentally reproduce the action and *entourage* of his characters from the playwright's own instructions, the Intellectual Drama is not for me.

Mr. Walkley. GOETHE contended——

Philistine (*ignoring the interruption*). Why should I need extraneous assistance over one kind of book and not another? Do you suppose that if I felt anxious to learn the views of Mr. JOHN MORLEY on the career of the late Mr. GLADSTONE I should ask Mr. LEWIS WALLER to dress up and recite the great work to me over the footlights, with a picture of Hawarden Castle in the background? No, no. *Faut distinguer.* Commit your Drama of Ideas to print, and let the Stage confine itself to catering for the public with amusements not to be had elsewhere.

Mr. Walkley. Still, the *compatriotes* of DONNAY, MIRBEAU, HERVIEU, BRIEUX—

Philistine. Ah! you were to tell me of the French *religion du théâtre*—a religion based on immorality touched by intelligence—

Mr. Archer. Are you not misquoting the phrase "morality touched by emotion," as originally applied in the year 1873 to another kind of religion by the late MATTHEW ARN——

Philistine (*ignoring the interruption*). —immorality touched by intelligence. Take away immorality (I use the word without British prejudice) from the Dramatic Art of modern Paris, or indecency from her comic Press, and the intelligence of the one and the *je ne sais quoi de spirituel* of the other would not long survive the separation. And if you answer that the union of these qualities in their plays fails to explain the French genius for the theatre; that if immorality (you also using the word in no mere Podsnapian sense) were its chief attraction, they need still go no farther than their own *vie intime*, or their own *romans*, in which it sufficiently abounds; I marvel that you who have a *flair* so instinctive for the human comedy should never have remarked that to a certain type of mind there is something peculiarly piquant and intriguing in the *public* spectacle of situations of which the private experience or private narration has long left it cold and *distrait*.

Mr. Archer. But surely, notwithstanding his lamentable proneness to weak conclusions, the Third Acts of Mr. PINERO'S *Gay Lord Quex* (1899) and *Iris* (1901) showed a remarkable combination of these two Parisian——

Philistine. That was before the date of the re-discovery of Bridge by women. With all your insight into social tendencies you seem to have ignored the influence of this game upon our epoch. It is woman who supports the Stage. You, Mr. ARCHER, as a man and a soldier, may come fresh to your stall for a performance of a new Drama of Ideas after an invigorating drill with the Artists'——

Mr. Archer. Excuse me. With the Inns of Court (Devil's Own).

Philistine. With the Devil's Own Volunteer Corps. But think of your women friends—or, if you prefer it, think of mine. When a woman has been stewing over a Bridge table from luncheon on to 7.45 P.M., then hurries home to change and dine and smoke and snatch a little rest before she is due at supper and a dozen more rubbers at the New Allpack's Club, would you ask her to spend that brief interval of recuperation in listening to an intellectual play and being expected to think? No; if she goes to the theatre at all it must not be to study her own reflection in the mirrors of life, but to see and hear something outside the experience of daily routine—a chorus and dance, for instance, by ladies even more *désépauletées* (as the author of *Scènes d'après Nature* puts it) than the license of her own drawing-room permits: or a little of the smart dialogue which is no longer a feature of *la vie telle qu'elle se trouve*.

Mr. Walkley. But I take it that in MAETERLINCK——

Philistine. You have this further objection, that he can never become a common subject of dinner-table-talk owing to a hideous doubt as to the right pronunciation of his name. But I am exhausting your resources of conversation; and must not stay to invite your verdict on the weather, so potent a factor in the fortunes of the Play of Ideas. Let me add, however, in conclusion, that my chief regret, when I foresee the approaching divorce between Serious Drama and the Stage, is that your occupation will be gone. Still, as the apostles of Free Trade say to our ruined capitalists, you can always remove your factories abroad—to France, Germany, Belgium, Norway and Sweden; or start at home in a new line. Meanwhile, I have to thank you for this charming interview, in which you have so ably reasoned about the waning (or was it the waxing?) of British Dramatic Art. *Good* evening. [*Exit* Philistine. *Curtain.* O. S.



"NECESSITAS NON HABET LEGEM."

(*Free Translation.*—WHEN YOU WANT IT BADLY YOU CAN'T GET A HEARING.)

SUITOR (*at telephone*). "ARE YOU THERE?" JUSTICE. "*I'M* HERE ALL RIGHT. BUT I'VE RUN SHORT OF JUDGES. RING ME UP AGAIN NOVEMBER."

["The Special Jury cases, presumably all of considerable importance, will not be heard of again until the end of October or the beginning of November. It is no wonder in these circumstances that counsel protested against this state of things as 'terrible to the Bar and terrible to suitors' . . . The Judges have just decided not to shorten the Long Vacation."]





"MULTUM IN PARVO."

THE ONLY BOAT LEFT! A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

THE DANGER OF BEING IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

["During the third stage of the Marseilles-Tours bicycle race the winner, AUCOUTURIER, was attacked by fifty cyclists at Nîmes, being rescued by the Editor of the *Vélo*, who displayed a loaded revolver."—*Daily Press.*]

FROM the *Sporting Man* of the week after next:—

A disgraceful scene occurred at Lord's yesterday, on the occasion of Mr. C. B. FRY's twenty-third consecutive century. When the teams adjourned for lunch, Mr. FRY, who was not out, was intercepted by twenty sporting journalists, who assailed him with pointed epigrams, heavy platitudes, and other lethal weapons. He must have been severely manhandled but for the prompt interference of Mr. HESKETH-PRICHARD, who speedily scattered the crowd with an over of fast off-theory balls, and enabled the great author to escape at the cost of a rather severely split infinitive. It is true, of course, that hundreds of journalists have been thrown out of work by Mr. FRY and the other batsmen-authors, but nothing can excuse mob-violence, and it is to be hoped that the police will secure the arrest of such of the miscreants as were not l-b-w to Mr. PRICHARD.

The brutal attack on SHRUBB by the defeated competitors in the two-mile race at Lilley Bridge has had a more serious result than was at first considered probable. In spite of a gallant rescue on the part of the Editor of the *Rapid Review*, SHRUBB had to be transplanted to the nearest hospital, where he is now bedded, and looks as if he had taken root.

While Mr. EUSTACE H. MILES was playing off the semi-final of the North Balham Spiropole Competition last Friday, three hundred readers whom he had previously persuaded to live on Plasmon biscuits and Grape Nuts surrounded him threateningly, and endeavoured to compel him to devour a prime chump chop and mashed. They were aided and abetted by SUNNY JIM, the high-jumper, who urged them to try force.

During the dictation of the third chapter of his latest novel Mr. S. R. CROCKETT was the victim of a savage attack on the part of his type-writing staff, who, maddened by overwork, rose at him in a body with Remingtons. He was rescued by Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, who drew off the attack in his own direction by reading extracts from the correspondence of his friend Mr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

UNDER ONE FLAG.

Mr. Punch offers his heartiest good wishes for the success of the Union Jack Club, whose inauguration took place on Thursday last, when H.R.H. the Prince of WALES laid the foundation-stone and delivered a speech not less soldierly than sailorly. The Club's premises, designed for the social comfort of men of both services, are to rise just opposite the exit from the London and South-Western Terminus, through which most of them pass, outward or inward, at one time or another; and this first stage of a new and peaceful Waterloo has been largely won in the work-room of its Secretary, that energetic Old Salopian, Major ARTHUR HAGGARD. *Mr. Punch* has yet to be informed whether dog-telepathy is traceable throughout the HAGGARD family; but it is a significant fact that last Wednesday, on the very eve of the foundation ceremony, his trusty hound Toby, in attendance on his Round Table (at Hurlingham, *pro hâc vice*), emitted an uncontrollable series of joyous barks. *Prosit omen!*

THE OLD AGE CURE.

BY the kindness of the Editor of the *Spectator*, *Mr. Punch* is happily enabled to present his readers with a selection from the letters which will appear in the next issue of our contemporary on the subject of "The Prolongation of Life":—

SIR,—You are doing a great public service by throwing open your columns to a discussion of the means of promoting longevity, and will perhaps allow me to contribute a practical suggestion drawn from the experience of my own family. When my grand-uncle Lord LONGMIRE was sixty-seven he took to walking on all fours. It created some sensation at first, but the excitement wore off when it became known that he adopted this mode of progression deliberately on hygienic grounds. Being a confirmed evolutionist he argued that the best way to counteract the deteriorating influences of civilisation was to revert to the habits of the primitive type. In addition to this, walking on all fours keeps the blood in the head, enhances cerebral activity, and promotes the growth of the hair. The system worked very well for several years with my grand-uncle, but, unfortunately, during a visit to London in the year 1872, while crossing Piccadilly Circus in a fog on all fours, he butted into a Hammersmith omnibus with results which I do not care to describe in your columns. I remember discussing the incident with Mr. GLADSTONE at the Cosmopolitan Club shortly afterwards. Physiologically, Mr. GLADSTONE admitted that something might be said in favour of my grand-uncle's mode of locomotion, but he regarded the ethical significance of the word "upright" as conclusive against it. When I was an undergraduate at Balliol I tried to introduce the practice, but met with little support, my adoption of the quadrumanous method of progression during a walk with Dr. JOWETT attracting so inconveniently large a crowd that the Master begged me to conform to the usage of the majority. I am, Sir, &c.

LAWRENCE LONGMIRE.

[We are, of course, only too glad to publish Mr. LONGMIRE's intensely interesting letter, though we confess ourselves slightly sceptical as to its practical value. No doubt it would enable volunteers to take cover more easily, but how could they fire their rifles when advancing not only in fours, but on all fours?—ED. *Spectator*.]

SIR,—To keep old age at bay and guard against sclerosis of the arteries, there is nothing like hot milk baths and jumping. Every morning I jump backwards and forwards forty times over a malacca cane placed on two chairs about 1ft. 8in. above the floor. A dash of vinegar in the hot milk renders it peculiarly exhilarating on a hot day. If any of your readers care to follow up the subject they had better turn up the issues of the *Kensal Green Clarion* for April 1st and 8th, and June 15th, 22nd and 29th, 1868, where I have described these and other experiments at full length. They will, however, have to do so at the British Museum, as the numbers are, of course, long out of print. I am, Sir, &c. OCTOGENARIAN.

[We cordially recommend "Octogenarian's" admirable letter to all who are endeavouring to resist the introduction of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sinister proposals. Under a system of Protection, hot milk baths would be beyond the reach of all but a few millionaires, and malacca canes a luxury beyond the dreams of avarice. But why "backwards and forwards"? Surely "forwards and backwards" would be equally healthy and refreshing.—ED. *Spectator*.]

SIR,—In the course of the interesting correspondence now proceeding in your columns I see no mention of one of the simplest and most efficacious means of prolonging life indefinitely—that of dispensing with or at any rate minimising the hours of sleep. The Prince of WALES, then Duke of YORK, struck the right note in his Guildhall speech when he appealed to his fellow-countrymen to Wake Up! Sleep, when indulged in to excess, causes sluggishness and stertorous breathing culminating in chronic coma. It is only when taken in homœopathic doses that it is really refreshing and invigorating. For the last twenty years I have never regularly gone to bed, contenting myself with an occasional five minutes' snooze in a bath chair. The poets are often indifferent guides in the matter of physical culture, but MOORE was entirely correct when he sang

> "The best of all ways
> To lengthen our days
> Is to steal a few hours from the night . . ."

I am, Sir, &c. S. CAVENDISH.

SIR,—Let me offer your readers a perfectly infallible old-age cure which I have rigidly practised with complete success. After attaining the age of twenty-five, only celebrate your birthday once in four years. I am, Sir, &c.

PRIMA DONNA.

[We are delighted to publish our correspondent's spirited and sensible communication, though we confess that, if universally acted upon, her advice might seriously impair the accuracy of the Census Returns. Still, for the next five years it can be followed without any prejudicial results.—ED. *Spectator*.]

COUNTER-IRRITANT.—The haughty Post Office official (female).

CHARIVARIA.

IT is reported that the German Government has received a satisfactory explanation from the Russian Government of the searching of the German liner. The Russian Commander mistook the vessel for a British one.

Owing to the fact that there was no fighting on the date mentioned, the reported slaughter of 30,000 Japanese by the Russians is now recognised as not having taken place.

Disgusted at the restrictions that are placed in their way, many war correspondents are returning to England from the East, and it will be interesting to see whether the war will survive this nasty snub.

Two more Russian vessels have been destroyed by striking mines outside Vladivostock. Moral:—Know your own mine.

After dealing with England the Prophet DOWIE threatens to tackle Germany. This common danger will draw KING and KAISER still closer to one another.

The artist hitherto known as TOM MOSTYN has painted a religious picture for the Doré Gallery, and is now Mr. THOMAS MOSTYN.

An eccentric octogenarian lady, living in New Jersey, recently became engaged to an Englishman. According to the *Mail* she has prepared her trousseau, which consists of a new pair of trousers made by herself. "Her *fiancé*," concludes the report, "recently sailed for England." Coward!

The new volume of *London Statistics* shows that the fall in the birth-rate continues, and it is rumoured that the ten Lincolnshire farm-labourers who recently received prizes as being the fathers of 150 children are to be bought by the London County Council.

It is always the innccent public which suffers in trade disputes. All complaints as to meat being high in this abnormal weather are now met by the butchers with the explanation that it is due to the American strike.

The latest fad at Newport, the summer resort of New York's "Four Hundred," is yellow dogs. According to the *Express* someone even gave a "Yellow Dog Dinner" the other day. We like the faint suggestion of curry in the title.

Millinery for horses is gradually making headway. Bonnets they have

had for some time. Now it is announced that an Arizona farmer has invented a machine for trimming horses' hoofs.

Last week a swarm of bees entered a letter-box, and were only driven out with the greatest difficulty. The attraction is supposed to have been a love-letter which began with the words, "My honey."

We are not surprised that many Members should have spent a whole night at the House of Commons. We are only astonished that it does not happen more frequently. There is no known Club with greater facilities for sleeping.

RAILWAY ROMANCES.

[It has been suggested that novelists might very well lend the assistance of their art to the designs of the traffic managers of railways.]

SHE was sitting in the superb restaurant-car of the 12·57 (Pimlico to Penarth) express, toying elegantly with the cherry-tart which the Great Southern Railway Company invariably include in their recherché half-crown luncheon, when the train, punctual to the minute as usual, pulled up at the first stopping place. When it is said that her personal appearance recalled the fascinating damsel who figures upon the Company's Summer Service poster (q.v.) at all the railway stations in the kingdom, it will appear that she belonged to no common type. And so he evidently thought as he entered the car, accompanied by several courteous officials of the Company carrying his lighter impedimenta (the racks in the car are not intended for heavy luggage), and sat down immediately opposite to her, rejoicing that the well-merited popularity of this express made it the only seat available.

Bashfully she fell to counting her cherry-stones.

"He loves me," she said at length, putting down the spoon thoughtfully provided by the Company for the use of passengers wishing to negotiate their cherry tart.

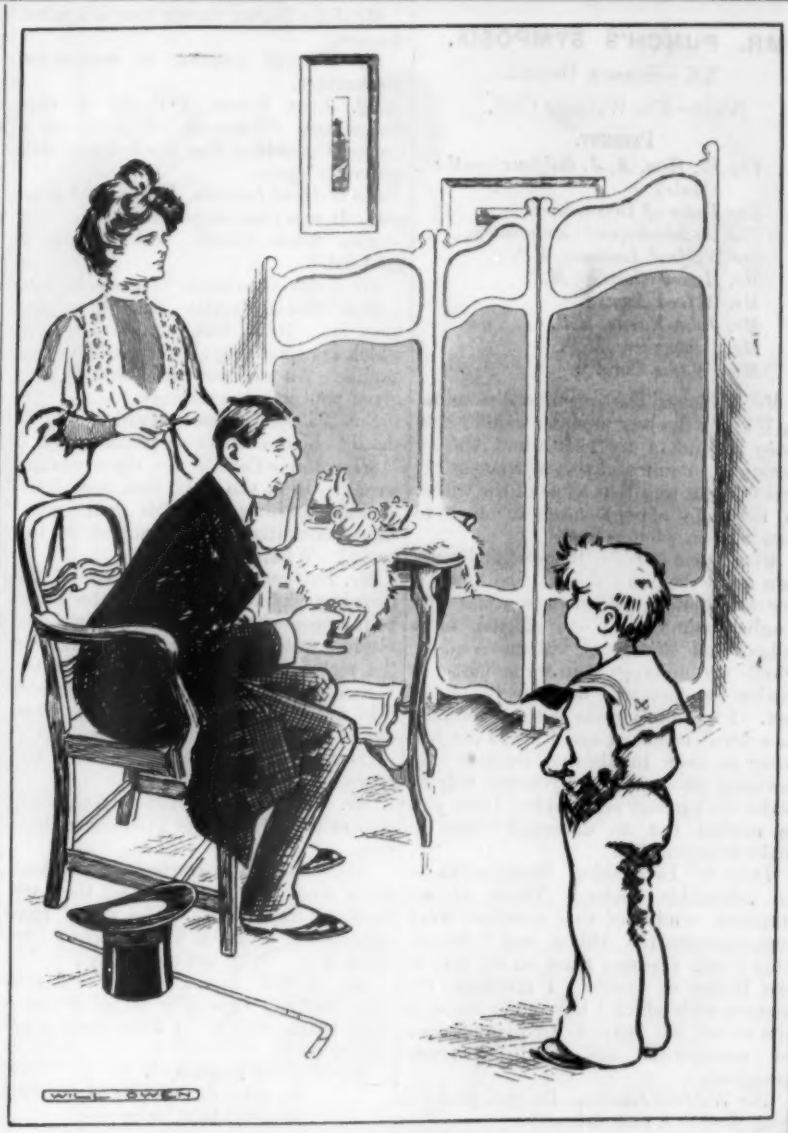
He did not deny it. He was studying the beautifully illuminated menu card. "Clear, please," he said sharply, and the obsequious attendant at once obeyed.

Her heart beat faster. She knew now that he wished to be alone with her.

* * *

"Tickets," said the guard, as the train sped gondola-like through the lovely scenery with which Nature has endowed both sides of the Great Southern Company's line.

Two pearly tears coursed down her cheeks at the word. She stopped them with the artistic Japanese serviette with which every luncher is presented by the Company.



Bobby. "DO YOU KNOW WHAT DADDY CALLS YOU, MR. TOVEY?"
Mr. Tovey. "NO, BOBBY. WHAT IS IT?"
Bobby. "HE CALLS YOU PORT ARTHUR, 'CAUSE YOU TAKE SO LONG TO SURRENDER!"

"Allow me," he said, finding his tongue at last, "to offer you mine."

"Not transferable," snapped the guard, with a clever assumption of the stupidity so often met with on other railways.

FERDINAND looked up at this *bêtise*, and saw at once through the thin disguise. "MARMADUKE NEVILLE!" he thundered, "no villain ever yet rose to be a guard upon this line. Why are you here?" But before the other (for it was he) could reply, he had hurled him headlong into the well-stocked kitchen, and taking the ticketless girl in his arms had carried her down the corridor to the slip-carriage at the rear of the train (Billingboro' and Cooington Branch only. Circular Tickets available for return at any time, including day of issue, are specially recommended for this District). They gained the end carriage just as it automatically detached itself from the express.

"LEONORA," he observed, "we are saved—for the present."

"FERDINAND," she said, ecstatically, "my boxes are all registered through, and will be delivered at the other end by the Company at an inclusive charge of sixpence each. Isn't it convenient?"

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XX.—SUMMER DRINKS.

SCENE—*The Welcome Club.*

PRESENT.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour (in the Chair).
The Duke of Devonshire.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P.
Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P.
Mr. Alfred Austin.
Mr. John Burns, M.P.
Mr. Labouchere, M.P.
Miss Marie Corelli.

Mr. Balfour. The question before us is, What is the best summer drink? So many persons injure health and temper through ignorance in this matter that it was thought well that some of the wisest in the land should meet together to decide upon what is best.

Miss Marie Corelli. Before the discussion really begins I should like to say a few humble yet pertinent words. The English summer is one of the most vulgar and coarsening influences under which my unhappy country suffers. It flushes the face and deadens the intellect. I was dining one hot day recently in a ducal mansion, and I heard not one witty or even intellectual remark. By devising pleasant drinks you will help to make the summer endurable; I ask you in modest but no uncertain tones to make it impossible.

Duke of Devonshire. Sarsaparilla is an admirable cooler. There is an itinerant vendor of this excellent fluid just opposite the Abbey, and I invariably drink a penny glass on my way to the House of Lords. I attribute the success with which I have come through the recent hot snap to frequent glasses of sarsaparilla and a light green puggaree.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Do you prefer a puggaree to a pith helmet?

Duke of Devonshire. I think so. There are styles of beauty with which the pith helmet does not consort very happily. Mine is, I think, one of them.

Mr. Labouchere. But we are here to discuss drinks. By no stretch of imagination can a pith helmet be described as a drink.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. True; but in default of anything else one could use a pith helmet as a drinking utensil. I remember doing so one very hot night last week, during an all-night sitting. I left the House for a little fresh air when everything was closed, and, in the despair of thirst, dipped my helmet into one of the Trafalgar Square fountains. I recollect the incident so distinctly because when I began to drink I found that I had caught a gold fish.

Mr. John Burns. Surely that is against the law.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It was quite involuntary.

Mr. John Burns. I doubt if that makes any difference. I trust, as a County Councillor, that the incident will not occur again.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. I am sure I hope not. It was most unpleasant.

Miss Marie Corelli. Did you say a gold fish?

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Yes, a gold fish.

Miss Marie Corelli. Ah, there you have it! It is this passion for gold which is corrupting all our manners and morals. An ordinary fish would have given you no inconvenience.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Pardon me. I should object even to an ordinary fish.

Miss Marie Corelli. No, there you are wrong. It is the gold that was detrimental—nothing else. Oh, gold! gold! what enormities are committed in thy name! What——

Mr. Balfour. I notice that one of the morning papers—not one of the three-penny ones—has been distributing iced filtered water free at various points in the metropolis during the hot weather. I was always brought up to consider cold water a deleterious beverage when one is very hot.

Archbishop of Canterbury. Claret cup is probably healthier.

Mr. Balfour. And yet few morning papers could afford to give away claret cup.

Archbishop of Canterbury. They don't know what they can afford till they try. Look at the *Times*. Who would have expected a financial supplement?—yet there it is. Why not claret cup?

Mr. Alfred Austin. Barley water is very cooling, especially when it has a little lemon with it. I write most of my poetry on it.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

On either side the poet lie
Long drinks of barley——

I write my poetry on plain water.

Mr. Labouchere. Drinking of all kinds is wrong when one is thirsty. A cigarette is the true panacea.

Miss Marie Corelli. I raise my voice with extreme reluctance, but I must say that it is my firm conviction that all tobacco plantations should be ploughed up. I attribute to our love of tobacco nearly every social ill that England suffers from. Why has our hospitality decayed?—Tobacco. Why are American girls so charming?—Tobacco. Why do we tolerate a decadent church?—Tobacco. Why——

Mr. Chaplin. It is, I am convinced, a mistake to resort to cocktails in this weather. I was induced the other day to try a "Leave it to Bob," and I am still conscious of the error.

Duke of Devonshire. What did Bob mix for you?

Mr. Chaplin. I don't know what it was, but I passed through a stage of exhilaration of far too acute a nature, succeeded by positive depression.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Cold water were a safer rule—or lemonade.

Mr. John Burns. In Battersea Park there is a run on raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Chaplin. Rosebery vinegar?

Mr. John Burns. No, raspberry vinegar.

Mr. Chaplin. Ah!

Mr. Alfred Austin. Did I say that I wrote most of my poetry on barley water?

Mr. Balfour. Yes.

Archbishop of Canterbury. What then are we to recommend the great British public?

Duke of Devonshire. I believe that cabmen drink cold tea. They seem to be a healthy class.

Mr. Balfour. A little anæmic, I think.

Mr. Labouchere. Not in language, surely?

Mr. Balfour. True.

Archbishop of Canterbury. Then are we to recommend cold tea?

Mr. Labouchere. Or cigarettes?

Duke of Devonshire. Or sarsaparilla?

Mr. Alfred Austin. Or barley water? I fancy I said that I wrote most of my——

Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Or cold water?

Archbishop of Canterbury. After all, why not cold water? It has the sanction of antiquity. It is older than any of the other beverages named.

Duke of Devonshire. It is also cheaper. Newspapers give it away.

Mr. Chaplin. But what will the licensed victuallers say? Do we dare at this date to recommend anything opposed to their interests?

Mr. Balfour. There is much in that. Perhaps it would be safer to advise beer. After all, beer is a good deal drunk. It is a popular quencher. Why not beer?

Miss Marie Corelli. O, Beer! Beer! That it should come to this. Where shall we look for the secret of England's turpitude if not in beer? Beer——

[*Left lamenting to bystanders.*

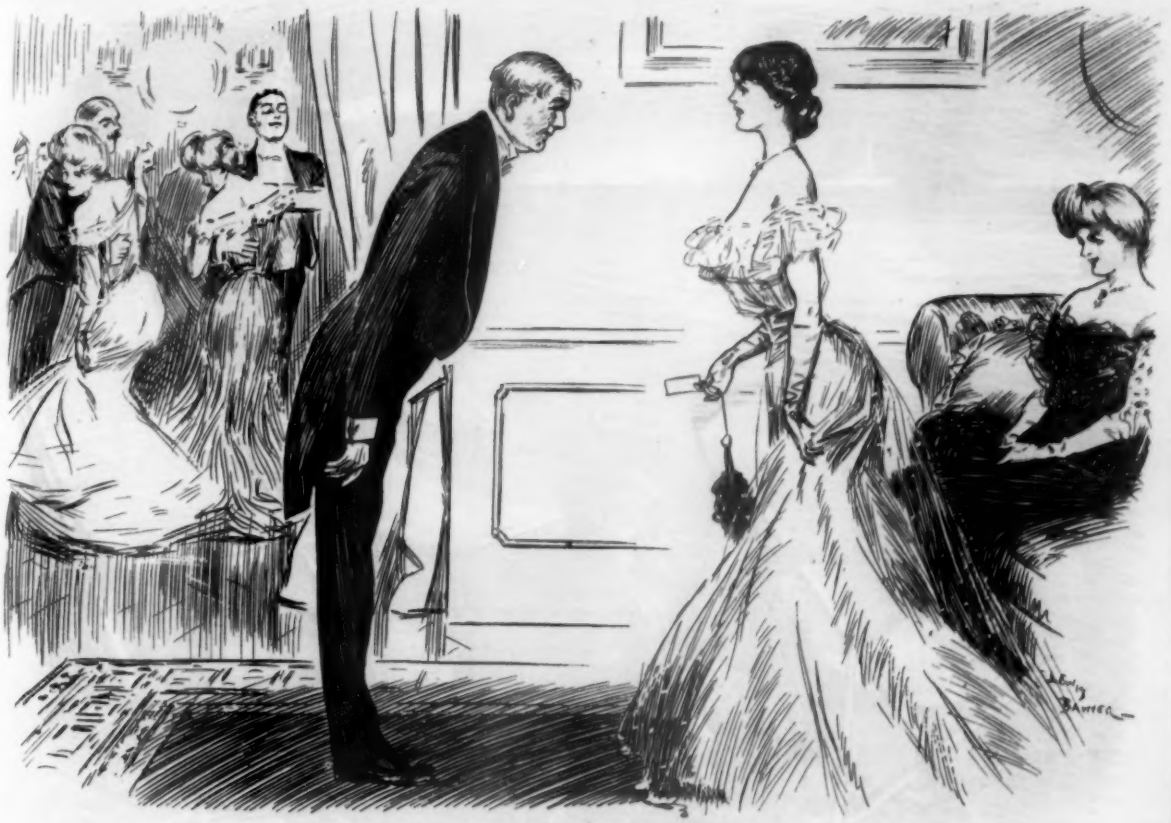
Curtain falls on a brief Comedy.

RUSSIA'S
ANSWER

CLOSE OF PLAY

Evening Poster.

THE President of the Geographical Society recently remarked, on laying down his morning paper, that the Marquis of ANGLESEY seemed to be in Menai Straits.



A PROMISING PARTNER.

Miss Lightfoot. "BUT—ER—IF YOU'RE NOT CERTAIN IF YOU CAN DANCE THE TWO-STEP, MR. CLUMPSOLE, PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER TO SIT IT OUT." *Enthusiast.* "OH NO, THANKS. I WANT TO LEARN IT!"

HARD TIMES FOR THE BIRDS.

"It is reported from Welbeck, where Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is to address a great meeting on August 4th, that the local sparrows have taken possession of the roof of the hall destined for the audience. These sparrows, with their present and previous families, keep up such a loud and incessant chirping as to make it impossible for any one else to be heard. The 'closure' has accordingly been carried, and the sparrows, with their nests, and families of successive generations, are to be evicted forthwith."—*Spectator.*

OWING to the noise which the rooks made the other day while Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. BALFOUR were walking in Kensington Gardens, it has been decided to cut down the trees in which they build every spring, in the hope of ridding the neighbourhood of such pests. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is said to have had the greatest difficulty in hearing what were Mr. BALFOUR's views on the fiscal question. Both gentlemen deplore the destruction of the trees, but both are agreed that it would not have been decided upon without caws.

The authorities at the British Museum, who have long been waiting for some such precedent as this, have now decided to expel the pigeons, which often make so much noise in the cooing season that readers in the Reading Room can hardly hear themselves sneeze.

A BALLAD OF EDINBORO' TOON.

THE lusty Sun did glower aboon,
Wi' welcome in his cheerfu' rays;
I walked in Edinboro' Toon,
A' in ma caller claes.

For I had donned ma coat o' cheiks
That cost me guineas twa an' three,
But and ma pair o' ditto breeks
That luiked sae pleasantlie.

On ilka breek were creasies twa;
And they did hang sae fine, sae fine,
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
Were nane sae fair as mine.

An' first I honoured Geordie Street,
An' syne I walked the Prince's ane,
To gie to ilka lass a treat
An' a' the laddies pain.

An' mony a laddie's hert was sair;
An' mony a lassie's een, ay, mony,
Uplicht wi' joy to see a pair
Sae canny an' sae bonny.

I hadna walked an hour at maist,
I hadna honoured half the Toon,
The air grew drumlie lik' a ghaist,
An' syne the rain cam' doon.

An' first the dust it gently laid,
An' syne it cam' in cats an' doggies,
That loosed the cobble-stanes, and played
Auld Hornie wi' ma toggies.

O waly for ma coat o' cheicks
That cost me guineas twa and three!
An' waly for ma ditto breeks
Sae bagsome at the knee!

The creasies twa are past reca'
That gard them hang sae fine, sae fine;
Frae John o' Groats to Gallowa'
Are nane sae puir as mine!

O fause, inhospitable Toon,
I rede thee, gin I come again,
Ma claes sall be o' Reich-ma-doon,
An' deil tak' your rain!

DUM-DUM.



COAST DEFENCE. PORTSMOUTH.

THIS IS NOT AN IMAGINARY EFFORT ON THE PART OF OUR ARTIST, BUT A SOBER RECORD OF THE SCIENTIFIC AND UP-TO-DATE METHODS EMPLOYED TO RESIST AN ENEMY LANDING ON OUR COASTS. IN THE UNFORTUNATE EVENT OF THE SUPPLY OF DECK-CHAIRS BEING INADEQUATE, IT IS PRESUMED THAT THE BATHING MACHINES WOULD BE UTILISED AS BLOCK-HOUSES."

HOW WE WRITE HISTORY NOW.

It must be apparent to all who have seen the prospectus of the very latest "Modern History" that the old idea of a continuous narrative, written by one person, has been discarded. Nobody, nowadays, can be sufficiently acquainted with the vast quantity of "original sources," documents, &c., now brought to light, to be able to write a whole chapter on any subject. The history of the future will be divided into small periods of years, days, and weeks, covering the successive movements or episodes to be narrated. Each contributor will have a segment of this allotted to him, perhaps five or ten minutes, or even a whole day, covering the special incidents of which he has made a lifelong study.

But one cannot help thinking that it would be better still if each single object or detail described were entrusted to a specialist, on whom the reader could rely for a thorough knowledge of *that particular thing*.

Here, for instance, is a suggested fragment of a Prospectus of the

NEW PITT-CLARENDON MODERN HISTORY.

VOL. CXLVII.—THE END OF ABSOLUTISM.

CHAP. 33.—THE EXECUTION OF KING CHARLES.

Section 1.—The Morning of the Execution, by the President of the Meteorological Society.
Section 2.—The King at Breakfast, by the Chef of the Carlton (assisted by the Lyons King of Arms).
Section 3.—The Scaffold, by the contractors for the new War Office.
Section 4.—The Axe, by the Secretary of the Cutlers' Union, Sheffield.
Section 5.—The Blow, by FITZSIMMONS.
Section 6.—Popular Feeling, by the Editor of the *Daily Mail*.

And so on. Of course these suggestions are open to revision, but we trust they convey the main idea that no contributor-historian should have more than *one topic* on his mind, and that should be one with which he is in *constant touch*. Should the detailed treatment appear jejune and disjointed, then for the purposes simply of popular reading the whole might be "compressed into an animated narrative" by some person specially fitted for *that* business, say, Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The *Duke of Killicrankie*, being a trifle overcome, though by no means exhausted, by his long run, will leave the Criterion in order to benefit his health by the fresh-air cure at Wyndham's Theatre. His Grace's luggage consists of a few private boxes.

SOMEBODY whose companionship is invaluable in this spell of hot weather.—A shady sort of fellow.



THE JOLLY ROGERS.

(Of the Russian Mercantile Volunteer Fleet.)

CAPTAIN BEAR. "AHA! WE 'RE CLEAR OF THE DARDANELLES. UP GOES THE FIGHTING FLAG!"

Chorus (from below). "WE ARE THE JOLLIES, THE EMPEROR'S JOLLIES, MERCHANT AND PIRATE, TOO!"

(After MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.*)*



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 18.—"When the Ministry was last reconstructed there were," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "some folk who objected to AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S being made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not on personal grounds. Few men more popular on both sides. But it was urged he was a trifle young, a little lacking in experience, to fill a place occupied in succession by PITT, PEEL, DISRAELI, and GLADSTONE, not to mention the Sage of MALWOOD-CUM-NUNEHAM, and ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS. Turns out to have been, in the national interest, the happiest arrangement possible. DON JOSÉ'S self-appointed mission is to educate the people in the science of fiscal reform, showing them how much better off they will be all round when Protection is resurrected. Has gone about the country—not stealing ducks as did an anonymous yet celebrated person, but—making speeches.

"Not since Mr. G., being at the time two years older than DON JOSÉ is to-day, went forth on his first Midlothian campaign has the world seen such phenomenon of energy and capacity. But speech is, more truly than was FIELDING as described by Dr. JOHNSON, 'a barren rascal.' If DON JOSÉ had been on the other side of the controversy he would have made speeches equally effective. Indeed he did make them. His new crusade has deeply stirred the Free Traders. Their very best men have come forward to reply to the new apostle of Protection. Their most brilliant and successful efforts, nay the aggregation of them, are not more scathingly complete in refutation of DON JOSÉ'S new heresy than are his own speeches delivered at Ipswich, January 14, 1885, and at the Cobden Club dinner in June of the same year.



THE PROTECTIVE HAT.

"Son Austen" tries another experiment in Protection and faces the storm with top-hat (rarely seen on the Treasury Bench) well over his eyes.



WATCHING THE TOBACCO DEBATE.
"Wills's Birdseye" and "Cavendish."
(Sir Fr-d-r-ck W-lls and Mr. V-ct-r C-v-nd-sh.

"What the country, pondering the momentous question, wants is not speech-making but practical illustration. That SON AUSTEN, uplifted to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, has been able to supply. His imposition of extra duty of 3*d.* a pound on stripped tobacco is avowedly a Protectionist move taken in the interests of the British workman. And what do friendly experts say of it?

"'Entirely protective in its nature, absolutely inconsistent with the pledge that this was to be a Free Trade Budget,' protests that good Unionist MCARTHUR.

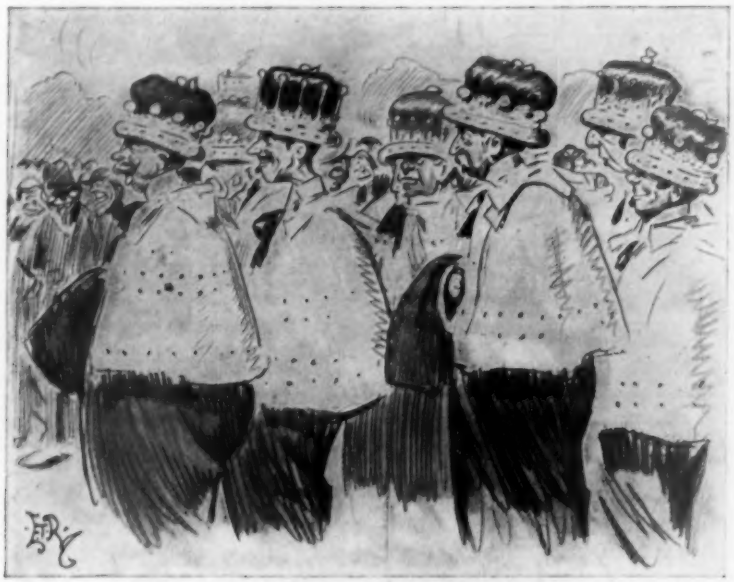
"'If Protection is to be tried at all,' said that other faithful Ministerialist AUSTIN TAYLOR, 'I prefer to see it tried on a large scale rather than by peddling experiments.'

"Put it as you like, there is the fact that the experiment has been tried. And what is the result? FREDERICK WILLS, another loyal Unionist, one of the heads of the biggest tobacco businesses in the world, shall testify. 'A very heavy fine has been imposed on the British tobacco trade without corresponding benefit to the revenue.' Thus Sir FREDERICK, who at least knows what he is talking about, and is politically not inclined to make things disagreeable for the best of all Governments."

Not often SARK holds forth at this length. The occasion certainly inviting. SON AUSTEN attempts to calm the rising storm by sacrificing one-half of the revenue counted upon from levy of new tax on stripped tobacco in bond. That, with other concessions, would mean a falling-off of £200,000. Anticipating additional revenue of £550,000 from the new tax, it will now yield only £350,000. Even this calculation taken exception to by experts. They say the whole tobacco trade has been thrown into confusion; business in strips has entirely ceased; will yield scarcely any revenue.

As for concession now proffered, Opposition decline to look at it. All or nothing, they say. Bang goes the threepence or the fight will continue. On a division the proposal to make the rebate on strips which were in bond when Budget Bill was introduced threepence instead of three ha'pence defeated by a majority of only forty-two.

"A most interesting object-lesson in the results of the practical application of Protectionist principles," said the



NOBLE LORDS EN ROUTE FOR HYDE PARK.

"An imposing procession might be formed to march along Pall Mall and by way of Piccadilly to the Park."

MEMBER FOR SARK. Fearing he was about to launch forth again I slipped away.

Business done.—Bad night with the Budget. Government majority, which on Licensing Bill was steadily maintained on level of 80, run down to 42.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—That evil communications corrupt good manners is sadly shown in case of the second Baron NEWTON. For three years sat in Commons. Became hopelessly imbued with its restless manner. Always wants to be up and doing something, a mood wholly foreign to placid manner of noble Lords. Just now disturbed by contemplation of enforced idleness of House. Four days a week LORD CHANCELLOR enters in state from below the bar. The Mace-Bearer goes before, the Purse-Bearer follows after. In the centre strides the stately form of the Parliamentary Jove, soon to be throned on the Woolsack. Pity of it if there are rarely more than a dozen Peers to behold the spectacle, with a stray stranger speechless with awe in the gallery facing the Throne.

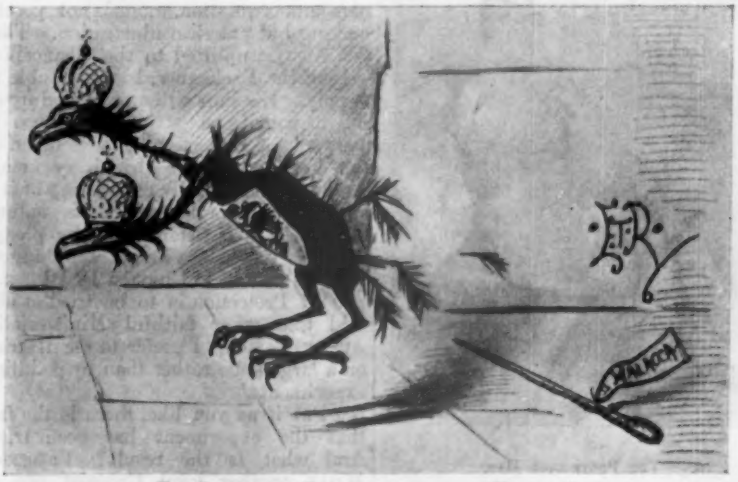
If there are any private Bills on the Orders, they are rattled through with speed that leaves much to be desired in the way of recognising their title, not to speak of their merits. If there are no Bills noble Lords privily indulge in mild conversation. On the stroke of half-past four public business, if there happens to be any, is called on. It is usually concluded before five. If, as sometimes occurs, there is none, the LORD CHANCELLOR remarks, "The House will now adjourn;" which it straightway does.

If any important business comes to the fore, the noble Lord in charge invariably puts it down for Friday night. That happened this week. The only case in which there is a flutter of interest about proceedings in the Lords is COUNTY GUY'S analogue of the vote of censure to be moved by C.-B. in relation to Fiscal question. With all the week and next week wherein to choose, he selects Friday for the enterprise. The reason obvious. Friday is the day the Commons have presumed to set apart in the matter of time arrangements. Meeting at noon House on Friday adjourns at six, so that week-enders, like C.-B., can get comfortably away. Noble Lords, far above such trivial considerations, rebuke the Commons by remaining at their post on Friday nights, often even after dinner.

True, the Commons don't care tuppence for the snub, but many innocent people suffer. Gentlemen in the Press Gallery, for example, who have been in attendance daily through the week, including night sittings on Wednesdays, are kept in on Friday nights, a free time exchanged for the older arrangement under which the House rose at six on Wednesdays. Also there are the police and other attendants deprived of their one off-night.

Lord NEWTON, his mind fixed on larger matters, complains of system under which work is distributed between the two Houses. For months the Lords meet in the circumstances hereinabove described. Frozen-out gardeners of political life, they've got no work to do. In the last fortnight of the Session scene is changed. Bills that have with assistance of closure been driven through Commons come over in a batch, the Clerk waiting at the door in haste to carry them back as soon as Lords have rattled through them.

Why, NEWTON asks, should not the Lords have a first look in with some of the Ministerial measures? There is the Licensing Bill, for example. Whilst the Commons were wrangling over the Budget the Lords might have turned their powerful mind upon its intricacies. As things are the Bill will



THE JACKDAW OF PETERSBURG AND THE "MALACCA."

"The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!"



OUR RECENT FRENCH VISITORS. (Scene—Royal Exchange.)

First Frenchman (his first time in London). "TIENS, ALPHONSE! QU'EST-CE QUI EST CET HOMME-LÀ?" *Second Frenchman (who, having been here once before, is supposed to know all about it).* "CHUT! PLUS BAS, MON AMI." *(Whispers in reverential tone.)* "CE MONSIEUR-LÀ—C'EST LE LOR' MAIRE!"

reach them next week, its approach heralded by Ministerial circular piteously entreating friends of the Government to remain in town and be in their place lest evil befall. They have been in their place for five months and had nothing to do.

SARK says only one thing left for Peers. They must demonstrate. There is no monopoly of Hyde Park and its Reformers' Tree. Let noble Lords put their pride in their pocket; commission JOHN BURNS to organise them; engage bands, streamers, waggons, and other paraphernalia peculiar to Sunday afternoon service in Hyde Park. Meeting upon the Embankment in robes and coronets, an imposing procession might be formed to march along Pall Mall and by way of Piccadilly to the Park.

Noble Lords might at first sight shrink from the enterprise from consciousness of the fact that they have done little to win public sympathy. They do the People injustice. Its Great Heart is prepared to beat in sympathy with any downtrodden class. The spectacle of coronetted and cloaked Peers bemoaning their enforced idleness would melt the stoniest heart from Whitechapel or Poplar.

Wednesday.—On Tuesday Commons took up Budget Bill in Committee, knowing they must finish it at the sitting: having spent an hour in talking against time whilst Ministerial majority straggled in, devoted greater part of evening sitting to discussion of motion for adjournment, followed by private Tramway Bill. Towards midnight settled down on Budget Bill. By sitting all night, comforted by the closure, drag the Bill through Committee. Adjourn at 3.40 this afternoon, having sat nearly 26 hours. No Wednesday sitting.

Business done.—Sit all night and lose one day.

ON DIT.—In answer to the Birmingham Grocers' inquiry to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as to what was going to be done with their "butter bill," which it seems is likely to be left unsettled, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is credited with the following reply, "Can't attend to English butter: too much to do with the Irish Pat."

A BUTCHER, who shall be nameless, advertises as follows (the italics being his own):

THE BEST.

The well-hung Saddles of SOUTHDOWN MUTTON . . . . are supplied by——,

WHO HAS HAD THE SUPPLY FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

Mr. Punch, while greatly respecting the advertiser's frankness, is constrained to regard this as a good case for the Inspector of Nuisances.

EXTRACT FROM BRIGADE ORDERS.



"WATER WILL BE ISSUED DAILY FROM 5.30 A.M. TO 7.30 P.M. A STAFF-SERGEANT WILL BE IN CHARGE, AND THERE WILL BE A *FLYING SENTRY* OVER THE CISTERN."

(Our Warlike Correspondent sends us his idea of this phenomenon.)

ANOTHER QUEER CALLING.

["The summer sensation of the Paris boulevards inspires a writer in *Gil Blas* with a notable suggestion. A gentleman sitting down to a book, outside a *café*, removed his hat, and disclosed a perfectly bald head, adorned with a music-hall advertisement. Why not form a Society of Advertising Skulls? The writer in *Gil Blas* thinks this might be good business for bald authors who for the moment have nothing inside their heads. Why not let the outside?"—*Daily Chronicle.*]

THERE was a time I dreaded,
The day of want and woe,
When, forty and bald-headed,
I should be found *de trop;*
With sorrow I reflected
How I should be rejected
By all men, and directed
To go to Jericho.

Each morn, with anxious hand-glass
I watched the dwindling crop
That thinned as Time's fell sand-glass
Another grain let drop.
With feverish emotions
I drenched my head in oceans
Of washes, dyes and lotions
From every barber's shop.

In vain! The tell-tale shimmer
Where first the hairs were few
Began in time to glimmer
Indubitably through;
Nor could my art, though straining
Its all, succeed in training
The love-locks still remaining
To hide it from the view.

Then fear broke forth unruly.
"The common doom!" I said.
"Too old at forty! Truly
I would that I were dead!"
And with a sudden shiver
That made my heart-strings quiver
I cried aloud, "The River!
There will I make my bed."

My nerves began to tingle—
Not mine the triple brass—
I went and took a single
To Charing Cross (third class).
"Vain efforts why redouble?
A plunge," thought I, "a bubble—
And from this vale of trouble
Another wretch will pass."

There in the choking vapour
That City clerks know well,
My glance fell on a paper,
Scarce heeding where it fell—
Till suddenly I started,
My lips with pleasure parted,
And in my bosom started
A joy I could not tell.

"The very thing!" I muttered.
"There is no need to die!
My bread may yet be buttered
And even jammed," thought I.
"In this new occupation
Methinks I see salvation"—
I left the train next station,
Resolved at least to try.

No more were lotions flooded
Upon me; *au contraire*
I diligently studied
To slay the utmost hair.
Success my efforts greeted:
The task was soon completed,
For scarce a week had fleeted
Before my head was bare.

Now in my stall you 'll find me,
Rich, prosperous, well-fed,
And every eye behind me
Is fixed upon my head;
For there a tale is printed
In colours all unstinted,
Wherein is subtly hinted
The praise of Bovo-Bread.

SCENE—*A Railway Compartment.* Lady *in corner seat facing engine.* Courteous Old Gentleman *opposite to her.* *Other* People *getting in.*

Courteous Old Gentleman. Allow me to place your bags of fruit upon the rack.

Lady. Thank you so much. They will be more out of the way there.

[Courteous Old Gentleman *picks them up and places bag containing a basket of strawberries upside down on rack behind him.*

Lady (*anxiously*). Oh! I 'm afraid the strawberries must not go that way.

Courteous Old Gentleman (*hastily correcting his error*). How thoughtless of me! I will place them facing the engine.

[*Removes them—still upside down—to rack behind* Lady.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

II.

HERE we are, we two, wife and self, with four bags, as the old nigger chorus used to give it, "Right in the middle of the road," that is, to be accurate, at the apex of a triangle formed by the meeting of the ways.

Woods to the right of us, as we face the line of route from Etaples, along which we had just travelled; woods to the left of us; woods at the back of us; the last leading to the sands of Paris-Plage; the second lot of woods to the river Canche; and the first, on our right, to Le Touquet, that is, to the "Hôtel (oh, blissful idea, suggestive of 'mine ease at mine Inn') Le Touquet." Time, just 8. Not a sound save the hum of insects, the twittering of birds and the rustling of the leaves as they yield to the impulse of a very very gentle sea-breeze passing pleasantly enough through the forest. Thermometer about 85° in the shade.

What shall we do? Not a soul, not a body in view for miles away on the straight road, nor on the two curving ones at our back. The four bags, on the ground, look stolidly English, and quite unsympathetic. Nothing like leather in such circumstances. Tough hides alone could be unaffected by our hopeless, helpless, attitude.

No one is to be blamed. We, as duettists, cannot exclaim to some third person, "Oh, thou art the cause of this anguish!" for, honestly, we have chosen, deliberately, our own course of action: and here is the result!!

If that blessed (you know what I mean—but my wife is present) Northern of France had only stuck to its old original time bill, "the bill, the bill, and nothing but the bill," we should have come by the 7.15, as arranged by JACQUES ROBINSON NAPOLEON, instead of the 6.51. So far we can anathematise the Company: a slight relief.

"But," observes my wife, "how is it we did not meet the carriage that was sent for us?"

Evidently, because it wasn't sent. There are surely not two ways from here of getting to Etaples. [There are, as we subsequently discover; that is, there are two ways of getting into the main road at Le Touquet, and two ways of getting out of it at Etaples.] However, temporarily, we blame JACQUES ROBINSON, and having exhausted that part of the subject, we look up and down the three roads, both listening as eagerly as one of FENIMORE COOPER'S Indians, on the track of the enemy, used to do, only without lying down in the dust with ears close to the ground. Nothing.

Not a sound except the monotonous ones already mentioned.

"The hotel 's not far off," I say stoutly.

"Isn't it?" asks my wife, doubtfully.

"And look," I exclaim as, not caring to continue the subject, I point to a sort of sign-post—*un poteau*—sticking up a few feet from us on the very border of the forest, whereon we read, "À l'Hôtel du Château du Touquet," and an arrow points the way by a small romantic footpath through the wood.

We regard one another, irresolutely.

One idea strikes both. The four bags.

"I can manage two of them," I declare boldly, "but I don't think I can carry the four."

There is a pause: then my wife says pluckily, "I will take the two lighter ones." Before I can offer any objection, she adds, "It isn't far, you say?"



INOPPORTUNE.

Enthusiast of the "No Hat Brigade" (to elderly gentleman, who has just lost his hat). "FINE IDEA THIS, SIR, FOR THE HAIR, EH?"

"No, it isn't far," I reply, on the consolation-stake principle. As to *how* far it may be, I have only the vaguest idea.

And so, pulling ourselves, and our bags, together, we cross the theatrical-looking little rustic bridge in safety, and—we are in the forest.

We trudge along, as gaily as may be, under the weight of our burdens, with a purpose steadfastly in view. We plunge deeper, that is, we trudge farther and farther, into the forest. The Babes in the Wood—with luggage. How warm it is in the forest!

"A pleasant breeze, now and then," says my wife cheerily, marching along. The expression on her countenance, visible through the veil, is that of a brave woman who will attain her object, or perish in the attempt.

The breeze *is* pleasant. *Happy Thought.*—Deposit bags, enjoy the breeze, and rest awhile.

"There ought to be a bench or two here," I observe, rather annoyed at this evidence of want of forethought on the part of the forest owners.

"It would be nice if there were," says my wife, resignedly.

We suit action to word. Bags deposited on fine sandy soil, which is mixed up with tricky roots meant to catch the unwary pedestrian's feet, with crackling dead leaves and dry bits of branches that, but for an occasional drop of dew, a shower of rain, and the cool shadow thrown on them by the passing clouds, would all ignite and set the woods ablaze before (well, to put it strongly, as, should such a calamity happen—*absit omen*—*he* would be the person chiefly interested) before one could say JACQUES ROBINSON!

We regard each other, *vis-à-vis*.

Heat almost overpowering, but for occasional light breeze.

The flies!! The further one penetrates into the forest the more recklessly daring, the more worrying, irritating, and the sharper stinging become the flies.

My wife, with a veil, seems, if I may so put it, to offer less personal attractions to these little demons (Beelzebub was the "prince of flies") than I do.

My hands being occupied with these (blank) bags, I can only shake my head, savagely, as if I were constantly uttering forcible negatives, and ejaculate, *sotto voce*—ahem!—I beg the recording angel's pardon—and I tramp forward, facing the music. Oh, the heat! Decidedly, there ought to be benches at every interval of twenty yards.

Another halt. We dump down our bags. I fear my wife is getting awfully tired. Of course I am not, oh dear no! nor becoming horribly ill-tempered and unbearable (like the bags)—oh dear no!

"Not at all tired," replies my wife pluckily; then, quite casually, "Have we much farther to go?"

"I'm afraid," I answer, dejection beginning to mark me for its own, "it *is* some distance"—("Blank the flies!" I growl as I whack my ears and smack my forehead)—"off."

"We had better be going on," urges my wife, preparing once more to carry her allotment of bags, "or it will be getting late."

I refer to my watch. Horror! A quarter past eight! The Babes have already been half an hour in the wood! And the daylight is fading!

If it were not that our objective is the Hotel, where our toil will end, I should be inclined to liken ourselves to ADAM and EVE (in travelling costume, of course, with portable luggage) going together out into the weary world.

"If we'd only waited at the station," I mutter, or, rather, growl, as I lift the bags.

"Or if we had only followed out the directions exactly as they were given us!" says my wife, regretfully, doing the same.

"If that blessed commissionaire hadn't discovered that new train (confound the flies!) and we hadn't taken it," I mutter, or growl.

But such regrets we feel are absolutely useless, and we fare on our way, crushing the dry leaves under our feet, while the intermittent attacks of the sharp-biting buzzing flies goad me into fits of temporary insanity.

I call another halt and dump down the bags.

"Look here, dear," I commence, "the best thing for *me* to do is to run on, and——"

"And leave me!" exclaims my wife in an agonised tone, aghast at the idea. "Alone!!"

"With the bags, dear," I say in a soothing tone, as if these were an excellent protection, or, perhaps, even good company. "And I'll hurry on," I continue in an encouraging tone, "and get someone to come and fetch these infernal things."

"Oh, no!" cries my wife in terror of being left alone in a French wood, and probably mindful of *The Forest of Bondy*, *Pauline*, and other bloodcurdling melodramatic stories.

"I *won't* stop here," she says. "I'll come with you."

"But the bags——" I protest hopelessly. "We can't leave *them!*"

Then we pause. It is a problem like that favourite puzzle of the ferryman, the fox, the goose, and the — I forget what the other thing was that had to be left on the bank with something that was sure to eat it while the boatman returned to fetch the other live creature. I give it up.

"*You* can't go on alone," I say to my wife. "*I* can. I'll run. I shan't be five minutes——"

And in order to avoid further argument, which would end in my yielding to my wife's entreaties, I take to my heels, and in another second I am, as she is, out of sight, and as out of earshot as if there were not another living soul in the entire forest. Still accompanied by swarms of flies, stinging, biting, buzzing flies that are recruited at every step of the way by fresh contingents eager for attack, I hurry on. I pause; do I hear my wife's voice? No. Shall I return? No. I shall do her better service by gaining the hotel and bringing a man with a truck for the bags. Duty first. —— the flies! I whack my head! Oh, the heat!! Now onward, Christian soldier—onward—"half a league onward." Half a league! I hope it's only a matter of ten minutes. Ought one Babe to separate itself from the other and run on alone even in search of help? Would ADAM? No one ever thinks of ADAM without EVE. It's unheard of. But, *am I pursuing the right path?* I've an awfully bad memory for localities. If I could only meet somebody . . . *En avant!*

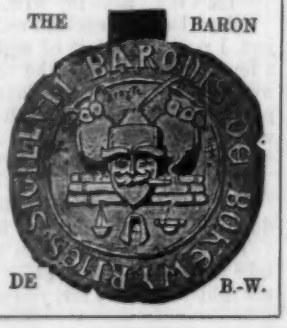
(*To be continued.*)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Crossing (MACMILLAN) is a continuation of the series of novels portraying early American life, upon which Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL (U.S.A., not Oldham) has for some years been engaged. *Richard Carvel* dealt with the Revolutionary War. *The Crisis* had the Civil War for its theme. *The Crossing* shows how, after France sold Louisiana to the then inchoate United States, the rough Border men made trek into the Promised Land, fought the English and the Indians, settled down, cleared forests, built cabins, and materially helped to create a nation. My Baronite calls it a novel for the sake of brevity and convenience. It is rather a series of episodes, related with dramatic power, illuminated by some marvellous picture-painting of the wild surrounding scenery. My Baronite is least attracted by the narrator, *Davy*, who from early boyhood—most oppressively in boyhood—is too monotonously good and clever. *Polly Ann* and her husband, *Colonel Clark*, and other of the backwoodsmen, being less supernatural in intelligence, are more to his taste. Lacking the cohesion that should characterise the plot of an ordinary novel, the volume carries the reader with breathless interest to the end of its many pages.

"'Neath the baleful star of Sirius," who is largely responsible for the dog-days, you will find no better refreshment than the reading of WALTER EMANUEL'S *The Snob* (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN), delightfully illustrated by CECIL ALDIN. To this conjunction of writer and artist we already owe that charming and deservedly popular work, *A Dog-Day*, but, having once said that the author, whose work is familiar in *Mr. Punch's* column of "Charivaria," has produced another study of canine nature equal to the first in quality, and considerably its superior in literary bulk, my Nautical Retainer is debarred by a natural sense of propriety from giving further rein to his appreciation.

The Red Window (DIGBY, LONG & Co.) is intended by its author, FERGUS HUME, to be a sensational story; and, had the interest been kept up to the level of the starting point, it might have been a somewhat notable novel. But when an eccentric elderly gentleman has been murdered, and a lot of nobodies plot together to fix the guilt upon a young man for whom the reader will not feel any particular regard, and when this plot has to be carried on for the most part by wearisome and confusing dialogue in scenes devoid of action, then the reader will invoke the aid of the accomplished skipper, and will "come to Hecuba" with all the agility he may. It is not entirely bad; neither is it, except occasionally, good.





A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Lady. "ARE THESE *YOUR* CHILDREN? WHAT DARLINGS! AND—ER—WHAT A VERY PRETTY WOMAN YOUR WIFE *MUST* BE!"

THE WHITE RABBIT.

HE looked much like any other white rabbit. His fur was very long and soft; his nose was a very agile nose; it was never still for a moment, but moved up and down with all kinds of funny movements that robbed his amiable face of any shred of dignity it might otherwise have possessed. His ears were long, and his eyes were of a fiery red colour. "They are the real pigeon's blood sort," he used to say when he wanted to be very fierce and to make an impression on the other animals. Once, when he was frisking about in his little enclosure, he made this very remark to *Rob*, the Labrador retriever, who was looking at him very hard from the other side of the wire netting, but *Rob*, who was standing very stiffly with his ears forward and his tail waving, and was licking his lips every ten seconds or so, didn't seem to hear, or if he heard he didn't pay any attention. He looked round once or twice rather furtively to see if anyone was about, and then, finding the coast was clear, he gathered himself together, and with a light spring cleared the wire netting and landed on the grass close to the White Rabbit. Off went the White Rabbit, and after him scurried *Rob*. The chase didn't last long, for after one rush and a twist and double the White Rabbit felt tired.

"Pax," he said, "you can't hit a man when he's down," and with that he crouched as flat as he could and laid his long ears out on his back.

You see, he had been brought up in polite circles, and knew all the etiquette. *Rob*, however, had none of the finer feelings—at least, not for a rabbit lying within an inch of his nose.

"Pax be blowed!" he said, and picked up the White Rabbit in his mouth and trotted off as proud as a peacock.

"My dear Sir," said the White Rabbit, "you're making me most untidy——"

"Silence," said *Rob*.

"——and I've got an engagement to meet a new little girl at five o'clock."

"Do you know," *Rob* observed, dreamily, not paying any regard to his captive's protests, "do you know, I think I shall eat you. Yes, I shall eat you, for I'm too fond of you to do anything else."

"I shall disagree with you," said the Rabbit; "my white fur is most indigestive. There was an article in the *Lancet* the other day about white fur——"

"I'll chance it," said *Rob*.

"And you'll be flogged, you know."

"I'll chance it."

"And—but this is really too absurd. Eat me! Why, I'm a prince in disguise. It's a most interesting story, but I can't tell it to you in this position. Put me down at once, and perhaps, if you're a very good dog——"

"This is too much," said *Rob*. "Are you ready?"

"No," screamed the Rabbit, "I'm not ready. It's a false start. Call the boats back. Oh, you're squeezing. Oh!——"

There's no knowing what more he would or could have said, for at this moment a white-frocked little figure dashed up to the enclosure and an imperious little voice shouted—

"*Rob*, you bad dog, how dare you! Drop it, *Rob*," and *Rob* dropped the limp White Rabbit on to the grass and slunk away quite abashed.

"Sold again," said the White Rabbit impudently, as he was carried back to his hutch.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

I.

For Janet, once my only joy,
Untempered by mature reflection,
I entertained, while yet a boy,
The very largest predilection.

I was a student, still untried,
In those preliminary stages
When Love politely waives aside
All difference in people's ages.

I did not note, in days "when earth"
(As *Pippa* sang) "was nigher Heaven,"
How that the years by which her birth
Preceded mine were just eleven.

I knew my soul within her eyes
Had found a kindred soul to mate it;
While of my peers in point of size
Not one could quite appreciate it.

For then—at twelve—my complex brain,
Full of conundrums like a Sphinx's,
Regarded girls with nice disdain
As empty, foolish little minxes.

I wanted (though I had at hand
Coëval loves in nauseous plenty)
A *woman* who could understand;
And Janet's age was three-and-twenty.

So I with her, content to wait,
Platonically held communion,
Deferring to a later date
The bliss of more immediate union.

I pictured her always the same,
Unseared by life's refining fuel;
Nor ever dreamed its furnace-flame
Would ultimately scorch my jewel.

And, when I took a three-years' tour
For purposes of social polish,
"Our love," I said, "my Koh-i-noor!
Not Time can spoil, nor Space demolish!"

Space proved me right; but as to Time
My hopes sustained a rude miscarriage;
On coming home in manhood's prime
At twenty-one, and ripe for marriage,

I found—for Age is apt to do
Its witchcraft *inæquali sorte*—
My Janet (strictly thirty-two)
To all appearance five-and-forty!

I am no hero, I who write;
I much preferred that any other
Should wed this portly dame that might
With perfect ease have been my mother.

Of course I could not broach the fact
Of Time's discriminative dealings;
Rather by pure unselfish tact
I hoped to spare the lady's feelings.

That strange disparity of years—
(*Noblesse oblifea*) I ignored it,
Discussed the various hemispheres,
The ship, and how I lived aboard it;

Painted myself a gay sea-dog,
A rip, a most notorious flier,
And roughly sketched a lurid log
Which would, in detail, petrify her;—

Unfit to wed, I needs must face
A prospect relatively gloomy,
And begged of her this heavenly grace,
To play the part of sister to me.

Brave soul! She swore to be my wife!
But I protested, hard as granite,
I could not, would not, "spoil her life."
So ended my affair with Janet! O. S.

THE PREVAILING MUSICAL DEPRESSION.

(Interview with Mr. Endymion Gules.)

Persistent reports having reached him of the extraordinarily depressed condition of the concert market, *Mr. Punch* recently arranged for one of his most trusted representatives to interview Mr. Endymion Gules, the famous agent, with a view to ascertaining the cause of this deplorable state of affairs.

"Yes," observed the great *impresario*, "the reports you speak of are only too true. This has been the worst season for professional musicians that I have ever known. There has been no falling off in the importation of foreign celebrities, but most of them have been obliged to work their passages home. One Albanian baritone, a gentleman with a magnificent voice, has accepted a situation as a chauffeur; and a Bohemian violinist, a favourite pupil of Sevcik, the famous Prague master, is now engaged as a caddie at Woking."

"Can you indicate any specific reason for this strange lack of appreciation on the part of the British public?"

"Certainly. First and foremost I should be inclined to note the passion for precocity. Nowadays no performer of over ten years of age has any chance of making a decent living by music. The prodigies have all done well—some marvellously well. Little Boleslas Bilger bought a gold bath last week, and has rented one of the largest deer forests in Inverness-shire. Vinolia Vichy celebrated her seventh birthday by the purchase of a diamond tiara and a turbine yacht. Attila Blum has started a racing stable."

"But surely there must be other causes at work?"

"I was just coming to that. The fact is, as my colleague Mr. Vert recently remarked in the *Westminster Gazette*, that the public is not just now in a musical mood. People are preoccupied by a multiplicity of other distractions. In particular I ascribe the decline of interest in music to the fashion for experiments in diet, and the crusade against overeating. The strain of listening attentively to a concert of two hours' duration is impossible to persons who are inadequately nourished. You cannot appreciate Wagner on a diet of nut cutlets, or enjoy Strauss on barley water."

"Then you hold that there is a close relation between music and meals?"

"Unquestionably. No great singer was ever a vegetarian, and what is true of performers is true of audiences. But this fad will pass. I am sure that the sanity of the British public will reassert itself, and that we shall before long witness the inspiring spectacle of earnest musicians singing and playing before full houses of properly nourished amateurs."

"I see that Mr. Vert speaks of a spirit of flippancy which is now abroad, and which has militated against the chances of serious musicians."

"Well, there may be something in that, too. Strauss has undoubtedly suffered from the competition of Sousa. '*Hiawatha*' is at the moment more popular than Haydn, and Schubert's songs excite less enthusiasm than the Schenectady putter. Still, I think we may count on the swing of the pendulum. But the immediate prospect is gloomy, and though not an extreme politician I should certainly support legislation prohibiting infant prodigies from pocketing more than £5,000 in one season, the surplus to be divided amongst their meritorious colleagues of riper years."



ON HIS HOBBY.

First Agriculturist (*to* Second Ditto). "THAT AIN'T A REAL 'OSS! WHY, I CAN SEE HIS BOOTS!"

[Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n addresses a large agricultural audience in the Riding School at Welbeck Abbey, August 4.]



THE MAKING OF FIRST-CLASS MEN.

No apology is needed for offering our school-prospectus to the public in a novel form. When a boy has seen our prospectus he will want to see "The Pavilion," and when he has seen "The Pavilion" he will want to stay there.

Our desire is to produce practical results, and a boy on leaving our establishment should be able at once to get his own living. Nothing sounds more difficult and is really so easy. Sporting Pressmen of the day must not only be brilliant athletes, but also masters of the best sporting journalese. Four years at "The Pavilion" will equip every boy most efficiently in both these respects.

The Staff of "The Pavilion" consists of H. W. DRIVER, Esq., C.B. (Cambridge Blue), H. PITCHARD, Esq., F.C.S. (First Class Swerver), K. A. GREEN, Esq., G.C.S.I. (Golf Champion of the South of Ireland), assisted by innumerable batsmen, bowlers, runners, jumpers, rowing-men, and all kinds of athletes.

The Matron is Miss ROWENA WOODHEAD, L.C.C. (Lady Croquet Champion).

No boys are admitted to "The Pavilion" who have not been put down for the M.C.C., and preference is given to those who were entered at Lord's on the day succeeding their birth.

Extras include luxuries such as Classics, Mathematics, English History, the French Language, and Stewed Prunes.

One of the most attractive features of "The Pavilion" is the teaching of the New Slang Language. At infinite expense a distinguished Cricket Reporter has been engaged, and will lecture on Slang every week during the summer term. This new language will be talked during meals, and should any boy be heard to speak English he will instantly be sent to bat in the nets for an extra hour.

Every boy will have his own professional coach in addition to the numerous staff, and if he is detected amusing himself with such things as *Horace* or *Euripides* during work-hours he will be bowled at for ten minutes by our excessively fast punishment-bowler (kept expressly for the purpose).

Entrance examinations will be held in April, and it may be well to remind candidates that Fielding and Bowling, as well as Batting, will be taken into account.

Literary subjects will include the initials, ages, and averages of everyone who has ever played first-class cricket. Records of all kinds will be expected to be known thoroughly.

Holiday Tasks will be exclusively confined to standard authors, such as MACLAREN, TYLDESLEY and JEPHSON.



A TRYING MOMENT.

Doris. "OH, JACK, HERE COME THOSE SELLERBY GIRLS! DO SHOW THEM HOW BEAUTIFULLY YOU CAN PUNT."

The whole school will be taken to Lord's once during the term, so that they may watch first-class cricket for themselves, and write a report of it with the purpose of comparing their style with that of the most admired penmen of the day. The prize report will be dedicated—without permission—to Mr. ANDREW LANG.

The Champion Cricketer of the school will sleep in the "Ranji Room," the Champion Wrestler in the "Hackenschmidt Room," and so on. Every boy will have a separate room, and every room will be made bright by coloured portraits of celebrated athletes.

"The Pavilion" proposes to start two farthing papers, to which the most promising boys will, on leaving, be attached.

Positions will be found for less brilliant boys on various half-penny papers, and those who have shown no promise at all must be content to write for the ordinary penny press.

The school is divided into two Departments, corresponding to the Morning and the Evening Press, and we recommend parents to discover promptly which department their sons are best fitted to enter. The style taught in our Morning Department is not so crisp and incisive as that which we teach in our Evening Department.

Every boy on entering "The Pavilion" must have twelve pairs of flannel trousers, six pairs of football knickerbockers, four bats, a football, a sponge, and a portrait of HIRST.

The Motto of "The Pavilion" is, "If at first you don't succeed, Fry, Fry, Fry again."

FREE SPEECH.

OUTSIDE the railings of the grimy churchyard that stands at the cross-roads is a spacious triangle of pavement, furnished along its base with a row of plant-pots, and along its two open sides with a number of stumpy posts of a clammy appearance, which would seem to serve no other purpose than the support of a corresponding number of human sphinxes usually to be seen leaning against them in varying attitudes of despondent thirstiness. Here many a night I have watched the said sphinxes sublimely ignoring the energetic efforts of the elect of the neighbourhood to convert them into drier paths by the aid of a harmonium. But to-night the crowd that has gathered upon the spot lacks that air of listless detachment noticeable in the preached-to, and instead is packed tightly together, each upturned face wearing that expression of impartial self-importance that characterises the Briton who realises that he is a free-born citizen with a right (thank Heaven!) to direct the government of his country. On arriving at the outskirts I am approached by a gentleman in a frock-coat, who, with a beaming smile, hands me a printed bill which bids me "Assemble in Walham Grove at 3 P.M. on Saturday, and march to Hyde Park accompanied by banners and the Gas Workers' Brass Band." Unfortunately I have an engagement for that afternoon.

I pocket the hand-bill and turn my attention to the meeting. Standing on a chair in the middle addressing the crowd is a perspiring gentleman in a top hat. Behind him stands a little group of supporters, one of whom holds a banner inscribed with the words:

DOWN WITH THE
BREWERS' ENDOWMENT BILL!

I realise at once that the speaker is far from having it all his own way. Wedged in the crowd a little distance in front of me is a short broad-shouldered man, who evidently omitted to shave himself last Sunday; his bristly chin is thrust forward resentfully as from time to time he interrupts the speaker with the same indignant reiteration.

"I earn thirty bob a week, an' I give my ole woman a quid a week reg'lar. Comin' 'ere an' torkin' to us!"

I can see that the speaker is uncomfortably conscious that he has not been altogether as discreet as he might have been.

"Very well, very well," he answers rapidly for the third or fourth time, with a patience that is plainly an effort to him. "I think you misunderstood me. What the Government, I say, in their insolence propose to do——"

"Quid a week I give 'er," repeats the bristly man. "Go an' arsk 'er if yer don't believe me."

"Propose to do," continues the speaker, striving to disregard the interruption, "is to take away from the local justices the power to refuse licenses——"

"Palm Avenue I live," puts in the bristly man. "Go an' arsk 'er."

"And to give that power," persists the speaker, "to selected central courts, in many cases ignorant——"

"Arsk 'er!" repeats the bristly man, loudly, ignoring several protests from different parts of the crowd. "Quid a week I give 'er. Comin' 'ere a-bringin' accusations. Twenty-three Palm Avenue. It won't run away. Go an' arsk 'er!"

At this a gentleman wearing an overcoat tied round his neck by the sleeves, who has just pushed his way to a place in the crowd beside me, nudges me in an ecstasy, and with a remindful jerk of the head towards the interrupter observes, "Ole BILL!" with a knowing chuckle.

The speaker raises his voice.

"What is this," he is saying, "but a violation of the people's right of local self-government? What is this——"

"Wot der yer give *your* ole woman, I shud like ter know?" shouts the bristly man. "'Ow much der *you* keep fer beer-money?"

"*'Im?*" suddenly puts in my neighbour, scathingly. "'E don't need ter give 'er nothin'. *Look at 'im in 'is top 'at.* 'E lives in Pawk Line!"

"Yuss!" cries the bristly man, with elation. "Sits there an' drinks the clothes orf of our backs. Then 'e comes an' torks to *us*. A bloomin' millionaire. Wot 's *'e* done fer Fulham?"

It is evident that a point has been scored by the bristly man and his friend. There is something like a murmur of approbation in the crowd, who plainly look to the speaker to clear his character. Fortunately he is alive to the situation.

"Gentlemen," he cries, "I am not a rich man, as some of you would seem to think. I have to work for my living the same as any of you."

Favourable reception of this by the crowd, who show signs of returning confidence.

"*'Im* work fer 'is livin'?" cries the bristly man, sardonically. "'E ain't never done a day's work in 'is life."

Corroborative applause from my neighbour, who refers the crowd conclusively to the speaker's top hat.

"What is more," adds the speaker, loudly, "I am a Fulham man. I have lived in Fulham for years, and for years I have been an honorary member of the Fulham Football and Cricket Clubs!"

Tremendous acclamation from the crowd, their confidence thoroughly restored by this convincing proof of political integrity. Desperate interruptions from the bristly man and my neighbour drowned by cries of "Shut up, carn't yer!" and "Corl that givin' free speech?"

The speaker, emboldened by success, resolves to deal personally with his interrupter.

"Look here, my friend," he observes, "we 're having a great many interruptions from you. I don't know whether you 're paid for this."

"I 'm paid thirty bob a week," returns the bristly man, "an' I give my wife——"

"Yes-yes-yes," breaks in the speaker, "we 've heard a good deal about your thirty bob a week. Now what are you, may I ask?"

"I 'm a beer-drinker," responds the other promptly.

"'Ear, 'ear!" interposes my neighbour enthusiastically. "Ole BILL!"

"You 're a working man, I take it," persists the speaker. "Now do you mean to tell me you 're a supporter of the Licensing Bill?"

"I 'm a supporter of a femily," retorts the bristly man.

"Very well," perseveres the speaker, "and do you mean——"

"And I 'm a supporter of public-'ouses," suddenly adds his opponent—a statement to which I for one am ready to attach the utmost credence. "*I* ain't no bloomin' millionaire. *I* don't live in Pawk Line. Anyone wot sez I do 's tellin' a lie. *I* don't go abaht in no top 'ats with whiskers a-bringin' no accusations agenst the workin' man. I 'm a Fulham man an' I know wot Fulham wants. I 'm a beer-drinker."

My neighbour with the overcoat is enthusiastic about this able statement of policy. The crowd is once more divided in its sympathies. The speaker wisely abandons his attempt to deal personally with his opponent.

"Gentlemen," he appeals, "I am doing my best in spite of these interruptions——"

"Nar you 'ave it," suddenly resumes the bristly man. "A beer-drinker—I 've 'ad enough o' this 'ere. I 'm orf," and he begins to push his way out of the crowd.

"I 'm very glad to hear it," the speaker is indiscreet enough to remark.

The bristly man turns sharply round.

"Don't you worry, ole man," he cries, "I 'm comin' back agine. I 'm only goin' fer arf a pint," and he pushes on until he reaches the outskirts. There he turns once more.

"After this 'ere," he shouts resentfully, "I 'm ——d if I give my ole woman another cent!"

"'Ere, wait a minute, BILL!" suddenly shouts my neighbour. "I 'm comin'!" and turns towards the speaker.



"AND WITCH THE WORLD WITH NOBLE HORSEMANSHIP."

Natural History Note.—THE ORIGIN, EVOLUTION, AND FULL DEVELOPMENT OF THE "NIGGER" SEAT.

"Lot o' bloomin' Tories," he observes with elaborate disgust.

"*Tories!*" cries one of the crowd. "Woddyer torkin' abaht? We ain't Tories."

"Ain't Tories!" repeats my bewildered neighbour. "Wot 's the game! 'E 's a Tory, aint 'e?"

"Corse 'e ain't," cries another. "Ain't you 'eard wot 'e 's bin sayin'? 'E 's a Redicul."

My astounded neighbour gazes about him in a dazed sort of way. Suddenly he swings round.

"'Ere, BILL!" he shouts. "They ain't Tories at all! They 're *Redicals!*"

The bristly man has reached the public-house opposite. For a moment he pauses.

"Then I'm ——d if I don't change my bloomin' party!" he shouts resourcefully, and disappears into the public bar.

The speaker has resumed his oration, this time without interruption. I turn and make my way out of the crowd, encountering my late neighbour on the outskirts making arrangements with the gentleman of the handbills for joining the Protest Procession on Saturday.

TELEPATHY DAY BY DAY.

THIS is an imitative age, and Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S success as a dreamer has naturally produced a crop of similar experiences among his fellow-novelists. A selection is printed below:—

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

Perhaps you will think with me that the following circumstances are worthy of record, if only for their scientific interest. It is principally because of this interest that, as such stories should not be told anonymously, after some hesitation I have made up my mind to publish this one over my own name, although I am well aware that by so doing I may expose myself to a certain amount of ridicule and disbelief.

On the night of Saturday, July 23, I went to bed at 12.19 and immediately fell asleep. At 3.14 I awoke with the feeling that my favourite terrier *Joe* was trying to communicate with me. Having read Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S recent letter in the *Times*, long though it was, I knew what to do, and, summoning my household, we at once set out for the nearest point on the South Western Railway where the line crosses water. We searched there and in other places, even as far afield as the Frensham Ponds, all day, but without success. At nightfall we returned home crestfallen and heart-heavy, only to find that *Joe* had been in his kennel all the time. Naturally we had not thought to look there before. This shows how unwise it would be to elevate Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S fantastic, and, if I may express the opinion, somewhat tedious, experience to the dignity of a precedent.

I will only add that I ask you to publish the annexed documents with this letter, as they constitute the written testimony at present available to the accuracy of what I state.

Undershaw, Hind Head, July 26.

No. I.

Haslemere, July 25.

DEAR SIR,—In pursuance of your instructions I have inspected the dog found in his kennel at Undershaw.

He is in good health and has had distemper.

I believe that the cause of his presence in the kennel is that he was affixed to a strong chain. (Signed)

HENRY DE WET, M.R.C.V.S.

No. II.

I spent the whole of Sunday, July 24, in tramping over Surrey with Sir Conan Doyle looking for a dead dog. I did not find one. (Signed)

William Potts (*Gardener*).

No. III.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has told me his dream several times with the utmost particularity and has never altered a syllable. Upon it I constructed several theories, none of which, however, could be thoroughly tested owing to the presence of the dog alive in his kennel.

(Signed) Sherlock Holmes.

Mr. Henry James.

It was, I think, on the night of that day which may be said in a sense to terminate the week, coming as it does, in a word, between Friday and Sunday, that I experienced, if that is not too strong a term, or shall I rather say underwent, a very rum sensation, not, I think, distantly connected with that elusive chain of intelligential communication to which the hideous but expressive word telepathy has been in a manner affixed. I was not exactly sleeping, nor was I, strictly speaking, awake, my state being perhaps most accurately expressed as dozing, when the consciousness of a pretty stiff calamity was projected in more or less vague fashion upon my sensorium. It were impossible in the present state of poverty of our language in the matter of exact terms to describe with any degree of vividness the constituents of this vision, or as it were ghostly visitation, but the sound of barking as of a fox terrier, or even miniature spaniel, was insistent, while among other component parts may be mentioned a sound resembling an owl's hoot, or the horn of a motor-car, not necessarily a Mercèdes or even a De Dietrich, but certainly a car of one or other make. The accompanying testimonies will prove how extraordinarily true was this weird harbinger of coming evil.

Lamb House, Rye, July 26.

No. I.

Lamb House, Rye, July 25.

Last Saturday afternoon, while my master, Mr. James, was taking a nap after lunch, a motor-car stopped at the house, followed by some barking dogs. This I can swear to, for I remarked upon it to Cook. The party knocked and rang and asked to be shown the room where Mr. James writes his brilliant novelettes. (Signed) Mary Little

(*Housemaid*).

No. II.

Lamb House, Rye, July 25.

I have rarely seen my friend James so excited as he was on awaking from his nap on Saturday. The exact words I have not space to give, but paraphrased they came to this: "My dear Howells, I feel convinced that a motor-car is nearing the house." It certainly was so. A motor car was toiling up Mermaid Street as he spoke, and in a few moments a party of excursionists were knocking at the door and asking to be allowed to see the Master's laboratory.

(Signed) W. D. Howells.

Mr. Hall Caine.

Mr. Hall Caine, the famous novelist and Manx legislator, does not himself record the very curious nocturnal experience of which he was recently the victim, but encloses, with a certificate of accuracy, the following account by an intimate friend:—



A COSTLY LAW-SUIT.

I was a guest at Greeba Castle on the night of the 26th. On the following morning my host came in to breakfast in a visibly perturbed state. He was far less like Shakspeare than usual: in fact, I hardly knew him. "What is it, Hall?" I asked (I call him Hall); and then he told me his dream. In the middle of the night, he said, he had awakened suddenly in great pain and surprise, convinced that his supremacy was being or about to be again attacked. The feeling was most uncomfortable and distressing. He groaned aloud, so loudly that his semi-detached neighbours hammered at the partition wall of the Castle to cause him to desist. He could sleep no more.

Later in the day the London paper arrived, and we saw in Messrs. Methuen's advertisement the title of Miss Corelli's forthcoming romance, "God's Good Man." *It must have been exactly at the time of* Hall's *nightmare that the compositors were setting the dread announcement.*

(Signed) A. P. Watt.

GOSSIP FROM THE LINKS.

By Johnny L. Hutchings.

I have recently spent a week on the Culbin Sands Links, about 10 miles from Nairn, a course of such unprecedented and peculiar texture and character that it has caused me to revise, if not actually to revolutionise, a great many of my views on the subject of driving, approaching and putting. The Culbin Sands, as readers of St. John's *Wild Sports of the Highlands* are well aware, lie between the fertile plains of Moray and the shores of the Moray Firth, and consist of a stretch of sandhills, in most parts formed of pure and very fine yellowish sand, without a blade of vegetation of any description, and constantly shifting and changing their shape and appearance on the recurrence of continued dry winds.

Westwards, towards Nairn, the sandhills are interrupted by an extent of broken hillocks, covered with the deepest heather imaginable, which conceals innumerable pits and holes, many of the latter not above a foot in diameter, but three or four feet deep, and so completely concealed by the growth of moss and heather as to form the most perfect traps for golf balls and golfers that were ever devised. Throughout the whole tract of this wild ground there are large numbers of foxes, which grow to a great size, feeding during the season on young roe, wild ducks and black game, and when these fail they make great havoc amongst the Springvale Hawks, Kempshall Arlingtons, and other rubber-covered denizens of the adjoining country.

No greens being available and the links being of the nature of one continuous hazard, an entirely new phase of the game has been evolved by the ingenuity of the residents, amongst whom the palm must be awarded to Archie McLurkin, the local professional and keeper of the bunkers, under whose auspices I have been instructed in the niceties of the Culbin game.

* * * * *

Perhaps the best idea of the novelty of the game may be gained from the

statement that not a single club of normal pattern is of the slightest use on the Culbin Links. McLURKIN's clubs are not merely unlike any that I have ever set eyes on in England or America, but they have special names of their own. For striking off from the tee he employs a weapon called a mid-bilger, with an enormously long shaft and a head resembling that of a niblick, as the tees, like most of the course, consist of extremely fine and loose sand. For playing through the green—if such a term can be used—he employs a waffle, a club with a very "whippy" shaft and a soft, rather spongy head, made of compressed seaweed with a leaden face. With a gale of wind behind him, he can sometimes hit the ball with the waffle about sixty or seventy yards, but I never succeeded in sending it more than about half that distance. For approaching he generally uses the sclaffy, a short iron club with a head shaped rather like a seltzer-water bottle, but when the ball is barely visible he takes his delver, which resembles the spade used in cutting peats, and literally shovels the ball out of its lair.

* * * * *

As in no circumstances whatever does the ball run more than three or four inches, putting is impossible, and the place of the hole is taken by a stick, as in croquet. But I have omitted to mention the most characteristic of all the Culbin clubs — that employed in extricating the ball from the deep pits in the heather described in my first paragraph. For this, McLURKIN, who is a bit of a mechanic, has devised an implement which he calls the diver, which is nothing else than an air-pump by means of which he is able to blow the ball out of a hole four feet deep. The rules for the use of the diver, or flimp, as the caddies call it, are rather complicated, but it may suffice to say that the player is allowed to blow once without loss. I have also omitted to mention that, in order to prevent the player sinking in the sand, he is obliged to don footgear somewhat resembling the *ski* of the Norwegians. Altogether it is a most fascinating, if somewhat fatiguing game, and as a means of obtaining a mastery of the short duffing shot I know nothing to equal it.

* * * * *

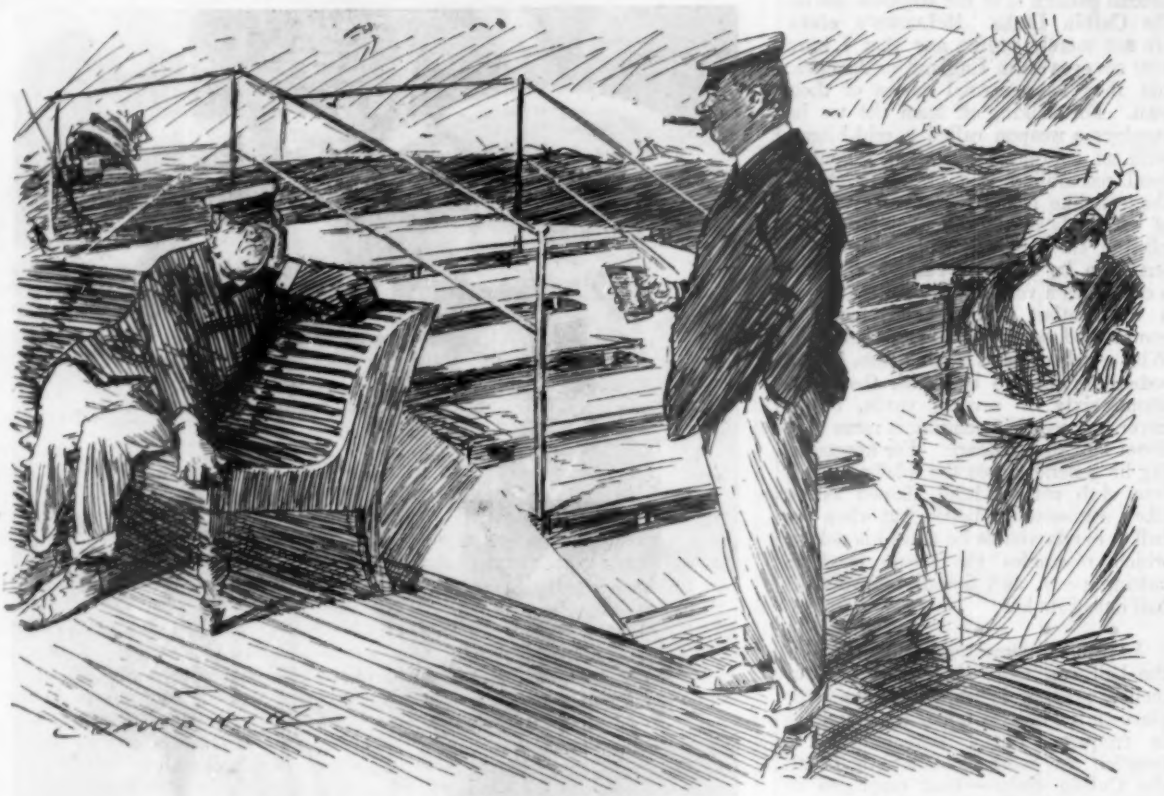
But there are other advantages connected with the Culbin game which it would not be right to overlook. The complete absence of turf renders it impossible for even the worst player to do the slightest damage to the course. There is never any need to replace divots, because divots do not exist. Again, the game being entirely a question of "carry" and not "run," the burning question of stymies is practically eliminated. The greens are never too keen or fiery, and owing to the practically limitless extent of the Culbin sand-hills—estimated at about 25 square miles—there is not the slightest risk of the course needing a rest: in fact, the greater the drought the more interesting is the condition of the links. A low score, however, is impossible at all times. McLURKIN's record is 253, and I am free to confess that my first round took me something over 700 strokes.

* * * * *

McLURKIN is very anxious that the next Open Championship meeting should be held on the Culbin Sands Links, but the leading professionals whom I have consulted are by no means favourable to the proposal. Indeed ANDREW KIRKALDY waxed positively lyrical in his indignation. "We're not Arabians," he said, in that picturesque style for which he is so justly celebrated, "to go smothering ourselves in that blooming Sahara just to please McLURKIN," and Old TOM cordially endorsed his view. Still, from a geological and psychological point of view, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the change of venue, and I may perhaps recur to the subject in the near future. Next week, however, I must devote the space at my disposal to the more urgent question of the use of sedatives, and in particular of phenacetin, in match-play on links where the air is over-stimulating, and so calculated to disturb the nerves of the highly strung golfer.



Miss Gladys Pert. "I PASSED YOU TWICE YESTERDAY, AND YOU WOULD NOT LOOK AT ME."
Jones (who has recently been a grass widower). "A THOUSAND PARDONS! BUT PLEASE TELL MY WIFE WHAT YOU HAVE TOLD ME. SHE IS HERE."



THE COMFORTER.

"I say, Old Man, I've just been down in the Saloon, and they give you the finest Half-crown Lunch I've ever struck!"

CHARIVARIA.

Recent events in the Red Sea and elsewhere tend to show that, had the Japanese only been unarmed, the Russians would probably have beaten them.

The *Malacca* crisis was sharp and short. It was all over before Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could discover on what ground he should oppose the Government's action.

The movements of the Russian Volunteer Fleet have, we hear, caused considerable excitement in the British Volunteer Fleet, H.M.S. *Buzzard*.

Mr. Brodrick, we understand, is of the opinion that the Russians have merely postponed declaring war against us, until the new Army Reform scheme is adopted.

A well-known New York business man has wagered £4000 to £2000 that President Roosevelt will win in the coming election. President Roosevelt, while appreciating the compliment, is said to feel keenly the added responsibility.

Many of the Bishops are of opinion that one reason why people will not go to church is the poorness of the sermons, and instructions are to be issued at once to the clergy to be more clever.

On one of the most scorching days of July, a defendant at the Shoreditch County Court explained to the Judge that he was a baked potato-merchant.

If proof were required of the increasing number of foreigners visiting London it is furnished by the fact that there were more visitors to the British Museum last year than ever before.

A motor-car conveying John Trundley, of Peckham, from Lowestoft to Yarmouth caught fire last week. We understand that, although a little of him was burnt away, he is still the fattest boy on earth.

The newspaper which, in an account of a recent interesting ceremony at Buckingham Palace, referred to the fact that no less than 1400 "neatly uninformed nurses" were present, owes an apology to a hard-worked profession.

A French collector of stamp duties, living in sunny Provence, has been dismissed for wearing only a wine-barrel filled with water while transacting his official business.

In a bull and tiger fight at San Sebastian the combatants broke from their cage, and twenty spectators were shot in an attempt to despatch the animals. It is thought that this cruel form of sport will now be forbidden.

Sir Edward Clarke has declared that for success at the Bar there are three requirements—that the aspirant should be ambitious, have very little money, and be deeply in love. Much pain has been caused among certain wives of poor and ambitious barristers by this implication that they are blocking their husbands' way to success.

"Be thorough," is the Prince of Wales's latest message, and a Fifeshire man has not only stolen some flowers from a grave, but won a prize with them at a flower-show.



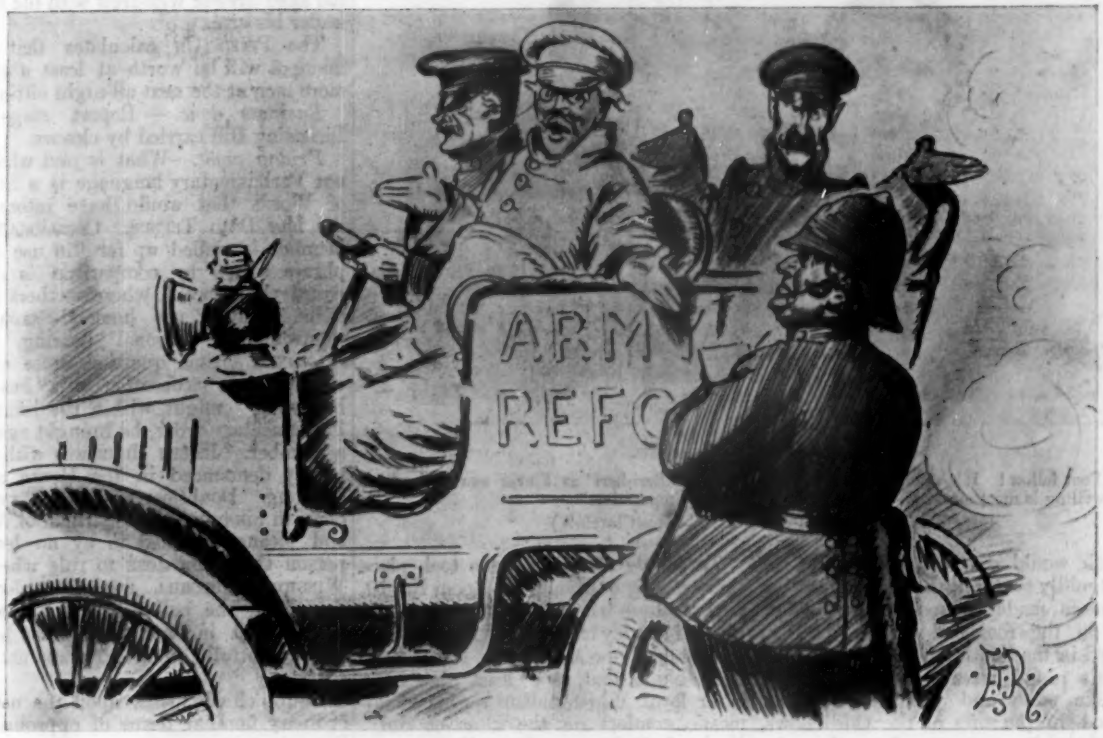
BANK HOLIDAY AT WESTMINSTER.

[Monday, August 1, Sir H. C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N moved vote of censure on the Government.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



MORE ERRATIC DRIVING.

P.-C. John Bull. "What, *you* at it again, Sir!? I must trouble you for your address."

Mr. Balfour. "My good man, how many more times am I to tell you that we are only the owners, and know nothing about anything! We've dismissed one chauffeur to please you; the new one's name is Arn-ld-F-rst-r; you can do whatever you like to him. I'll give you my address at the General Election. Not before!"

(Lord L-nsd-wne disclaimed Cabinet responsibility for Mr. Arn-ld-F-rst-r's scheme.)

House of Commons, Monday, July 25.—*The Silence of Dean Maitland* was finally, if not satisfactorily, explained in a dramatic scene. The silence of ST. JOHN BRODRICK kept Mr. LOUGH awake through a summer night. It fell on Saturday night at an Oddfellows Dinner at Farnham. The oddest fellow of the lot turned out to be the ex-Secretary of State for War. Invited to respond to the toast of His Majesty's Forces, he positively declined. The very terms of his refusal aggravated the situation. It was not on account of ignorance, nor lack of varied experience in the art of the science of war.

"I have," he proudly said, "served in the Volunteers and Militia. I am honorary Colonel of a Yeomanry regiment. I have been Secretary of State for War. At this moment I am assisting to control a large army in India. Still I am not competent to respond to this toast."

A profound hush fell over the Oddfellows; there was something more in this than met the eye. In the subdued excitement that followed, the toast, duly proposed, remained unacknowledged. His Majesty's Forces marched out of sight with noiseless footfall, spectral banners, skeleton forms, as if they were all comprehended in the Six Army Corps.

Why was this? Mr. LOUGH asked himself. What mystery lurks beneath this rare reticence? As a rule BRODRICK ready enough to speak in Commons and elsewhere. A man of war, capable of setting a squadron in the field—that is, of course, given the squadron — not unfamiliar with the wearing of the khaki, accustomed on visiting Mediterranean stations to be saluted by the sympathetic cannon, why should he in the large leisure of a Saturday night, in the congenial society of the Farnham Oddfellows, pointedly decline to answer for the Army?

Mr. LOUGH'S Sunday morning busdrive to the Angel, Islington, a sort of processional approach to his constituency, his morning service, his afternoon tea, acrid with the taint of increased taxation, his slumber through the sultry night, all disturbed by this Farnham mystery. Above all things a practical man. If he requires information in a general way he asks a policeman. In this particular case obviously the man to ask—and his action would have been equally direct had he been acquainted with the late *Dean Maitland*—is the person whose silence had stirred to profoundest depths the curiosity of the nation.

Accordingly, when House met to-day LOUGH put the Secretary of State for India to the rack.

"Don't answer," cried the Ministerialists, at same time leaning forward with keenest interest to hear explanation. Turned out to be not nearly so dramatic as was the termination of the Silence that for years brooded over *Dean Maitland.*

The warrior who was expected to reply to the toast of His Majesty's Forces at the Farnham banquet not turning up at parade, BRODRICK was invited to take his place. But true greatness is ever modest; valour that in the deadly



Dr. Claude Hay's Diagnosis.

"Poor fellow! It's as clear a case of—shall we say 'Beri-beri' as I ever saw in my life; the swelling is most marked. Strict isolation is simply imperative."

(The Hon. Cl-de H-y and Mr. W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.)

breach would die with its face to the foe timidly turns its back on flattering advances made in social life. There was in the room an officer who had served in the South African War. With all his proud record, his catalogue of warlike posts and proclivities which, recited in the ears of the Oddfellows, sounded like a passage from the catalogue of the ships in Homer, St. John Brodrick felt that in presence of this bronzed warrior he should take a second place, and humbly insisted on doing so.

House applauded this characteristic ebullition of modesty. All the same it felt that a great opportunity had been lost. Only the other day the Silent Sinjohn sat on the Treasury Bench whilst Arnold-Forster, with fraternal pat on the shoulders, told him he was an honest well-meaning fellow, but had made a terrible mess of things at the War Office. A.-F. had arrived at Pall Mall just in time to prevent national catastrophe following on the tumbling of the house of cards his predecessor had built on the foundation of a phantom congeries of Army Corps. What the House would like to hear is St. John Brodrick's plain view of Arnold-Forster's remodelling of an army system that, amid a blare of trumpets, was recast only four years ago.

This Oddfellows' Saturday night presented a convenient standpoint for reviewing the position. Seems a pity that from too sensitive consideration for the feelings of an anonymous officer who had served in the South African War opportunity was scouted.

Business done.—Report stage of Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Affecting scene took place this evening in Committee Room No. 10. Among those who last week sat the night out and the day in was Spencer Charrington, Member for Mile End. Nothing remarkable in that, as at least nine score other loyal Ministerialists sacrificed domestic comfort on the altar of duty. Mark of distinction about Charrington is that he is in age almost a nonagenarian. All very well for striplings like James Fergusson and Harry Chaplin to hear the chimes at midnight and after. But when it comes to having been born three years after Waterloo, having in the course of the last four years twice seen the British Army reformed from the boots upward, and then remaining in your place from two o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon till twenty minutes to four on a Wednesday—this is, as they say at Boulogne, quite another pair of sleeves.

178 all-nighters so pleased with Charrington's pluck, which in a way sheds lustre upon younger and more obscure sharers of his vigil, they put their half-crowns together and bought him a silver bowl. Prince Arthur, shrewdly perceiving opportunity presented of enforcing useful lesson, readily consented to present it.

"*C'est pour encourager les autres*," he whispered to himself, as he handed the bowl to the veteran Member.

Aloud he said some graceful things to the recipient of the prize, concluding with expression of the hope that he might live many years to sit up all night in his country's cause. Charrington affected to tears, for which the bowl came in handy. Not to be outdone in generosity he offered to fill it otherwise with Charrington's Entire. Prince Arthur, however, wasn't taking any, and the aged brewer withdrew with the bowl under his arm.

The Pink 'Un calculates that the incident will be worth at least a score more men at the next all-night sitting.

Business done.—Report stage of Licensing Bill carried by closure.

Friday night.—What is and what is not Parliamentary language is a Study of Words that would have interested the late Dean Trench. Occasionally a Member is pulled up for the use of a phrase which by comparison is comparatively innocent, whereas others may with impunity use homely Saxon of unmistakable personal bearing. In O'Connell's time question arose as to whether an accusation of "beastly bellowing" might, within the limits of Parliamentary order, be brought against a Member. Joseph Hume was with impunity denounced in the House as a humbug. Doubtless with these precedents in his mind, the Chairman of Ways and Means, appealed to by no less a person than Don José to rule whether Winston Churchill was in order in describing the policy of His Majesty's Government in South Africa as humbug, regretfully admitted it was not out of order.

Doubt chiefly arises upon the use of ordinary familiar terms of opprobrium. Some are, some are not, parliamentary. Much depends upon what the Chairman ate at luncheon or dinner. Claude Hay, with daring originality, went far afield and brought home a specimen that nonplussed even the shrewd sagacious occupant of the Chair.

"The hon. Member," Claude remarked, addressing himself to the winsome Winston, taking prominent part in a little game of obstruction, "is suffering from an attack of beri-beri."

House started in surprise. Was this a statement of fact or a flight of fancy? Fathers of families, quickly turning to regard Member for Oldham, wondered whether in former case disease was infectious. Amid general uncertainty not wholly free from consternation a Member relieved his mind by crying, "Order! Order!"

If Claude Hay had remained unresponsive he would have triumphed. Whether beri-beri is or is not an unparliamentary word is a question which, presented unawares at four o'clock on a July morning, Mr. Lowther was unwilling to decide. Certainly no one could cite a precedent against the use of the word on the ground of its being unparliamentary. Cries of "Order!", accompanied by demand to "Withdraw!" insisted upon by Irish Members who



KINDLY MEANT.

Genial Host. "YOU MUST LET ME TAKE YOU FOR A SPIN IN MY NEW MOTOR, MRS. LITTLETON. SUIT YOU SPLENDIDLY. SIXTEEN HORSE-POWER, YOU KNOW!"

cannot abear anything even approaching contumelious speech, filling the House, CLAUDE HAY gave himself away.

"One of the symptoms of the disease," he explained, "is, I understand, the development of a swelled head."

That did it. Beri-beri was incontrovertible by reason of its novelty and the ambiguity of its application. To accuse a Member of suffering from "swelled head" was clearly unparliamentary, and CLAUDE HAY was sharply ruled out of order.

Business done.—Licensing Bill read a third time and passed on to Lords.

TO EDINBURGH.

IN EXPIATION.

THOU dear and gracious Town, where I
Have sojourned for a fleeting spell,
The hour has come that bids me fly;
EDINA, fare thee well!

Right heavy am I that we must part,
For lo, I know not where or when
I've met so—down, poor fluttering heart!—
And more agreeable men.

Forgive me that I spake in haste
Winged words that I would fain forget;
Thy welcome seemed in doubtful taste,
And I was very wet!

But rather hold his memory dear,
Whose sunny presence brought thee forth
The finest weather of the year,
And warmed the watery North.

Now onward speeds the busy train,
O hospitable town and kind,
Farewell! Until I come again,
I leave my heart behind. DUM-DUM.

HOT WEATHER "CUPS."

A FEW ADDITIONAL RECIPES.

(To be used with discretion.)

HIC-CUP.

SEND for one quart of four-half, in a tin can, from the nearest public-house (Jug Department). Froth this into four imperial pint pewter measures nearly half full of double stout. Lace with nutmeg, ginger, spirits of wine, benzine and petrol to taste. Blow the head off, take out an insurance policy, and drink consecutively. This should produce the desired result. If not, repeat the dose, hold your breath and try to say "British Constitution."

TEA CUP.

Obtain a china, earthenware, or silver receptacle with a spout and a handle from any reliable warehouse, and see that it has no cracks. Warm the same with hot water for a few moments, and then empty the fluid away, not of course on the carpet, but in a basin for slops, or a properly constructed sink, if such is at hand. Take (but pay for) one teaspoonful of the best Ceylon or China leaf for each person of the company and one over. Place the leaves in the receptacle, and infuse for four minutes with water, which must be at a temperature of 212° Fahr. Serve hot in small bowls with handles upon saucers; add milk and sugar as may be required. If at a school treat or similar gathering, it is better to boil in a copper and pour the mixture from hot-water cans into mugs. This recipe, which we can thoroughly recommend, bids fair to come into universal use as a means of assuaging thirst. It cheers, but does not inebriate.

CLIVER PUNCH.

This exhilarating summer drink may be made from almost any weed, but the most delicate *nuances* are extracted from cliver, nettles and dandelions, all of which may be gathered in the course of a country ramble by those who are not fortunate possessors of a back-garden. Collect the herbs in a small basket, taking care to grasp them (when necessary) like a man of mettle, shake out the dust, beetles, caterpillars and other extraneous matters, and macerate with an infusion of boiling water in a wash-hand basin. Strain through a piece of clean muslin into claret-jugs, and serve cold. This will prove a most cooling beverage, especially to chance visitors—a single glassful has invariably been found to be sufficient. It is also a most invaluable deterrent in the nursery.



THE "PANAMA" OF THE FUTURE.

DIVING-BELL PATTERN.

TOAST-AND-WATER STINGO.

This romantic decoction is largely used in theatrical circles, especially at garden and river parties or picnics upon the stage. It may be made in almost any strength, according to the blackness of the burnt bread employed, or the state of the filter. The toast should not be more than a fortnight old, unless a *mousseux* and mushroomy flavour is desired. Bumpers of this may be kept in ice-pails to add greater effect.

WAS SHAKSPEARE A CRICKETER?

MR. PUNCH has noted with considerable interest the turmoil of public opinion raised by the connection between cricket and literature, and it is accordingly with some little pride that he finds himself able to make an important contribution to the discussion. The attention of scholars has long been drawn to the passage in *Macbeth* in which *Lady Macbeth*, talking in her sleep, remarks with reference to the murder which she and her husband have committed:

"Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do 't."

This sentence has always been a stumbling-block to commentators because they have found it impossible to believe that SHAKSPEARE was ignorant of the well-known fact that the words which a person may utter in his sleep can afford no reliable clue to his past actions. Obviously the passage has become corrupt, but hitherto no satisfactory emendation has been suggested. By a great stroke of luck, the true reading has come into *Mr. Punch's* hands. It runs thus:—

Umpire. Out!
First Player. Damned sport!
Umpire. Out, I say!
[*Exit* First Player.
Second Player. One for two. Why then 'tis time to do 't.

(Meaning of course that the rot must be stopped.)

WE learn from *The Guardian* (a local Cheshire paper) that "The Standing Joint Committee have recognised the courageous conduct of Constables HOLLAND and WILCOXON in stopping runaway horses in Altrincham by presenting them with gratuities." There is of course a classical precedent for this method of arresting runaways. MILANION adopted it in his famous race with ATALANTA, who was pulled up by a gratuity in the form of golden apples.

A SORT of Red Sea heat-apoplexy, complicated by stiff neck, seems to have attacked the Russian Volunteer Fleet. Frequent "seizures" are reported.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

III.

Still fighting the flies, I fare forward. I do hope my wife is not becoming very frightened. Hope she won't leave the bags and attempt to rejoin me. Then—we shall all be lost in the forest. She will not find *me:* I shall have lost *her:* and both will have lost the bags. Perhaps have to pass our night in the forest. Then how about animals and —things? Wolves, I believe, do not come down here till winter. Thank goodness it's not the season for wolves. No signs of human life!—Ha! yes, at last two carts—I forget what the word for "cart" is in French—but no horses, no drivers. Yes, suddenly on my left, down another woodland avenue, are approaching three men! How welcome is their appearance! One of them is on a bicycle. All are English. They seem astonished to see me here. Why? Have I strayed very far from the right path? I ask them the way to the Hôtel du Touquet. "Straight along by that road," they say, pointing to one at right angles to where we are standing. And they resume their route and are, in a second, out of sight and out of hearing. Gone! Leaving not a wrack behind.

Joy! Joy! I hurry on to the road. Up drives a butcher—a French butcher, of course—I stand in front of his horse as if I were a foot-pad, and he pulls up short at some risk to his own equilibrium. In spite of this he is civil and obliging.

"Is the hotel near?" Yes it is, he indicates with his whip — and sure enough at the end of the woodland road there I see, as it were in a steel engraving of an old story book, a corner of one of the annexes that belong to the hotel! Then I ask the friendly butcher will he kindly send some one from the hotel into the forest to fetch our bags?

"Bags in the forest?" repeats the butcher, astonished. The conversation is carried on, of course, in French; slow and sure on my part; rapid, and not quite intelligible to *me*, on his.

"Yes, and there is a lady there," I continue and explain (so as not to shock the butcher or leave him under an erroneous impression), "*c'est Madame ma femme.*"

"Ah!" he cries. "*Madame et les paquets*"—and then he is commencing to utter sympathy and condolences, when in the distance I catch sight of a man in a blouse, who may be the village *facteur*, a *commissionnaire* from the hotel, or an ordinary *porteur*. He is speaking to someone at the entrance of this road quite close to the hotel, and not a couple of hundred yards distant. I break off with the butcher, who, wishing me good luck, drives on, and I commence to shout and signal to *l'homme à la blouse*. He sees me; he comes up; doffs his cap; he is a *porteur;* and he is ready and willing.

By the way, on referring to my watch I find that all this has occupied me longer than I had imagined, and that it is quite a quarter of an hour since I left my wife in the forest.

I don't like the idea: my wife, alone with four bags, in the forest, and shades of evening closing round.

Then I say to my ally, "Come along! quick! there are bags and a wife in the forest.

"*Où ça, Monsieur?*"

"That 's exactly what I don't know," I am unhappily compelled to reply.

He throws up his hands in despair.

"But," he says, "if Mister doesn't know where he has left the four bags with Madam his wife, how can we be expected to find them?"

"We *must*," I answer fiercely. Had I time I would adapt to the occasion Richelieu's line, "There's no such word as *fail!*" But however perfect my translation of it might be I fear the sentiment would be lost on my companion. I hurry him along into the forest; I *hope* I am retracing my steps.

The flies in the evening—it is now just on nine—are more pestilent than they have been all day. They drive me wild.

"Come on," I repeat to my obliging companion, and I dash off frantically at the double. Suddenly, after proceeding at a rapid and exhausting pace, fighting flies with pocket-handkerchief, I pull up short, and, on looking round, I exclaim in despair:—

"*Con*found it! I've lost my way!"

The civil little man, temporarily engaged in my service, is more than ever, sympathetically, in despair.

"Which way is it?" he inquires, with tender politeness, "to the place where Madame and the bags are left?"

"That 's exactly what I don't know," I return, much irritated. "If I *did* know we should be there by now!"

The faithful dependant again throws up his arms, surrendering, as it were, to fates inexorable. He is perpetually repeating this action as if he were playing in a Greek Tragedy. I feel inclined to say to him savagely, "Don't be a fool." But I must keep friends with him, as he is my only hope. He is depressed; he makes no sign; he offers no suggestion. All he does is to take off his cap in order to wave it about my head in a touching but utterly futile attempt at warding off the flies while I am talking to him, so that I may keep up a clear and connected conversation without frequently interpolated *juramentos* against *les mouches qui piquent.*

The evening is drawing in. No wife, no bags! And now we are in the forest, and *I haven't the slightest notion of the way by which I first entered or by which I returned to the road.*

Little man in blouse helpless, hopeless, wringing his hands.

"The forest is large and Madame and bags may be lost!" he wails, "but can I not tell him——"

"How the deuce can I tell you anything when I don't know it myself?" I interrupt, petulantly; being goaded into irritability by infernal flies.

"That is so, naturally," he replies quite humbly, "but if Mister could have the goodness to indicate to him some route the most probable——"

"*Attendez!*" I exclaim. Then, if he knows the forest, as he professes to do, he will be able to tell me where to find those two carts, as it was near *that* spot I left my wife.

"*Je connais bien l'endroit où j'ai laissé Madame avec les quatre sacs,*" I begin; "*il est tout près d'un endroit, dans la forêt, où il y a deux—deux*"—and here I dry up, for to save my life or find my wife, I can *not* remember the French word I require for "*carts,*" and if I use *voitures* that will only put him on the wrong track. I, perpetually interrupting myself to fight the flies, try to define to him the sort of thing I mean; but it is difficult to act a cart; he endeavours to assist me in ascertaining my own meaning, and thenceforth we get entangled in such words as carriages, bicycles, motors, traction engines, and every vehicle (in French) save carts. Once more he throws up his eyes and hands, heavenwards, in utter despair. Giving up the explanation as



Youth. "Half a-pound of Tea, please."
Shopman. "What colour will you have it? Black or Green?"
Youth. "I don't know, but it's *for a Funeral.*"

hopeless, I make another start and urge on our wild career, plunging deeper and deeper into the forest.

"*Que nous crions à haute voix*," cries my man, as if suddenly inspired, and therewith he shouts "*Madame! Madame!*"

I join him. We both call at the very tip-top of our voices, "*Madame! Madame!*" Then I have a solo and shout out my wife's Christian name. Twice. We both listen anxiously. Not a sound. Little man in blouse seems inclined to throw up the quest and go home.

"If I could only find," I exclaim, becoming wildly agitated, "where those two—not *voitures*—but—" I try the word on him, "carts"—in English.

"*Cartes!*" he repeats in French, utterly astonished, as well he might be, if he thinks I want him to produce a pack of cards out here. He shakes his head; he is grieved, but he cannot understand me. His puzzled look clearly says to me, "Have the flies driven this Englishman mad?" He sighs: resumes his walk: trudges on a bit and then stops to shout "*Madame! Madame!*" But no answer comes.

Suddenly I remember. In my pocket-book is a little travelling French phrase-book: it may have the very word I want. If it has, it is a most wonderful exception to all foreign phrase-books. Aha! I take out the little book, and begin searching in its pages. My peasant-porter respectfully bares his head and stands cap in hand, under the evident impression that I am reading some petitions for wayfarers out of a pocket prayer-book.

Trouvé!! "*Charrette*" is the word. Does my friend know a spot in the wood where there are two *charrettes* standing?

Naturally he does. Without doubt. Perfectly. Is Madame there? *À la bonne heure!* This way! He becomes quite sprightly with joy. So with a turn to right and a turn to left we hurry on. We arrive at the *charrettes*, and then——

The place seems to have changed. I am just as much puzzled as ever. "*Voilà les charrettes*," says my companion triumphantly, "*mais*," he adds, staring about him vaguely, "*je ne vois pas Madame.*"

Nor do I!! Rhymes and old songs occur to me in my despair. I find myself humming, "Oh, where and oh where is my little wee wife" to the old tune of the Dutchman's dog. This way madness lies. Then we both shout "*Madame! Madame!*" No answer. The silence is awful.

We, my wife and I, had entered the wood, and trudged along as Adam and Eve out of Paradise; now it is Orpheus calling for Eurydice, with talented assistant vocally helping.

We call: we shout: we traverse the wood to right, to left, up the middle, down again, on to the high road, back again. Shouting evermore. Shades of evening shadier and shadier every minute. Flies becoming recklessly malicious before retiring for the night. Of course, it is their supper-time. No sign of anyone anywhere. One wife and four bags, utterly disappeared! Vanished! Little man in blouse and self stand and stare at one another hopelessly. *Que faire!*

(*To be continued.*)

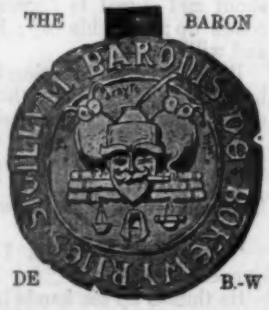
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Those who, in the enervating heat of the present summer, require a stimulant for their literary appetite will find it in Mr. G. W. Appleton's latest novel entitled *The Mysterious Miss Cass* (John Long), a lady to whom the Baron begs to introduce his trusting friends. It is tersely written; curiosity is immediately aroused and well sustained. There is but one fault to be found with the construction, a fault absolutely unaccountable when committed by a writer of such originality as is the author of this novel. He imperils the success of the story for the sake of a pineapple and an incident borrowed from Poe's *Murder in the Rue Morgue*. Fortunately this weakness is at the finish, when the story being practically over, such an explanation is unnecessary.

Motherhood (Fisher Unwin) is announced as the work of L. Parry Truscott. The signature is one of those which suggest the query of sex. In notices of earlier works the author is alluded to as "Mr." My Baronite is disposed to stake modest claim to acumen by declaring his belief that the writer is a woman. There are some delicate, precise touches in connection with mother and child that could be imprinted only by a woman's hand. However that be, *Motherhood* is a tale far beyond the average of novels of the day. With a tendency to puerility in its opening scenes, as it proceeds it deepens into the soundless depths of a woman's love. As far as one recalls a long-reaching vista of novel reading it breaks new ground in the way of plot. Motherhood in the particular form shown by *Pauline* is beyond the record of absolute unselfishness. There are other skilfully drawn characters in the book besides the heroine. In spite of her sister *Gertrude* being commonly, with revolting ingenuity, addressed and written of as "Ger," she is sufficiently attractive to overcome the irritating blotch. Excellently conceived, too, is her lover, the quaint *Dr. Humphrey Martin*, and much skill is shown in the description and development of the character of the wayward, selfish cause of *Pauline's* troubles, *Everard*, infirm of purpose. Whether the initial L in the author's name cover the name Lucy or Lawrence, *Motherhood* will serve to establish a high reputation.

A Taste of Quality, by E. S. Robison (John Long) is a disjointed narrative with a thin thread of story running through it. The author attempts to sustain whatever interest he may have aroused at starting by a series of jerky dialogues carried on by the principals who, individually interesting in themselves as characters, soon become hopeless bores. The Skipper's work commences early in the volume.

English Sport, published by Macmillan & Co., whom the Baron congratulates on the admirable get-up of the book, is written by distinguished and experienced contributors, all under the sympathetic editorship of Alfred E. T. Watson. There must be very few among us, take what class of Englishmen you will, whose attention is not to be arrested by some chapter on Fox Hunting, on Wild Stag Hunting, on Harriers, and records of all kinds of shooting, from pheasants to such fierce wild fowl as African lions. There are contributions on Racing, Rowing, Polo, Steeplechasing, and in fact on everything belonging to the domain of "Sport." Why Motoring is included rather puzzles the Baron. Of course Mr. Horace Hutchinson writes breezily yet scientifically on Golf; and Major Broadful ("retired") comes out of his retirement to gossip pleasantly and instructively on Billiards. This last-mentioned paper is excellently placed as a finish to the bustle of the book. The reader has been galloping on horseback in company with Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lady Augusta Fane, has been wildly stag-hunting up hill, down dale, over rocks and crags, and into quagmires, with Viscount Ebrington; he has been shooting and fishing with the Marquess of Granby, flying falcons with the Hon. Gerald Lascelles ("flying kites" perhaps to keep himself going), so that he must indeed be thankful to enjoy a quiet post-prandial game of billiards with the Major, "retired," before the hour when both of them, civilian and military, will be on the retired list for the night. Thus closes the book, which can be taken up at any time and thoroughly enjoyed.



TARIFF TALES.

IN an article on "The Political Novel," a contemporary remarks that already quite half-a-dozen Tales have appeared dealing more or less directly with the Fiscal Problem. These are but the first drops of the autumnal storm. Both the Tariff Reformers and Free Food Leaguers have engaged favourite authors to popularise their respective views, and *Mr. Punch* is able to append some specimens from works shortly to be issued:—

Sample 1, from "Captain Peck's Picnic," by Mr. W. W. Jacobs.

". . . After a voyage like mine, Mrs. BRIGGS," said Captain PECK, sententiously, as his glance wandered round the comfortable parlour and settled itself upon the fair face of Mrs. BRIGGS' daughter, "it 's a pleasure to sleep ashore again."

"And *that*," remarked young HOSKYNS the coastguardsman, with frigid irony, "that 's why you pay Mrs. BRIGGS for a room, I s'pose, when your boat——"

"My *ship*, young man," said Captain PECK.

"Your ship is lying in the harbour, and you might sleep aboard for nothing."

"Pre-cisely," said the Captain, scowling at his questioner. "To-morrow, Mrs. BRIGGS, I hope you and your daughter will come aboard and take tea with me. I've brought home a few things I should like your opinion of—tinned. To-morrow, and have a cup o' tea with me; I 'll show you the things for certain."

Mrs. BRIGGS, however, declined the invitation. Ten minutes on the water, she said, fairly finished her up, and so far from being able to put food inside her it was, in a manner of speaking, the other way about. That day they sailed to Dormouth, FLOSSIE would remember.

FLOSSIE *did* remember, and cut the reminiscence short. If the Captain would not mind, she suggested, would he bring the tea ashore, and they could picnic on the beach in Farley Cove? The Captain could, and would. HOSKYNS, not included in the invitation, left the *Lion* and went thoughtfully home. He had felt fairly certain of gaining Miss BRIGGS's affection until this humbugging Captain appeared, with his tales of incredible adventures in the South Pacific. Since then FLOSSIE had expressed her preference for "real sailors that didn't only walk up and down the cliff with telescopes," and the heart of HOSKYNS was sad within him.

The picnic was a success, and Mrs. BRIGGS did full justice to the Captain's provisions — about the obtaining of which he told her new and even more wonderful tales. The party was just thinking of moving, when HOSKYNS came round a corner of the cliff.

"There *are* parties," observed Captain PECK thoughtfully to the horizon, "that must—actually must—put in their ugly faces where they 're not wanted."

HOSKYNS ignored this graceful sally. "A pleasant afternoon you 've had, and lots of vittles—all from foreign parts, Cap'en?"

"Every bit," said PECK defiantly, "every blessed bit. Fourteen cases of tinned pine I got after that bust-up with the Esquiwary Indians, and six chests of chocolate were given me by the chief—what did I say was his name, Mrs. BRIGGS? It 's clean slipped my memory. Then there was——"

"That 'll do for a start, Cap'en," said the coastguardsman, who had hastily been reckoning sums on a scrap of paper. "The duty on these articles, under Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S new tariff, is three pound—fourteen—and seven, which I 'll trouble you to hand over."

"What!" gasped the Captain. "D'you mean to say——"

"I do," said Mr. HOSKYNS. "With your remarkable long voyage, Cap'en, you 've forgot how things be altered since you was ashore last. Heavy duties on every blessed thing nowadays! Of course, if you *had* happened to slip into TRIMMEL'S shop about seven minutes to ten this mornin' and bought them pine-apples and stuff there, there wouldn't be no call for you to pay duty; but they being direct from furrin' parts, you see——"

"Exactly," said Captain PECK, with some haste, "exactly. A—a word with you aside, Mr. HOSKYNS."



AN IDYLL OF THE SEA.

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

II.

How quickly these impressions wane!
I think—but would not like to swear—
It must have been the *mise-en-scène*
That drew me first to Di Adair;
For I have sampled many a view
Before and since, but never seen a
More likely spot for Love's *début*—
Take it all round—than Taormina.

Sheer crags above, and, sheer below,
The shifting light on narrow seas;
Southward the crater, crowned with snow,
That swallowed poor Empedocles;
Ruins of Roman play-house walls
(Hellenic in their prime construction);—
'Twas there, in two adjacent stalls,
That we dispensed with introduction.

"O Isle of Greater Greece!" I thought;
"O famous Syracusan shore!"
For memory moved me, strangely fraught
With little tags of classic lore;
So that her air, full-blown and blonde
(My fancy being somewhat flighty)
Appeared to me to correspond
Strictly to that of Aphrodite.

And yet a goddess over-ripe
In the technique of Love his trade
Seemed an invidious anti-type
For so demure a British maid;
Better that I should take the style
Of *Ferdinand* (wrecked off Girgenti?)
Who found *Miranda* of the Isle,
A trusting girl of eight-and-twenty.

That lovely heroine's lot was cast
Remote from men; and, much the same,
Dear Di, it seemed, had had no past,
But barely lived before I came.
'Twas well! The warrior sort might choose
Rivals to rout in open action,
But I with my civilian views
Preferred to be the sole attraction.

What might have happed I won't enquire;
For Fate that guards my guileless head
Summoned me home by instant wire
Before the crucial word was said;
And when, in London's giddier scenes,
Once more we met I nearly fainted
To find her not by any means
The lonely chicken I had painted.

I that was once so nice and near
Felt like a stranger far apart,
Wholly unread in that career
Which others seemed to know by heart;
These were "her men"; I heard her call
Their Christian names—Tom, Dick and Harry;
Yet not a man among them all
Had thought her good enough to marry!

No shadow, so I heard, had crept
Across the lady's fair repute
Explaining what it was that kept
The voice of Matrimony mute;
Her 'scutcheon bore no kind of blot;
She had admirers brave and many,
But as to marriage—they were not,
In vulgar parlance, "taking any."

'Tis true they whispered here and there
Of one whom she declined to mate,
Who took to drink in pure despair,
And motored at a fearful rate;
But, when I struck the rumour's track
And made a near investigation,
There was no evidence to back
Her partial mother's allegation.

Slowly and with reluctant pain
This doubt arose to give me pause:
Do girls of twenty-eight remain
Spinsters without a cogent cause?
Why should I risk to bark my shin
Against the steps of Hymen's altar;
Why, like a fool, rush madly in
Where wiser men preferred to falter? O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

Chapter II.

The White Rabbit's Character and his Relations with Rob.

If I frightened you very much by carrying you about in my mouth, and made you very untidy and rather damp, and if you knew that I had fully intended to eat you, and had, in fact, been prevented only by the opportune arrival of a little girl—well, I don't think we should be very good friends for the future. It was different, however, with the White Rabbit and *Rob*, the Labrador retriever. I am bound in common honesty to point out all the defects of my hero, and I may as well tell you at once that the White Rabbit was a most vain and conceited person. He never saw a girl of any kind without being convinced she had fallen hopelessly in love with him:

"I really can't help it," he used to say; "I don't *try* to make them fall in love with me. I didn't *make* myself beautiful: I was just born so, and anybody can see how I struggle against it all. It's hard lines on the girls, of course, because I always have said I'm not a marrying man, but what's a fellow to do when they absolutely won't leave him any peace? It's all very well for you"—this remark was addressed to *Rob*—"being only a black dog——"

"I *beg* your pardon," said *Rob*, with a cold politeness, "you said——?"

"'Being only a black dog' was what I said, and of course you are a black dog, you know, and you do bury your bones. Oh, I don't blame you for it, my dear Sir; it's instinct or inherited habit, or some nonsense of that kind, but, thank Heaven, we're free from it. Whoever saw a White Rabbit burying a bone? The very idea is ridiculous."

"Why, you fluffy fool," said *Rob*, who didn't at all relish these aspersions on dogs, "you long-eared fluffy fool, you never get a bone given to you. All you get is cabbage or lettuce leaves, or parsley, or a dish of bran."

"Perfectly true, my dear Sir," said the White Rabbit, "perfectly true. I don't *complain* of my diet. I hope I'm resigned; but what I want you to understand is this: that it isn't good table manners to bury a bone—you know you always blush crimson and look hopelessly confused when you're caught doing it—and that if they *did* give me a bone I shouldn't bury it. I should put it away neatly in a corner, that's all. But, of course, if you don't like the subject we'll change it. I hope I know what's due from me better than to give pain to anybody by talking about what he doesn't like. And if you don't like bones——"

"You bounding blockhead," said *Rob*, thoroughly annoyed, "who in the world said I didn't like bones?"



A DREAM OF GREEN FIELDS.

MR. PUNCH. "NOW, MISTRESS CHARITY, CAN'T WE MANAGE TO MAKE THE DREAM COME TRUE—JUST FOR A FORTNIGHT?"

[The Children's Country Holidays Fund is in great need of assistance. The Hon. Treasurer is the Earl of ARRAN, 18, Buckingham St., W.C.]





EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Wife (to FitzJones, who, in trying to lay the cloth for the picnic on a windy day, has got among the crockery). "JUST LOOK WHAT YOU 'RE DOING, ARCHIBALD!"

"As a subject of conversation, I was about to add, only you didn't give me time—but that's just like a dog. You 're all too impetuous, much too impetuous, ever to succeed really well in life. You should try a little repose, my dear Sir, you really should."

"Repose be blowed," growled *Rob*; "all I know is that *my* nose doesn't move five hundred to the minute, like some noses I 've seen."

"But your tail does, silly!"

"Oh, I can't stop here all day listening to your rubbish," said *Rob*, and off he went.

From this conversation it will be seen that, in spite of the *contretemps* which I related last week, the relations between the White Rabbit and the Labrador were quite amicable. The fact is that the Rabbit, being, as I have said, a remarkably vain and conceited person, never got out of a scrape by the help of others without becoming firmly convinced, on reflection, that he owed his escape entirely to his own surpassing ingenuity and courage.

"It 's extremely lucky for you," he observed to *Rob* on the following day, "that I forced you to drop me when I did."

"Why what on earth *could* you have done?" asked *Rob*.

"Oh, I shouldn't have done *very* much, but it would have been most uncomfortable for you. I should first—let me see what should I have done first?—Oh, yes, first I should have bitten you through your ear, and then I should just have scratched your eyes out. You 'd have been a blind dog, my fine fellow; and a blind dog 's a pretty useless kind of animal, let me tell you, especially a blind dog with a tattered ear."

"Well, you do take the cake!" was all *Rob* could say.

"But, mind," continued the White Rabbit, "I don't bear you any grudge. I'm quite content to let bygones be bygones. You can't help being a dog, and I suppose as you are one you have to act like one. Only, I think it right to warn you that if such a thing occurs again I shall have to deal with it severely. I can't afford to let you off again, my black friend."

You would have thought, after all this, that *Rob* wouldn't have cared to associate with so absurd a person as the White Rabbit; but, somehow or other, *Rob* couldn't keep away from him. While the Rabbit was hopping about on the grass in his little enclosure *Rob* was now always shut up, but when the Rabbit had been carried back to his hutch, *Rob* was let out again, and away he tore straight to the bars in front of the hutch and sat there gazing. "It 's because I 'm so attractive," said the Rabbit to the piebald cat. "Poor old *Rob*, we mustn't be too hard on him."

UNCOMMONSENSE.—A correspondent, writing to the *Western Morning News* on the public indifference towards the band that plays on the Hoe at Plymouth, recently asked: "Where else can you hear the music and see the Sound?" *Mr. Punch* believes he is right in saying that this effect is without parallel, even in the clearest atmosphere.

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XXI.—HOLIDAYS.

SCENE—*Cook's, Ludgate Hill.*

PRESENT.

Lady Jeune (in the Chair).
Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P.
Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.
Mr. St. John Brodrick, M.P.
Mr. Will Crooks, M.P.
Sir Alfred Harmsworth.

Lady Jeune. At this most opportune season, when liberty seems at last to be within the reach of so many, we are met to decide upon the most suitable holidays to take.

Mr. Will Crooks. Margate.

Lady Jeune. The most suitable for all varieties of people.

Mr. Will Crooks. I said Margate.

Lady Jeune. And in order that we may be assisted a little in our arduous discussion I have brought with me the current number of the *Ladies' Home Magazine*, in which the same subject is canvassed by some of the most illustrious of our contemporaries.

Mr. Will Crooks. They can't beat Margate, I'm sure.

Lady Jeune. I see, for example, that a noted wig-maker prefers solitude. A Devonshire cottage eight miles from the nearest station is his choice.

Mr. Balfour. My choice would be a Devonshire cottage eight miles from the nearest wig-maker.

Mr. Chamberlain. Why take holidays? I want no holiday.

Mr. Brodrick. How will you spend the time?

Mr. Chamberlain. I intend to devote part of it in a head-to-head visitation of the Oswestry district, to examine voters' bumps.

Mr. Balfour. It is quite true. The only way to rest is to change one's work. I am beginning my vacation by presiding over the British Association at Cambridge. After that, the links.

Mr. Crooks. And how will Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spend the remainder of his vacation?

Mr. Chamberlain. I have lately become rather interested in the question of reforming our fiscal system. Probably I shall be inquiring into that possibility during the recess.

Mr. Brodrick. It sounds a dull subject. Have you been at it long?

Lady Jeune. I see that Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY is in favour of the prettiest spot in England, the best possible weather and "the company of seven friends that I love the most."

Mr. Balfour. Very idyllic.

Mr. Chamberlain. A little exacting, perhaps.

Mr. Brodrick. Why seven? Why not eight?

Mr. Chamberlain. Has any man seven friends?

Lady Jeune. Surely the allowance is not excessive for a Universal Provider.

Mr. Brodrick. Yet what an odd number!

Mr. Balfour. And what *is* the prettiest spot in England?

Mr. Crooks. Margate.

Lady Jeune. Anywhere but Westbourne Grove, probably.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. Continuous cricket is the best holiday. I am giving all my young lions bonuses on their runs. Of bowling we think nothing on our paper; but five shillings a run is freely offered. No bowling performance can ever get a word, however "meritorious."

Mr. Brodrick. There are, of course, grouse. As one once sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius, so it seems that the legislation cannot now enter upon a period of leisure without first sacrificing a grouse to Hygeia. But it is not my pleasure. I have no ambition to bring down a bird with both barrels of a Lee-Metford.

Mr. Balfour. I did not know you shot birds with Lee-Metfords. But I seldom read the Sporting Papers.

Mr. Brodrick. Oh, well, with a Martini-Henri then; it 's all one. My idea of a holiday is a hammock.

Lady Jeune. It is also, I see, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH'S. I observe that the Chief Rabbi urges travel in Switzerland and the Tyrol, with interspaces of rest and reading.

Mr. Balfour. This counsel must come as balm indeed to the toilers in Whitechapel.

Mr. Crooks. My constituents go to Margate, and don't read.

Lady Jeune. A famous complexion specialist, for example, favours a sketching tour with kindred souls in a gipsy van. But that, of course, would not suit all.

Mr. Brodrick. Not me, certainly.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth. A motor gipsy-van might not be bad. A 60-gipsy-power van would be very lively.

Lady Jeune. I note that a Mr. BURGIN advocates the Canadian pine woods; but for a man with only a fortnight at his disposal that advice is not too practical. Even in these days of ocean whippets, I doubt if one would reach the sanctuary before it was time to return.

Mr. Balfour. After the British Association meeting is done I intend to take a sleeping draught, warranted to keep one comatose for three months.

Mr. Chamberlain. How odd! My intention is to remain wide awake all the time.

Lady Jeune. How, then, have we decided that holidays shall be spent?

Mr. Chamberlain. Each in his own way.

Mr. Crooks. At Margate.

CHARIVARIA.

THE final report of the Census of 1901 has just been published. At that date there were 97,383 insane persons in the country. It is appalling to think that this number was reached even before the Passive Resistance movement was started.

It is announced that electric trains will soon be running on the Metropolitan Railway, and that in the meantime the stations and tunnels are to be made more attractive. This, no doubt, accounts for the rumour that Portland Road Station will shortly be bedded out with choice flowers surrounding fountains of *eau-de-Cologne*.

The St. George's Circus obelisk is to be removed after all. We are not surprised at the opposition against which the proposal has had to contend. There is about an obelisk something so dainty and fanciful that we believe there is nothing else in the British ideal of art so successfully attained.

"The day of art-finds is by no means over," says the *Art Journal*. This may be true, but the visitors to the last exhibition of the Royal Academy certainly had little luck.

Sir W. P. TRELOAR having written to the *Daily Mail* to mention that a German waiter in reply to his request for a whisky and soda brought him a *Whitaker's Almanac*, Mr. ST. JOHN RAIKES mentions a much more fortunate incident. He asked for a *Bradshaw* and received a brandy and soda. Personally, we know of a case where a gentleman asked for a gin and bitters and they brought him a policeman.

A paper for smokers has made its appearance. Seeing how cheap matches are nowadays, we should have thought it scarcely necessary.

The cry of "Wake up, England!" has reached Norfolk. The Norwich Athletic Association is the donor of a medal, to be competed for at the Sheringham Harriers' Sports in a four-mile walking handicap, "for the first boy home under 18 years." It certainly seems a long time.

All sorts of reasons continue to be given for the emptiness of the churches. Some say it is due to the inferior quality of the sermons. On the other hand, as

a parson points out, how can you expect a good sermon from an over-worked cleric? It must not be forgotten that when laymen are sleeping clergymen are at work.

An actress defending the stage, in the columns of the *Express*, against the "faked woman" charges brought by Miss MARIE CORELLI, declares that "in actual life the actress is even more natural than the average woman." Miss CORELLI never said anything so cruel as that.

Is gallantry dying out? Several newspapers headed an item of news last week, "A Woman Burglar." We may be old-fashioned, but we prefer the more courteous expression—"A Lady Burglar."

At Charenton, France, the first number of a paper edited and printed by inmates of the lunatic asylum has made its appearance. We have reason to believe that several such papers have been published in England for some time past without acknowledgment of their origin.

On Friday last Mr. REGINALD VANDERBILT gave a dinner at Sandy Point, at which all the male guests had to wear old straw hats in various stages of dilapidation, while their partners donned sunbonnets. Nothing quite so delightfully *chic* in freak entertainments has taken place for years in America, and Mr. VANDERBILT is the hero of the hour.

The Russian Volunteer cruisers *Peterburg* and *Smolensk* are now returning home. They have had an enjoyable, exciting, and expensive cruise.

It is felt that Mr. Chamberlain is seriously prejudicing his chances of success with the labouring classes by promising them more work.

It is also looked upon by many as a tactical blunder that Mr. Chamberlain in his Welbeck speech, which was delivered on the hottest day of the year, should have promised cheaper food instead of cheaper drink.

China's troubles are not over yet. It is the opinion of his Excellency KANG YU WEI, the leader of the Chinese Reform party, that the English political system of Party government could be applied to China.

"I have been trying to smoke a cigar ever since I was eight years old, and I haven't succeeded," says T. P. in *M.A.P.* We would respectfully suggest to Mr. O'CONNOR that he should try a fresh one.



A POINT OF VIEW.

"ENGAGED TO JACK! WHY, YOU 'RE THE FOURTH GIRL HE 'S BEEN ENGAGED TO THIS SUMMER."
"WELL, DON'T YOU THINK THERE MUST BE SOMETHING VERY ATTRACTIVE ABOUT A MAN WHO CAN GET ENGAGED TO FOUR GIRLS IN ABOUT TWO MONTHS?"

DOG POLICEMEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was much interested in an article appearing recently in the *Daily Mail*, entitled "Dogs as Policemen." It describes how, in Belgium, dogs are being trained to detect thieves with the accuracy of a *Sherlock Holmes*. I am not a bit surprised! A vocation for police duties is inbred in many dogs. My own little *Fido* (lately deceased) was a case in point. *His* speciality was to protest against the frantic speed of motor-cars, bicycles, &c., and to warn their owners that they were exceeding the legal limit. How this marvellous dog obtained his knowledge of the fact that they were transgressing the law is altogether beyond me, but so it was. My house is near a much-frequented high road, and at every hour of the day *Fido* would fly out and bark violently at the "scorchers" who passed. Alas! he fell a victim to his own intelligence and zeal, which reduced him to the semblance of a pancake.

Yours scientifically,
"SPECTATOR."

"GLORIOUS" GOODWOOD.—The *Daily Telegraph* seems to have been the only paper to record a spectacle (apparently encored) which is unexampled at this Royal meeting. It tells us that—"The Royal party drove up just before the first race, and this again included the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Sparta."

A WARNING word may spare us blows,
So, all you pirate crews,
Just leave alone our P. & O.s.
And mind your P's and Q's.

IN OR OUT OF THE MOVEMENT?

(A Saturday to Monday Meditation.)

As a worker and dweller in London, and as always interested in every variation that "week-ends" away from the work-shop may offer to the toiler, it seems to me that the greatest change obtainable, with fullest value for money, in the least possible time at the farthest distance away from the madding business crowd, is the objective of all who, loving life, would see good days and reposeful nights. If, for you, variety hath charms, then will you find it in all sorts of shapes and forms—and the forms are various with a vengeance, at Brighton, where you will find yourself in the space of one hour from town; and however out of sorts you may be (and this applies to quite forty-eight persons out of fifty) good Dr. Brighton will pull you through and set you on your legs again.

There Sunday offers any amount of attractions in drives, steamboats, music on the pier, music in hotels (first-rate band at the Métropole, by the way) and plenty of lounging. Far be it from me to recommend anything "shady," even in these tropical times, but for coolness, comfort, and quiet the Royal York is hard to beat. Brighton gives you the very business of pleasure. Of Margate much the same may be said; ditto as to Ramsgate, whose new Pavilion, properly managed, may yet be numbered among the attractions *and* improvements. For the upper crust on the upper cliff, far away above the yellow sands, whence the gods aloft can look down on seething humanity below, there is the Granville in all its glory, with a promenade and a band-stand, but whether the bandsmen are there every evening this deponent cannot state with accuracy. All along the S.E. coast are places lively as Variety Shows, suitable for the majority in search of amusement and distraction on Sundays.

But go round the corner of England, south east, and down south to a seaside place that can be reached, express, in a few minutes over two hours by the L. & S. W. R., and, for perfect rest—compulsory rest, mind you, which you take upon yourself voluntarily—commend me to Bournemouth. Saturday and Monday, and every working day in a summer week, Bournemouth is blithe and gay. Steamers are running hither and thither, wagonettes, coaches, gardens with music, excellent bands on well-appointed pier, concerts, donkey-riding, *al fresco* refreshments, clowns, niggers—in fact, everything that is considered by the majority as constituting a 'appy 'oliday, is to be found, at its best, at Bournemouth.

But every Saturday night, long before the stroke of twelve, bands, lights, cocoa-nuts, niggers, donkey-boys, and all things and people that make quiet life impossible, vanish as if by magic, not to be heard of or seen again till Monday morning.

Any visitor from London who may need absolute quiet for his Sunday outing will get it at Bournemouth, where, aloft on the heather, on the sandy cliffs, or among the shady forests of firs, he will find (except perhaps for the interference of occasional insects) perfect rest.

There are, it may be freely conceded, some trains should he want to visit the neighbourhood: or, likewise, there are vehicles for hire. But if he would slumber to music, there is no band, no concert, not even of "Sacred Music" (at least, so I gather), in any public garden. Would he be invigorated by the sea-breeze fanning him aboard ship, and behold the pleasant line of coast, he must be, and indeed ought to be, content with sitting at the end of the pier, fancying himself on a steamer, when by a stretch of imagination he can realise to his mind's eye pictures of the coast far out of sight round the corners east and west. Sunday papers arrive late from town, so he will not be worried by unnecessary news.

He can sit in the pleasant Bath Hotel gardens enjoying the Mediterranean-like sea view, or in the public gardens he can meditate or read. He can stroll down to the delightfully situated hostelrie at Branksome Chine, yclept "Branksome Towers," beloved by our PHIL MAY, and there, with invigorated appetite, he can lunch or dine *al fresco*. At Bournemouth on Sunday there is no four-horse coach, no horn blowing; I saw no motors, nor heard raucous cries of journal-vendors. I fancy that even for the Salvation Army, with its brass bands and enthusiastic perambulating choir, Sunday is a day of peace and quiet at Bournemouth. To many the prospect of such a total change is deterrent, but to not a few, among the wiser visitors, the Sabbatarian observance of Sunday, just for once and away (away, of course, on the Monday), is a boon for which Bournemouth deserves a fairly discriminating boom.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(Dedicated to Richard Strauss.)

In the orient air of autumn, fanned by Mareotic fires,
Where the stately salamanders curtsey to their sacred sires,
I beheld a wondrous vision, mirrored in the asymptote,
Of nostalgic Rosicrucians branding the *scolĕcobrote*.

Plants of hypodermic basil on the margin stood arrayed;
Elfin hordes in anticlimax bathed in seas of marmalade;
And the obstinate allurement of the arrogant bassoon
Lent a silken iridescence to the mediæval moon.

Leaders of these lurid revels, GARIBALDI I espied
With a shoal of pterodactyls prancing gaily by his side;
Phuphluns, the Etruscan Bacchus, Gorboduc and Skanderbeg
Romping in divine confusion with the late Miss KILMANSEGG.

Goliardic cachinnations soon athwart the welkin rang,
Parasang in diapason booming unto parasang,
Till the saturnine COLOSSUS, joining grimly in the fray,
Passed in oval ululation far beyond the Milky Way.

Then the myrmidons of Argos, mounted on their hippogriffs,
Swooped in semilunar squadrons from the Dalecarlian cliffs,
Plunging their empurpled poniards in the bosom of the brine,
Till the minarets of Moscow sank into the Serpentine.

Oh, the rapture of the conflict, when the Corybantic crew
Clashed in fulsome adulation on the shores of Gillaroo!
Paladins of saintly presence, poets of seraphic quill—
HANNIBAL and BARBAROSSA, CALIBAN and BORADIL.

Suddenly the mist grew denser and the peacocks hove in sight,
Peacocks of peculiar flavour, kidnapped from the Isle of Wight,
Waving with impassioned gusto tails of elephantine girth,
While they sang, in plaintive accents, songs of agonising mirth.

But the oriflamme of Elba could no longer be defied,
And the satrap of Sahara claimed his long-forgotten bride,
Merging with supreme expansion, in the crucible of Hell,
Holocausts of *hara-kiri*, hecatombs of asphodel.

So the vision waned and vanished, and I found myself alone
On the crest of Cotopaxi, in the Hanseatic zone,
Cantillating with an unction never paralleled by man,
Since the Balearic buglers scaled the heights of Matapan.

ANSWER TO ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT.—We beg to inform someone who kindly sent in a joke "which he didn't think had been made up to the present moment," that the "Hotel for Lawyers," in connection with the name of RITZ, was perpetrated about the time when the well-known Hotel-raiser commenced, only that it took the form of "Advice to an intending speculator in Hotels, warning him of RITZ being out against him."



A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

Jimmy. "DADDY! WHEN TOMMY JONES AND I WERE DOWN BY THE WATER, WE CAUGHT A LARGE CRAB, QUITE SO BIG, AND I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT FRIGHTENED! I TOOK IT IN MY HANDS, ALL BY MYSELF!"

Daddy (who knows Jimmy's fear of crabs). "REALLY, AND WAS THIS TERRIBLE CRAB ALIVE?"

Jimmy. "N-NO, DADDY. BUT IT WAS *ALMOST* ALIVE!"

DIFFICILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

[Many people wonder why the Upper Ten figure so prominently in present-day British drama. In *Le Temps* Mr. A. B. WALKLEY suggests as the explanation that only men of means and leisure can afford the luxury of a grand passion.]

THERE'S a wish I've always had to be very very bad
And to emulate DON JUAN with the sex,
For I feel that I could make every bit as good a rake
As the dissolute TOM JONES or giddy QUEX.
I would cultivate the passion in the very finest fashion,
And elope with lots of other people's wives—
Had my income but permitted, I've a soul exactly fitted
For the gayest and the wickedest of lives.

But whenever I aspire to a questionable fire,
When particularly tempted to elope,
Say, to Margate or Southend, with a charming lady friend,
I am suddenly compelled to crush my hope;
For alas! my circumstances do not warrant such romances,
And my chief would look unutterably black,
While Maria would discover that her gay and gallant lover
Was an unromantic person with the sack.

How I envy lucky chaps—in the Albany, perhaps—
Who address their cringing valets thus: "You dunce!
Pack my Gladstone bag! Make haste! There is little time to waste;
We are leaving for the Continent at once."
Now if I presume to cherish such delicious dreams, they perish
At the prospects which await us poorer men.
It's a very prosy pity, but I've got to reach the City
Every morning as the clock is striking ten.

Thus with every wish to shine in the gay Lothario line,
And with every inclination to be bad,
Fate is one too much for me, and the sad result you see—
I'm the very mildest person to be had.
On a Sunday you will find me, with my little ones behind me,
Strolling virtuously over Walham Green.
Ah, how few would guess the hunger of this pious ironmonger
For the joys of a forbidden might-have-been!

THAT the disasters of the War are being literally "brought home" to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg is shown in the following tremendous item of intelligence, extracted from a *Times* leader of August 4:—

"The question of winter quarters for the Russian Army had not hitherto been regarded as urgent, but we are suddenly informed from St. Petersburg that General KUROPATKIN has issued orders for the removal of the 'useless civilian elements' from that town in order that winter quarters may be prepared there for his troops."



SAD RESULTS OF PERSISTENT BRIDGE PLAYING AT SEA.

Owner. "I'LL 'AVE IT TO YOU, PARTNER!"

CRICKET BY CONTRACT.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, the very existence of local cricket is seriously threatened by the deplorable selfishness of cricketers, who do not scruple to cry off at the last moment should some superior attraction present itself.

The following form of agreement will, it is hoped, go some way towards diminishing this serious evil.

This Indenture made on the day of 1904 between JOHN JONES of 1 Buckingham Palace Villas Balham in the county of Surrey Gentleman (and hereinafter called the Skipper) of the one part and SAMUEL SMITH of Chatsworth Cottage Brixton in the county of Surrey aforesaid (and hereinafter called the Trundler) of the other part

Whereas a cricket match has been arranged and is shortly to take place between the athletes of Balham (carrying on business under the style and firm of the Balham Early Closers) and the athletes of Upper Tooting (carrying on business under the style and firm of the Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays) And Whereas the said Trundler has assured the said Skipper that on a certain day to wit the first Monday in August in the year of Grace 1903 he did dismiss two batsmen and no more of the opposing team and numbered in the scoring sheet respectively ten and eleven (and which statement the said Skipper hereby binds himself to believe to the best of his ability) at an average rate of ten runs per wicket by bowling or otherwise propelling the cricket ball in such a manner that the said ball turned or twisted round the legs of the said batsmen and which style of propulsion is hereinafter called a Googley And Whereas the said Skipper relying on such representations as aforesaid has requested the said Trundler to aid and abet him in compassing the defeat of the said Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays And Whereas the said Trundler has agreed to so aid and abet him

Now This Indenture Witnesseth that in pursuance of the premises the said Trundler hereby covenants with the said Skipper that at 11.30 o'clock on the day appointed for the said match he will duly and punctually attend at a certain hayfield containing by admeasurement about 3 acres 2 roods 1 perch (and commonly known as the Upper Tooting Wednesdays and Saturdays' cricket ground) arrayed in proper clothing that is to say one pair of grey flannel trousers one shirt of flannel or linen one pair of white canvas shoes with nails spikes or other steel points in the soles thereof one cloth cap and one blazer containing such colours only as belong to the uniform of the said Balham Early Closers And This Indenture further witnesseth that the said Trundler will at such time or times as to the said Skipper may seem fit proper and right bowl propel or otherwise deliver such Googleys as aforesaid with intent to get the batsman bowled caught stumped or otherwise dismissed And This Indenture further witnesseth that he the said Trundler will not allow himself to be prevented from performing the premises by reason of Tennis Tournaments Ping-pong Parties Bicycle Gymkhanas Boating Excursions Weddings (whether his own or Another's) or Dancing Classes hereinafter to be called Superior Attractions but by the said Trundler described as the obsequies of his Grandmother Aunt or other distant Relative.

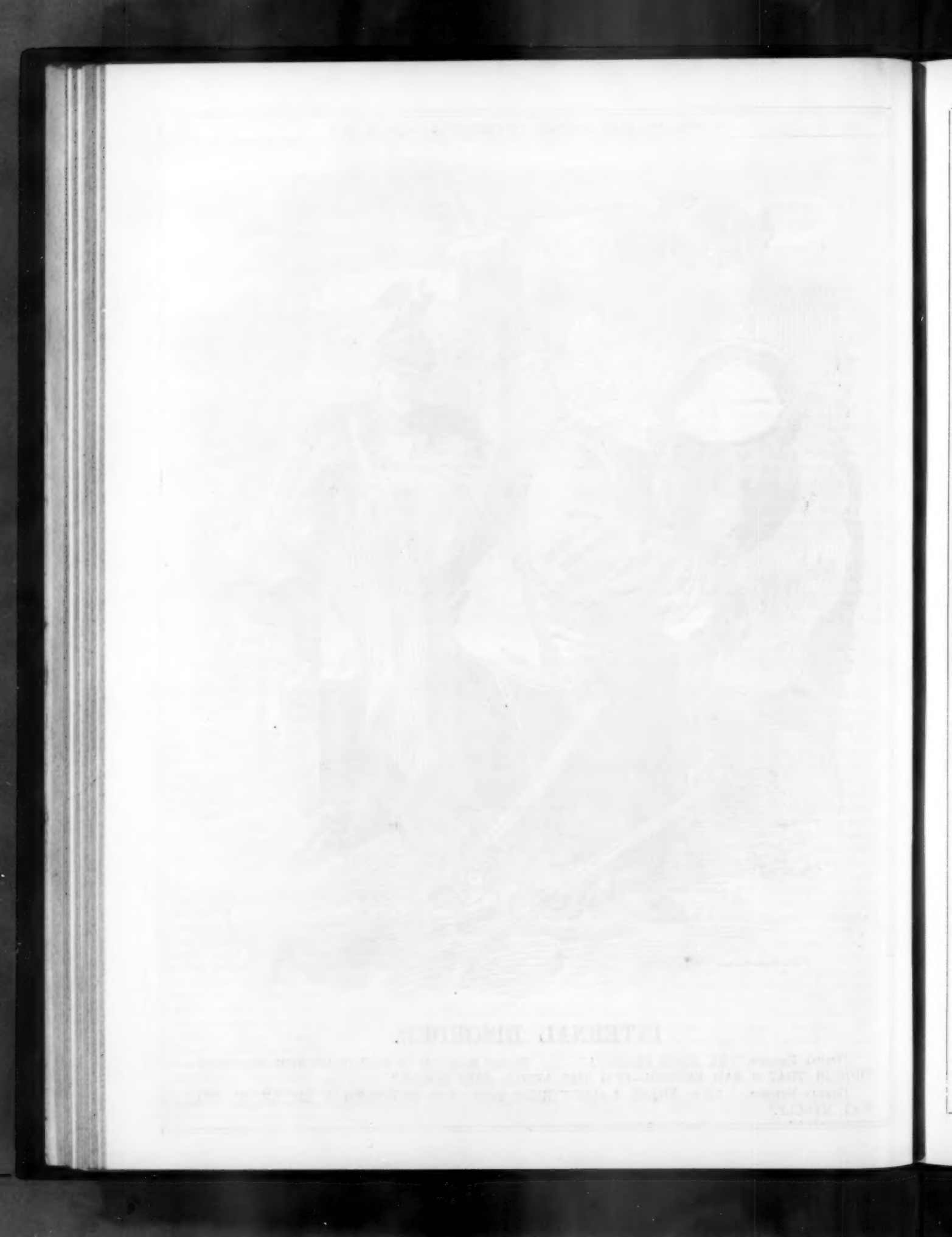
In Witness whereof &c.



INTERNAL DISORDER.

GERMAN EMPEROR. "MY POOR FRIEND!" RUSSIAN BEAR. "IT 'S NOT ONLY THE FIGHTING—THOUGH THAT 'S BAD ENOUGH—IT 'S THE AWFUL PAIN INSIDE."

GERMAN EMPEROR. "AH! THERE I *CAN'T* HELP YOU. I 'M TROUBLED A LITTLE IN THAT WAY MYSELF."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 1.—Bank Holiday, and a rare summer day. The mighty multitude of London out enjoying itself. Hampstead, Kew, Epping Forest, cricket at the Oval, Richmond Park at its best, all thronged with holiday folk. Only at Westminster work goes on as if John Lubbock had never been. As matter of fact, taking both Houses together, this so-called Bank Holiday is the busiest day of the year. Licensing Bill in the Lords, Vote of Censure in the Commons, filled both Chambers.

Viscount Peel moved amendment to Licensing Bill establishing time limit.

Some present to-night under ample wing of Lord Chancellor, having, still in chrysalis state, sat in Commons when, just twenty-four years ago, Arthur Wellesley Peel was called to the Chair, remember the brief speech he made in acknowledgment of his election. Heretofore his personality little known to average Member. Recognised as one who had filled subordinate Ministerial office. Had never caught ear of House by ordered speech. Now suddenly brought under the fierce light that beats on Speaker's Chair, the eloquence, dignity, lofty independence of his address created pleased surprise.

During the eleven years that followed, impression then made was sustained and deepened. To-night the Lords had opportunity of hearing a speech hereditary in its simplicity, its loftiness of moral attitude; equal to, if not exceeding, the eloquence that marked the speeches of the statesman whose highest aspiration was that he should "leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

As nearly sixty years ago the father devoted his rare capacity to the welfare of the working-man in the matter of food, so to-day the son, putting on harness again in time of well-earned rest, throws all his energy into effort to deliver the horny-handed one from the thrall of drink.

In the Commons C.-B. comes up fresh and smiling with quite a new vote of censure. No expectation of turning out Government, even at this eleventh hour. There were some three dozen Free Fooders on Ministerial side known to be ready to put principle before party. If they carried their convictions to logical conclusion they would support C.-B. in his expression of "regret that certain of His Majesty's Ministers have accepted official positions in a political organisation which has formally declared its adhesion to a Policy of Preferential duties involving the taxation of food."

They all shared the regret; Cousin



THE THREE JOE-VIAL HUNTSMEN. (Welbeck Edition.) No. II.

"They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a rusty, musty grindlestone, an' that they left behind.
Look ye there!
One said it was a grindlestone, another he said 'Nay,
It 's nought but an' owd fossil, that somebody 's roll't away.'
Look ye there!"

["I propose to put such a duty on flour as will result in the whole of the milling of wheat being done in this country. . . . This trade, which to a certain extent we have lost, will be revived."—*Mr. Chamberlain.*]



THE THREE JOE-VIAL HUNTSMEN. (Welbeck Edition.) No. I.

"They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing they did find
Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that they left behind.
Look ye there!
One said it was a boggart, an' another he said 'Nay;
It 's just a bankrup' farmer, *he* will surely go *our* way.'
Look ye there!"

["I do not believe that I have to preach to the farmer."—*Mr. Chamberlain.*]



"Diomed and Glaucus vow to avoid each other henceforth in the fray."

Hugh expressed it in a speech coruscating with wit. If they followed C.-B. into Division Lobby they would reduce Ministerial majority by 72. That would bring it to dangerously low figure, with inevitable conclusion of leading C.-B. to Treasury Bench. So they heroically resolved to take a middle course. Whilst lamenting Prince Arthur's falling away they could not vote with him; whilst approving C.-B.'s protest, they would not support him.

Some, like St. Michael and All Angels, stopped away, thus freeing themselves from all temptation; others, like Cousin Hugh, walked out when the Division bell rang. Thus it came to pass the Government have what in these days is reckoned a rattling majority of 78.

Whilst a good send-off for Ministers on eve of holidays was thus gratuitously provided, Opposition didn't even gain anticipated advantage of making things hot for Prince Arthur. Awkward enough they were, with Don José on one side and the deep sea of Opposition on the other; the former making fresh effort to rope in his right hon. friend, the latter insisting on knowing what are those views and convictions which Prince Arthur reiterated he had more than once defined. Prince Arthur ignored Don José's trap. He looked with wondering, almost incredulous, gaze at the Opposition still wanting to know.

"I have," he said, "over and over again declared my opinion, defined my position, on this fiscal question."

"What are they?" inquired matter-of-fact Member opposite.

Prince Arthur sailed along as if the question had been addressed elsewhere. Sat down without having by a phrase committed himself.

When the late Mr. G. did not want to reply to an inconvenient question, he made answer in a multitude of words that left the inquirer so bewildered that before he could return to the matter the next business was called on and opportunity had fled. Prince Arthur achieved the same end by the same way, but in varied fashion. He spoke nearly an hour on the burning question of the day, in the hearing of an intensely interested audience, and he said nothing.

Business done.—Vote of censure negatived by 288 votes against 210.

Tuesday.—"What, all my pretty chickens?"

C.-B., murmuring MacDuff's inquiry, stopped short of the last word in the line quoted, lest in the circumstances it might lead to misunderstanding. With the Scotch Church in fresh state of disruption it would never do for the Member for Stirling District, under whatever provocation, to be suspected of using an undesirable expletive.

Truly the situation extraordinary. At this epoch common enough for Leader of House to announce the dropping of certain measures in Ministerial programme, found impossible to carry through before Prorogation. Never was such holocaust as to-day. Twenty-one Bills chucked overboard. On some, such as Scotch Education, Port of London, and Aliens Bills, much time spent. Had it been concentrated on one, its passage assured; distributed, labour is lost.

Prince Arthur in gayest spirits. Seems rather proud than otherwise of distinction achieved. Jokes with Welsh Members without deefficulty. One item in the list is a Whales Bill. Welsh Members, not catching the aspirate, want to know what this has to do with Wales.

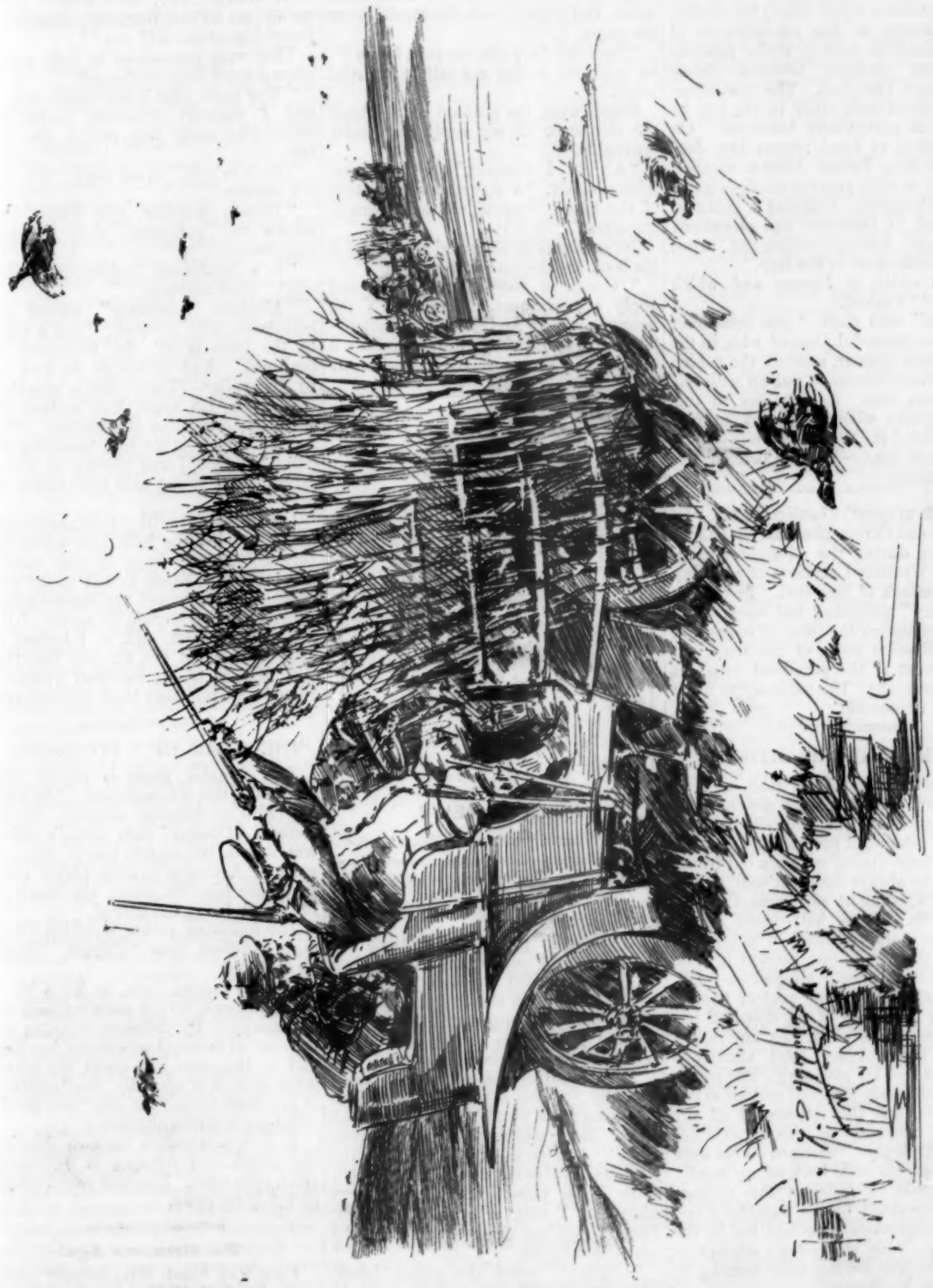
"Whales," said the Premier nodding cheerfully; "w-h-a-l-e-s, inhabitants of the deep."

"What a shining light he would have been at Dotheboys Hall!" said the Member for Sark. "You remember the spelling lesson there?" 'Spell winders,' said Mr. Squeers, to one of his boys. 'W-i-n-d-e-r-s,' whimpered the boy. 'Right,' said Mr. Squeers; 'now go and clean them.' 'Spell Whales,' Mr. Squeers would have remarked to Prince Arthur had his early youth been spent in the Yorkshire seminary. 'W-h-a-l-e-s,' would have been the unfaltering response. 'Right,' says Mr. Squeers; 'go and catch one.'

Business done.—Government Bills dropped like hot coals. Prince Arthur, going a-whaling in holiday time, means to wind up business at earliest possible date.

Friday.—The Member for Sark, who has been reading the *Life and Letters of Cowell of Cambridge*, just published by Macmillan, is delighted with passage in letter dated 1847, written by FitzGerald to the then young student.

"That is a noble and affecting passage," he writes, "where *Diomed* and *Glaucus*, being about to fight, recognise each other as old family friends, exchange arms, and vow to avoid each other henceforth in the fray."



GROUSE-DRIVING UP-TO-DATE.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE LUXURIOUS.

Whilst acknowledging the difficulty in the reference to old family friendship, SARK discerns in this reminiscence of the Trojan War analogy to the relationship now existing between PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ. The vow henceforth to avoid each other in the fray he regards as particularly felicitous. On the question of fiscal reform DON JOSÉ flies one flag, PRINCE ARTHUR another. They are as wide apart as whole-hoggers and half-hoggers. Fighting is going on all round, at Oswestry and elsewhere. But these, having exchanged arms, "avoid each other in the fray."

"And which is *Diomed* and which *Glaucus?*" I asked.

"Well," said SARK, "you remember it was the masterful *Diomed* who, in the exchange of armour, secured the golden suit, leaving *Glaucus* to put up with one of common iron. As they say to this day in places where they talk in proverbs, *Glauci et Diomedis permutatio.*"

Business done.—Welsh Coercion Bill in Committee.

ANSWER TO (MANY) CORRESPONDENTS.—Of course it was CLAUDE LOWTHER, not CLAUDE HAY, who, during the all-night sitting, accused WINSTON CHURCHILL of suffering from an attack of Beri-beri. In writing his "Diary" published last week, TOBY, M.P., confounded the two—of course not in the offensive sense of the word. It is the worst of the persistent sunshine of that fortnight. The tendency to make Hay was irresistible.

FIRST-AID FEROCITIES.

I PROTEST I am a mild man, and an inoffensive, but if it were not for that silk handkerchief and umbrella I should certainly take legal proceedings.

I had been dining with my old friend Jones, who always does you well, and at ten o'clock, being an early man, I started homewards. Some half-dozen young men were walking ahead of me, and I noticed that each one carried a little book. All at once I slipped and fell, though whether orange peel or banana skin was the cause of my downfall has never been made clear. In any case, I hit the back of my head against a lamp-post and lay groaning. The young men immediately returned and clustered round me, but they prevented all my efforts to rise, and one with an exultant cry of "Epilepsy!" dropped on his knee and thrust his little book in my mouth. My impotent struggles at this outrage were interrupted by the remarks of one of his companions, who had me by the right leg: "Lie still—don't attempt to move," he was saying, then, turning to the others, he observed:

"This is really a most fortunate occurrence—I do believe he 's broken his leg!"

At this they all opened their little books, and began hurriedly turning over the pages.

"Does that hurt you, my poor fellow?" he inquired, giving my calf a frightful pinch.

Considering the position of the book the eloquence of my reply was really creditable.

"Ah—as I thought," he exclaimed triumphantly, "a comminated fracture of the tibia. JODKINS, old man, turn to fractures."

JODKINS rapidly skimmed the pages of his book and began reading.

"'Compress the femoral artery and apply a tourniquet.' No—that 's the wrong place. Ah! this is better—'Apply a splint from hip to ankle; a



POLICE NEWS.

"BROUGHT BEFORE THE BEAK."

stick or umbrella will do.' Here 's an umbrella, and here 's a silk handkerchief for a bandage."

At this they proceeded to attach the umbrella to my person, and half choked as I was, and still dazed by my fall, I was like a baby in their hands. At this point another young man stooped over me, and poking his thumb viciously in my left eye pressed back the eyelid.

"You 're all of you wrong," he cried excitedly. "This is a case of laudanum poisoning; his pupil 's no bigger than a pin. Here, take some of this, my poor chap." And so saying he removed the book and substituted the mouth of a bottle in its place. Mistaking it for a stimulant, I took a copious draught. Faugh!—let me draw a veil over the next few minutes.

"Capital!" cried the young brute. "Now we 'll walk you up and down to work off the poison."

"You 'll do nothing of the sort!" cried JODKINS with some heat—"when we 've just set the fracture successfully. Leave him alone, will you!"

They were proceeding to high words, when a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Now then, what 's the matter here?" and a stalwart constable thrust my tormentors aside and peered into my face.

"He 's in a fit," cried one; "it 's this hot weather!"

"*Thirsty* weather, you mean," retorted the policeman with offensive significance.

"It 's laudanum poisoning, I tell you!" cried another.

"Alcoholic poisoning," replied the policeman, with a sneer; "and a night in the cells is all the treatment he requires." And with that he took me by the collar. There was a magnetic element in his touch that endued me with the desperation of a maniac. With a yell I sprang to my feet, upsetting the constable, who, I was pleased to notice, carried three young men with him as he fell.

I may affirm, without exaggeration, that I covered the half mile which lay between me and home in one minute fifty seconds. Safely locked in my own vestibule I discovered the umbrella still adhering to my person by means of the silk handkerchief, and, as I before remarked, were it not for the fact that both articles are of excellent quality, I should certainly take legal proceedings.

THE GAME OF "AVERAGES."

THIS popular game is played very much like the old-fashioned "Cricket," but with a different motive. In the game of "Cricket" each player's object was to win the match, but in the new game—"Averages"—each player plays solely for his own score, the result of the match being immaterial.

The following points, in which "Averages" differs from "Cricket," should be observed.

When running byes, or for a hit of your partner's, do not exert yourself unnecessarily. By judicious running endeavour to monopolise inferior bowling, and in the same way avoid the attack when it is of a specially deadly nature. If you want to be "not out," you should avoid the bowling altogether.

If it is a question between drawing the match and winning it by taking risks, take none. Think of your average, and *play the game.*

The Strenuous Age.

First City Blood. Busy at your place?

Second C. B. Well, not gen'rally; but *I* am, awf'ly. Just been in Paris for a month to arrange about my holidays.

THE RECORD OF A SHORT HOLIDAY.

IV.

Que faire? What indeed!

The sympathetic man, in the blouse, and the despondent man, myself, in the blues, face one another; but, not a word have we to say. Suddenly my companion recommences shouting "*Madame! Madame!*" and again, in a hopeless spiritless fashion, like a half-hearted echo, I follow him. Let us shout by all means. It is a relief to the feelings. But that is all. No response; not a sound; not a murmur; not the faintest murmur of a whisper. This Babe, masculine, in the wood has lost the other Babe, feminine; and, as my fancy recurs to nursery rhymes like *Bo-Peep*, I am utterly at a loss and "don't know where to find her."

Sudden inspiration! The remainder of the *Bo-Peep* verse is "Leave them alone, And they 'll come home" (home does not nowadays rhyme with alone, and perhaps it never did) "And bring their tails behind them." And when my wife *does* come home (*i.e.*, to the Hotel) she will bring *her* tale with her; and *then* I shall learn what, in the meantime, had become of the *brebis égarée*, who, for aught I know, may be regarding *me* at this moment as a *brebis galeuse*.

But how account for the bags, the four stout and, when all together, the unportable-for-one-feminine-person bags! They could not suddenly develope legs, as in a goblinesque fairy tale they would have done, and offer themselves to my wife as guides who would pilot her to the hotel? My brain must be becoming a trifle disordered, or how could I, at such a crisis, even imagine so absurdly grotesque a situation. Let me be reasonable: let me re-arrange facts. Let me consider the matter as quietly as the (strong epithet) flies will permit. Also I must ignore the irrepressible man in the blouse, who, when not regarding me with sympathetic sentimental expression of countenance, is suddenly beating the air with his cap, while under his breath he invokes maledictions, in *patois* untranslatable, on the already thrice accursed insects.

That my wife could have carried all four bags by herself, and could, so laden, have walked to the hotel, is utterly impossible. If she *had* walked to the hotel, she must have passed us; we *must* have seen her. If any *porteur* had carried the bags, we must have seen *him*.

What the * * *. I bang the flies in impotent rage, and could almost dance with vexation.

Sympathetic little man in blouse shouts to a woodcutter who is just emerging from the forest. He tells him the story. No; woodcutter shakes his head, shrugs his shoulders; he has not seen a Madame with bags. "Ah," he corrects himself, "but he *has* seen a Madame *without* bags. She has just passed," he points to a side path; "*elle allait à l'hôtel.*"

Man in blouse delighted. "*C'est Madame!*" he exclaims, triumphantly. I can only hope so, as, if it be *not*, then my wife must be still in the forest waiting for *me!!* *Allons!* It is past nine o'clock!!!

Buoyed up by hope, we step out bravely.

Suddenly, as if *it* came to *us*, not we to *it*, the hotel is before us! It is the marvellous scene in the old story of *The Enchanted Forest* repeating itself. The hotel, with all its life, its dinners, lights, and hum of (not of flies, thank Heaven!) conversation, is suddenly opened out to me. But where is my wife? Advancing with open arms is my friend JACQUES ROBINSON, while at the corner of the verandah stands his daughter in earnest conversation with a lady, and that lady is——My wife! *Bravissima!* Dance of joy, and return to partners! And the four bags?—there they are on a truck. Three cheers! A *bon pourboire* to my friend in the blouse. He is sympathetically *enchanté*, he is beaming. He congratulates me, and retires.

"And how," I begin my inquiry after the first expansive moments of our joyful re-union are over, "how on earth did you——?"

"I 'll tell you," interposes a lighthearted, genial gentleman in a grey tourist suit, of whom I remember having inquired the way when I met him in company with some bicyclists. "After you left us I saw my friends to Paris-Plage, and then returned, by the short cut through the forest, to Le Touquet."

"It was the path we took," interposes my wife, turning to me, "on leaving the tram."

"And there," continues our lighthearted acquaintance, "in the middle of the short cut"—this sounds as if he were talking of tobacco—"I found your wife and the bags. I introduced myself, then hurried on, secured a porter with a truck—and here we are."

I thank him most heartily. After this, we are formally introduced. He is Captain SHERINGTON of the Nothing-in-Particulars.

"And now," JACQUES ROBINSON commences heartily, rubbing his hands together, as if he were washing them clean of all responsibility for our difficulties "now——"

"The dinner is ready, when you please," the excellent *maître d'hôtel*, Monsieur CHARLES, informs us, interrupting JACQUES R. "It was commanded for 8.15; it is now 9.20."

In ten minutes we are at table, dining *al fresco* under the broad spreading roof of the verandah of the Hôtel du Touquet, enjoying a dinner as well chosen and as well cooked as you could wish for wherever you might be. And the scene!—charming!

If ever there was a good dinner well earned, it was this; and if ever to enjoy aforesaid dinner there were two grateful travellers, they were, on this occasion, Orpheus and Eurydice reunited, or the Babes in the Wood, well out of it.

And let me add, as a moral, for the benefit of compatriot travellers, bathers, and golf-players, who appreciate thorough change of scene, of company, and of mode of life, and who have a fancy for spending a holiday at a genuine health resort which is, at present, free from many of the trammels that conventionality imposes upon the majority, let me recommend this same Le Touquet. Such holiday-makers may arrange to start from Charing Cross at 10 A.M., or at 2.20 P.M., in which latter case they will be dining *al fresco* within five hours of their start, and, as I hope, blessing this tipster for the suggestion. But, remember, Le Touquet is not yet completed. Therefore wire beforehand to inquire whether you can be accommodated, as, should the place be held by native forces coming from Paris and elsewhere, you will be crowded out, and will *not* invoke blessings on the head of this present well-intentioned adviser.

"This place," observes the Franco-Scotch Baron HAMISH DE SEPTÉTOILES, addressing JACQUES ROBINSON DE CRUSOÉ, "is beginning to be known."

"*Ça se voit partout,*" says JEAN JACQUES, waving his hand in the direction of the guests at the various tables, who are now postprandially enjoying the solace of tobacco in various forms.

"Quite so," returns Baron HAMISH; "but I have been specially struck by the appearance here of two Eastern gentlemen who have come from Constantinople for a tour in France. There they are," and he indicates two tourists in grey suits (the verandah is electrically lighted, so that everybody is as clearly distinguishable as in broadest daylight), each wearing a fez, leaning back in their chairs, evidently content with what they have received, and peacefully puffing the fragrant weed, quite satisfied with their present state of semi-somnolence.

"They are Turkish merchants, uncommonly wealthy," explains Baron HAMISH.

"The short stout one—I can't recall his name," says JEAN JACQUES.

Baron HAMISH knows. They are his friends.

"The shorter of the two—they are both very stout," says Baron HAMISH, "the shorter is ABDUL; and the heavier and bigger one is ABDULLAH. They are unspeakable Turks. They won't say two words the whole evening, though they can talk French perfectly, and both speak English with facility."

We are introduced to ABDUL and ABDULLAH. They rise, salute gravely, and resume their chairs.

The conversation flows; neither ABDUL nor ABDULLAH is to be drawn into it, not even by the artful Baron HAMISH, who constantly refers to the pleasant time he spent in their company when at Constantinople. The Baron mentions some side-splitting incidents in which both ABDUL and his brother ABDULLAH have apparently taken prominent parts. The Baron tries to draw them out. He turns to ABDUL.

"It was a very comic scene, wasn't it?" he asks pleasantly of ABDUL. ABDUL bows gravely.

"Yes, it was," he replies in English, and turns his head slightly towards his brother.

"Yes," says ABDULLAH solemnly, and both resume their cigars.

So we sit out in full view of forest and in hearing of the sea, telling stories, all of us, and vainly trying to draw out ABDUL and ABDULLAH.

It is time to retire. The Turkish brothers rise gravely, and courteously salute us.

"Good night to you, Sir," says ABDUL.

"*Bon soir*," says ABDULLAH.

Then both resume their seats. Next morning, at the same table, we find them in the same attitudes, smoking the same sort of cigarettes, after breakfast.

"Good morning to you, Sir," says ABDUL, courteously inclining.

"*Bon jour*," says ABDULLAH, gravely.

While we are at our first *déjeuner* of chocolate (excellent) and coffee, with the lightest possible bread and the most delicious butter, a carriage has arrived to fetch the inseparable and unspeakable Turks to Etaples *en route* for Paris.

L'addition is politely handed by the unobtrusive ROBERT, *garçon-en-chef*, to ABDUL, who, exhibiting no sort of interest in the matter, regards it, indolently, for a minute, then passes it on to his brother.

"*Est-ce juste?*" inquires ABDUL, sleepily.

"*Parfaitement*," answers, after a minute's pause, ABDULLAH. Whereupon ABDUL rises leisurely and places himself in the *voiture*. ABDULLAH looks up at him, as if about to make a suggestion, but ABDUL has closed his eyes to business and is calmly smoking as he reclines in the carriage. We fancy we hear a slight sigh escape from ABDULLAH as he produces the necessary money. Before he has replaced the purse in his pocket the waiter has returned. Dapper *maître d'hôtel* and the *garçon-en-chef* run down to wish them genially *bon voyage*, expressing hopes of seeing them both again.

"*Bon voyage, mes amis*," shouts cheerily Baron HAMISH, in bath costume, from the balcony aloft.

ABDUL looks up, and bows to him with gravest courtesy.

"*Mille remerciments*," he murmurs. Then, casting a glance round at us, he adds, solemnly, "*Au revoir, mes amis!*"

ABDULLAH, who is now seated at ABDUL'S side in the *voiture*, merely raises his right hand with utmost gravity, and utters the single word, "*Salut!*"

Then the coachman cracks his whip, and within another two minutes they have disappeared down the long avenue.

"Sure such a pair ——" commences JEAN JACQUES.

"They 're no fools, those two wise men from the East," observes Baron HAMISH, "but they are not lively companions; and one is more deadly lively than the other."

"Then"—this occurs to me as a happy thought—"their godfathers and godmothers must have foreseen how they were going to turn out when they called one '*Ab-dull*' and his brother '*Ab-duller*.'"

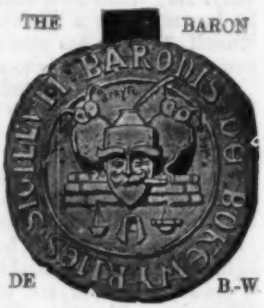
9.15 A.M. We must quit Le Touquet, to catch the midday boat from Boulogne.

Not to be compelled to return immediately to work in London, but to let ourselves down gently, as it were, after our perilous adventures and delightful experiences at Le Touquet, is indeed a very great point; therefore is it with gratitude that we remember how there is always Open House for us at Ramsgate, which haven of intermediate rest (*en route* for London) we will reach as soon as possible. So after debarking from the Boulogne boat we lunch at the Pavilion Hotel close at hand, and thence do we proceed to catch the small *Myleta* (not twenty minutes' walk from the hotel to landing-stage), which, under the command of Commodore SHARP, with Chief-steward MACDONALD to see to the comforts of the passengers, departs from Folkestone at 3.15 and lands us at Ramsgate ere the clock strikes six. Thus finish we our open sea-air cure without recourse to train. And so ends the record of a short and very pleasant holiday.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Tavern Knight, by RAPHAEL SABATINI (GRANT RICHARDS), is a stirring romance that recalls the broad effects of DUMAS. The character of the *Tavern Knight*, himself the hero of the story, is singularly original; as is also the motive of the plot. There is a scene between *Cynthia*, a charming heroine under the first influence of love, and the roystering Cavalier in the prime of his manhood but worn by hardship and rendered desperate and callous by treachery, which, in its way, is quite a masterpiece of descriptive writing and dramatic dialogue. There is not a dull or commonplace chapter in the book, and though some exception may be taken to the strain put upon the conversation where the *Tavern Knight*, pleading the cause of an unworthy lover, is supposed by *Cynthia* to be speaking for himself, yet must the improbable situation be accepted for the sake of the excellent results. The reader who once takes up this book will not easily put it down until he has learned the ultimate fate of the reckless, warm-hearted, much-enduring *Tavern Knight*.

"*Happy Thought* (for Publishers). When nothing better to do, bring out a new pocket edition of SHAKESPEARE." This idea seems to have struck Mr. HEINEMANN, who has commenced a series of *The Works of Shakespeare*, under which title will of course be included Sweet William's poems and any other little trifles that he, from time to time, may have dashed off. The Baron is in possession of four volumes (two in each pocket) of this work, to which he hopes to give some portion of the time allotted to him during his most welcome vacation. "Why, 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vacation?" (*vide* FALSTAFF, 1 Hen. IV., 1, 2.) The Baron ventures to substitute "a" for "o" in "vocation," which substitution is a possibility that was present to the mind of the Universal Genius.



Correction.—In last week's Booking Office the Baron sees that "Major BROADFOOT" appeared in print as "Major BROADFUL." The gallant and sportsmanlike Major writes from his *pied à terre* in Cumberland to draw attention to the error, and the Baron, unwilling to offer any lame excuse, hastens to restore him his "foot" whole and entire, *in toto*, and ready for active service.



PLAYING FOR LOVE.

Extract from Letter.—"WE MADE A LOT OF MONEY BY OUR BAZAAR, AND EVERYBODY THOUGHT THE LIVING BRIDGE VERY PRETTY. I WAS THE ACE OF HEARTS, AND PEOPLE WILL KEEP SAYING THAT MR. LOVELACE WOULD HAVE PLAYED A MUCH BETTER GAME IF HE HADN'T 'HELD ME UP' SO LONG."

MY DREAM.

[The Faculty of Commerce and Administration in the University of Manchester has just issued its first prospectus, giving its Degree regulations and a syllabus of Classes for 1904-5.]

I DREAMED a dream. I crossed the quad
As oft in days gone by,
And once again methought I trod
The old familiar High.
The old familiar—yet how strange
Seemed all as I detected
On every hand the striking change
That Progress had effected.

The grey old pile that once was known
As Univ. was no more,
And on its ancient site had grown
A universal store:
Here freshers sold you pounds of tea,
There smart shop-walking scholars
Were bidding Madam pause and see
The latest thing in collars.

Across the road I cast my eyes:
Behold, All Souls' had fled,
And in its place I saw arise
A corrugated shed.

Steam jets were spitting here and there,
Machinery was flying,
And these the words that met my stare:
The Oxford School of Dyeing.

On Magdalen next my glances fell;
Smoke hung about it black;
The tower had turned by some strange spell
Into a chimney-stack.
No need to ask how it was named
Nor what the men were doing:
An overpowering smell proclaimed
The Oxford School of Brewing.

Two Christchurch men came down the street
Discussing their exams.
Quoth one, "I'm through in frozen meat
But ploughed again in hams."
"Hard lines!" said Number Two; "the Dean
Just told me I have taken
An *alpha plus* in margarine
Although I'm gulfed in bacon."

Next passed two portly fellows by,
In Masters' gowns. "Behold,
Here is the good old school," thought I,
"The school I loved of old."

They spoke. I gave a joyous start
To hear those words engraven
On every loving Oxford heart,
The "Ireland" and the "Craven."

Said one, "I think it very wrong
To give the 'Ireland' to
A man who is so far from strong
In cheese and lard, don't you?
And then the 'Craven' goes to Jones
Who 's patented a corset,
Although the shameless fellow owns
He don't know 'fresh' from 'Dorset.'"

* * * *

I started up; my blood ran chill.
What joy to wake and find
That sleepy *Alma Mater* still
Lags centuries behind!
That while she slumbers on, the flower
Of Britain's youth at college
May still improve the shining hour
Acquiring useless knowledge.

IT has recently become the custom for officials in Public Libraries to erase all betting information from the evening papers. Hence the phrase—"Official Scratchings."

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

III.

People who understand the gist
  Of Browning's views on married life
Assert that, in his special list
  Of requisites for man and wife,
He notes that each should have a different bent
And be the other party's complement.

True that, in practice, Mrs. B.
  (I will not say which had it worse)
Shared in a very marked degree
  Her husband's fatal gift of verse;
But still his published theory of Love
Lays down the principle I cite above.

Taking this golden rule for guide,
  I, of the somewhat flippant vein,
Wanted a weighty sort of bride
  To ballast my so buoyant brain;
I felt that she, the woman I should wed,
Must be supremely serious in the head.

And such was Grace. The heart divines
  These natures by a second sight;
And certain rather pointed lines,
  Writ in her album, proved me right:
"*Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever*"—
And this, I saw, was her precise endeavour.

And yet our loves did not succeed;
  For, though her weight (I here refer
To moral worth) supplied my need,
  I was a touch too light for her;
Against the rules that regulate the love-tale
Our complementary tastes refused to dovetail.

She had a trick I could not bear;
  She tried (I might have known she would)
To trace, beneath my ribald air,
  "Potentialities for good";
This was to be her future wifely rôle,
Namely, to extricate my lurking soul.

"The world may think you what it will,
  But Love," she said, "has keener eyes,
And probes with nice, unerring skill
  Beyond the formal crust, or guise;
Under your thinnish coat of comic art
Crouches a grave, austere and noble heart!"

She meant it well. She could not see—
  Alas! how seldom women can!—
That Art, a sacred thing to me,
  Must needs reflect the inner Man;
That Humour's motley-wear could never hide
What she attributed to my inside.

And yet, to take the converse case,
  If I had been a serious bard,
Would she, I ask, have had the face
  To hint that Love's profound regard
Could penetrate the solemn outer sheath
And find the genuine mountebank beneath?

Enough. She had to speak the word
  That loosed my irritating bands;
And, though my gallant tongue demurred,
  And though I raised protesting hands,
A lofty resignation lit my face
The moment she had dealt her *coup de* Grace.

O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

Chapter III.

The White Rabbit speaks of his Origin and Ancestry.

"My father and mother," said the White Rabbit, "were a King and a Queen."

The remark was addressed to *Rob*, the Labrador, and *Gamp*, the black-and-white cat, who were sitting quite amicably together outside the rails that barred their nearer approach to the White Rabbit's hutch. *Gamp*, I must tell you, was the house-cat, and *Rob* had been on intimate, not to say amiable, terms with her ever since the day when, as a young puppy, he had made a reckless rush at her as she nursed one of her numerous and recurring families under the kitchen table. He had rushed back very quickly with his face thoroughly well scratched, and from that moment he had respected the indomitable *Gamp*. "No properly constituted dog," he was often heard to say in later life, "ought ever to raise a paw in anger against a lady, even if she happens to be a Cat."

You will remember that, on the occasion when *Rob* had picked up the White Rabbit in his mouth and threatened to devour him, the White Rabbit had in his terror declared that he was a Prince in disguise. There is, I believe, no instance known to history of a Prince in disguise who was eaten. Since that day *Rob* had been very inquisitive, and had teased the White Rabbit a good deal about his royal ancestry, but the Rabbit had been haughtily reticent. To-day, however, he seemed to be in a milder mood, and when *Rob*, who had winked at the piebald Cat, began by saying, "About that Prince in disguise, you know. Couldn't you tell us something?" the White Rabbit had immediately answered him:

"My father and mother," he said, "were a King and a Queen."

"That doesn't carry us much further," observed the Cat meditatively. "If you were a Prince, of course your father and mother must have been a King and a Queen."

"Well, one must always begin at the beginning," pleaded the White Rabbit.

"My dear Sir——" the Cat began.

"Dear *what*?" interrupted the White Rabbit in an angry tone.

"'Sir,'" said *Rob*. "She said it loud enough."

"I thought that was it," said the White Rabbit. "My hearing is pretty good, I think."

"Your ears are certainly long," remarked *Rob*, but the White Rabbit took no notice of the sarcasm, and went on:

"If she had been educated in the best society she would have known"—he purposely ignored the Cat and spoke over her head, as it were, at *Rob*—"she would have known, and so would you have known, my black friend, that the son of a King and a Queen is always addressed by those distant acquaintances to whom he graciously grants an audience as—ahem—your Royal Highness."

Having said this, he assumed an air of immense dignity and looked up at the ceiling of his hutch as if *Rob* and *Gamp* had entirely passed out of his mind.

"Humour him," whispered *Rob* to the Cat. "We 're sure to have some fun."

The Cat winked slowly and almost invisibly at *Rob*, and addressed the White Rabbit again:

"If," she said, "your Royal Highness——"

"That 's better, *Gamp*," said the Rabbit. "You 're learning manners, I 'm glad to notice."

"If your Royal Highness will deign to grant our request, and will graciously relate to us the story of the unfortunate accident by which you were changed from a Prince into a White Rabbit, your two petitioners will ever pray."

"Nobody wants you to pray," said the White Rabbit tartly.



BUSINESS FIRST!

British Lion (*to* Grand Llama). "YES, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND. YOU MAY GO AWAY FOR THREE *HUNDRED* YEARS, IF YOU LIKE. *BUT THIS HAS GOT TO BE SIGNED FIRST!*"





"ONLY TWO FEET AT THE WINDOW."

(Old Song adapted.)

Milkman (aghast, anxiously). "HULLO! WOT'S THAT?"
Old Woman. "HISH! OUR LODGER, JUST COME. OPEN-AIR CURE!"

"That's always put in the petitions, anyhow," said *Rob*, with an offended look.

"Ah," said the White Rabbit, "I daresay it is—now. But it was different in my time, very different. Still, you both mean well, and, that being so, I consent to tell you my sad story."

He cleared his throat, washed his face twice with his foot, and began:

"My father and mother were King and Queen of a large and beautiful country called, if I remember rightly, Sablonia. They inhabited a gorgeous palace, and were waited upon by thousands of attentive courtiers robed in the costliest garments and adorned with the most brilliant jewels. Their wedded life had been a happy one in every respect save one: after twenty-five years of harmonious union they had no children. My father's brother, the King of Plagiorosa, was, under these circumstances, the heir-presumptive to the throne of Sablonia. His accession, however, was looked forward to with the greatest horror by the people of Sablonia, for he was a villain of the deepest dye, who always wore a uniform composed of bright greens and yellows, and had driven four wives into an early, or, as I should have said, into four early graves by a studied course of cruelty and neglect. One morning the King, my father——"

It was fated, however, that the story should not be concluded on this occasion. As the White Rabbit reached this point, a footstep was heard approaching the hutch.

"Hist!" said the White Rabbit, "it's MABEL."

Rob tried to slink away, while the cat rolled over on her back and made short purring sounds.

"*Rob* and *Gamp*," said a small voice, "how dare you frighten my darling *Bunbutter?* Be off at once, both of you. Shoo!"

Rob and *Gamp* vanished, and the White Rabbit munched a cabbage leaf industriously, with a perfectly innocent expression.

Our Dumb Pets.

NICE country home offered young lady or gentleman, with use of good poultry-runs.—*Advt. in "The Lady."*

WE cannot help thinking that "young lady or gentleman" sounds a little snobbish. It looks as if no application from an ordinary barn-door fowl would be entertained.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Aug. 8.—J. W. LOWTHER returns to Chair of Committees to-day with modest assumption of nothing having recently happened.

Occasion for quick change presented itself on Welsh Members refusing to withdraw to division Lobby when, a Division called, Chairman of Committees commanded "Ayes to the right; Noes to the left." Disobedience being a statutory offence coming under Rule



"A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT."

The Chairman of Committees (the Rt. Hon. J. W. L-wth-r) reports his desire to suspend a few Members who have given trouble to the Deputy-Speaker (also, by a happy chance, the Rt. Hon. J. W. L-wth-r!).

Yet in the family circle, and outside, it is recognised that he has beaten the record in the long and varied story of Chairmen of Ways and Means.

On Friday, when the storm of Welsh wrath flared up under PRINCE ARTHUR'S insistence on closuring debate on Welsh Coercion Bill, CHAIRMAN was in a position analogous to that of *Casabianca* at sea under well-known painful circumstances

> The boy stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but he had fled.

Fled is not exactly the word to account for the SPEAKER'S absence. That due to indisposition which everyone, finding him in the Chair to-day, is glad to know was temporary. Nevertheless, J. W. LOWTHER left solitary representative of majesty and authority of the Chair.

The circumstances led to most farcical incident ever played in high places in the Commons. Time was when announcement of "TOOLE in Three Pieces" charmed the Provinces and filled the theatres. Nothing compared with "LOWTHER in Two Parts."

dealing with disorderly conduct, Chairman "named" the recalcitrants.

Next thing, according to order of procedure, was to send for SPEAKER and report incident; whereupon Leader of House, in accordance with Standing Order, would move that offending Members be suspended from service of House.

But there was no SPEAKER available. The Standing Order, like Habakkuk *capable de tout*, provides for that emergency. The Clerk at the Table having announced the unavoidable absence of Mr. SPEAKER, the Chairman of Ways and Means becomes, *ipso facto*, DEPUTY-SPEAKER. In dilemma of the moment the Right Honourable J. W. LOWTHER, Chairman of Ways and Means, must report to the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHER, Deputy-Speaker, disorderly conduct on part of Members named.

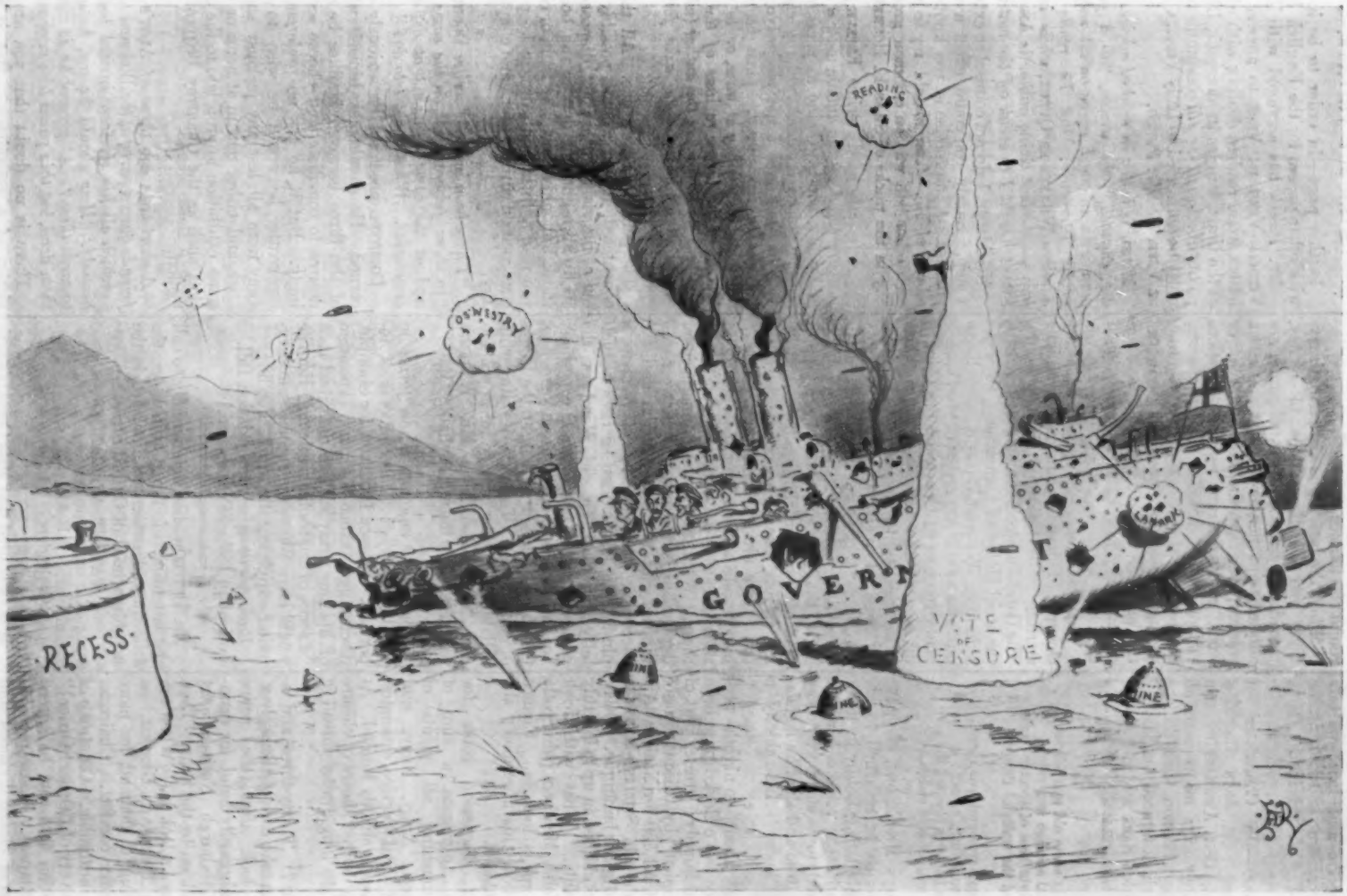
Here's where the physical difficulty came in. In ordinary cases Chairman of Ways and Means, reporting progress or other business, leaves his chair at the Table, turns round to SPEAKER seated in canopied Chair, and reports accordingly. J. W. LOWTHER, not being a bird, obviously couldn't be standing at foot of Chair and at the same moment be seated in it. That a little difficulty that would have nonplussed most men. J. W. equal to it.

Quitting Chair of Committees he stood for a moment by steps of Speaker's Chair till Sergeant-at-Arms, advancing, removed Mace from Table in sign that House had resumed full sitting. Then, seating himself for a moment in the Speaker's Chair, he rose and in capacity of DEPUTY-SPEAKER proceeded to deal with the delinquents. It was expected that in accordance with order of procedure PRINCE ARTHUR would at this stage move the resolution suspending them from the service of the House. Here was fresh dilemma, momentarily forgotten by the House, weighty in the mind of DEPUTY-SPEAKER.

Standing Order No. 18, dealing with order of Debate, remains in the fragmentary state in which it was left three sessions ago. Section 2, as it stood when PRINCE ARTHUR made the last effort to amend procedure, decreed "If any Member be suspended under this Order his suspension on the first occasion shall continue for one week, on the second occasion for a fortnight, and on the third or any subsequent occasion for a month." Details were eliminated with intention of making the Order more stringent, and at this day the unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower unfinished doth remain. The section runs, "If any Member be suspended under this Order his suspension on the first occasion——" Afterwards is silence.

Consequence of suspension therefore would be exclusion from House for indefinite period. Case presented itself when JOHN DILLON, taking a different view of things from that clear to DON JOSÉ, shortly stated his opinion "that the right hon. gentleman is a liar." With exemplary expedition, JOHN was named and suspended. Discovery followed that under the truncated Rule his exile would last as long as the Parliament. Difficulty awkwardly overcome by special resolution.

DEPUTY-SPEAKER in Chair on Friday faced by tremendous dilemma. If Members named were suspended at instance of Leader of House, PRINCE ARTHUR would be placed in ludicrous position of having to bring in special resolution to patch up his own work. J. W., keeping his head amid a whirlwind of tumult, impressively besought Welsh Members, for sake of dignity of House, not to persist in defiant conduct. Touched by this appeal, they in a body withdrew, accompanied by main body of Opposition headed by ASQUITH.



H.M.S. "RETALIATION" COMING INTO PORT AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING.

"HAVING ASCERTAINED THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE HOSTILE FLEET, WHILE REFUSING TO GIVE ANY HINT OF MY OWN INTENTIONS, I HAVE TRIUMPHANTLY NEGOTIATED THE MINE-FIELD, AND RETURNED TO PORT, CLOSELY FOLLOWED IN REALLY LAUGHABLE DISORDER BY A BAFFLED ENEMY. THEIR INCREASING NUMBERS ONLY MAKE THEIR PLIGHT THE MORE PITIABLE."—*Despatch of Admiral Putitoff Andnotsritch (commonly known as Arthur Balfour) from his Headquarters, Fung-king-jo.*

Members talking matters over to-day more fully perceive and more warmly acknowledge coolness and adroitness with which J. W. avoided grave dilemma.

Business done.—In Committee on Army Estimates. ST. JOHN BRODRICK regrets to find that ARNOLD-FORSTER'S scheme of Army reform meets with no more favourable reception than did an earlier one, in which figured six ghostly Army Corps which SARK said always reminded him of LONGFELLOW'S *Beleaguered City*:—

I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

Tuesday.—Says Mr. CROOKS, mopping his manly brow as he returned to his seat after perambulating Lobby in tenth division on Estimates, "Afore I was in the 'Ouse I used to wonder why they called passing Bills and the like legislation. Now I know. It's chiefly a matter of legs."

Literally true about to-night's proceedings. Since two o'clock House been in Committee of Supply; greater part of afternoon occupied by discussion of trifling vote of £1,550 for National Art Gallery in Edinburgh. STIRLING-MAXWELL led off with prodigious harangue. Other Scotch Members chimed in up to fourthly and eke seventhly. What with Irish and, of late, Welsh Members pale Scotia doesn't often get a look in. Chance gives her the floor this afternoon; she takes it, and holds it.

There await discussion votes for millions; the aggregate a sum of £33,500,000, touching all points of Imperial interest, Army, Navy, and seven classes of Civil Service estimates. Period of discussion strictly limited. At ten o'clock the abhorred shears of closure will cut short the long-drawn thread of talk.

What of that? Thirty-three and a-half millions can take care of themselves. Scotsmen will look after the pence assigned with niggardly hand for maintenance of Edinburgh National Art Gallery. So talk on by the hour. Then the postmen have a look in. When ten o'clock strikes POSTMASTER-GENERAL on his legs replying to demand for more wages and greater comfort. Chairman of Committees inexorable. On stroke of ten, he rises with cry of "Order! Order!" and puts Question that vote be agreed to. STANLEY collapses. House proceeds to first of series of eleven divisions, and for two hours by Westminster clock Members old and young, whole-hoggers and half-hoggers, march round and round the lobbies.

When the last lap is complete, thirty-three and a-half millions of money, provided by the British tax-payer, are allotted to particular services, and not a word uttered save the cries of "Aye," or "No," as the SPEAKER puts the question.

Thus doth the Mother of Parliaments, having dawdled through the vigorous spring, wasted its opportunities in the ripe summer, at the approach of autumn mechanically grind out its apportioned task.

Business done.—Supply carried by closure. Thirty-three and a-half millions sterling walked through in two hours. The (late) Jubilee Plunger not in it with the staid House of Commons.

Friday.—WINSOME WINSTON naturally repudiates a summary report of brief speech made by him in Debate on the Cunard division. One of the papers reported him as interjecting the remark, "Rats!"

"What I really did say," WINSTON explains, "was 'Experience has dissipated these predictions.'"

On the whole it must be admitted that compression, habitually desirable, has in this case been carried a little too far. Have always backed up RASCH in his crusade against long speeches. But there must be some limit to shortening them. What makes this attempt more deplorable is the contrast between the flippancy of the colloquialism and the exceeding respectability of WINSTON'S phrase. It is not often he rises to such lofty height. To old Members the phrase suggests one of those copy-book headings with which, eighteen years ago, Old Morality used to delight the House of Commons. To have its lingering syllables, by some strange misapprehension "crystallised," as Mr. WANKLYN would say, into the monosyllable "Rats!" is discouraging.

Moreover, it suggests a new terror to Members subject to the process of reporting. GEORGE HAMILTON, for example, discussing ARNOLD-FORSTER'S exposition of his new army scheme described it as "a series of crude observations." Here he would have WINSTON'S special summary-writer supplying the word "Foodle!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill.

Monday 15th.—Prorogation.

MR. PUNCH wishes deferentially to call the attention of the Cabinet to the following advertisement displayed in the neighbourhood of Oxford Street:—

PATENT APPLIANCES
FOR THE
L A M E.
Contractors to the Government.

IT is rumoured that Miss CORELLI'S article, "The Happy Life," is to have a new title—"How to be happy though MARIE."

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

IN this page—in order to be in line with other papers for the English home—*Mr. Punch* has arranged with Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE to answer any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE, c/o *Mr. Punch*.

MABEL *is badly in need of advice.* "*I am engaged,*" *she writes,* "*to a young man with whom I agree on all subjects except literature. But he reads and admires* WILLIAM LE QUEUX, *while in my opinion the best living author is* ANNIE S. SWAN. *Ought I to break off the match?*"

No, MABEL, I do not counsel so extreme a step. Surely you could effect a compromise. Compromise is, you know, the oil-can of life. You should try to meet each other half way on common ground. Say in the works of SILAS K. HOCKING.

"*A month ago,*" *writes* ELZEVIR, "*I was presented by the author with a copy of his new novel. Owing to pressure of other matters I have not had any chance of reading it, and I am pledged to visit the author next week. Is it better to admit my culpability at once, or to read several of the larger reviews of the book and trust to luck when the author (who is a headstrong, angry man) asks for my opinion?*"

The point is a nice one. All things considered, if you cannot possibly get out of the visit and are not disposed to sit up all night and devour the book, I think I should admit your fault, or could you read a little and adroitly keep the conversation entirely to the first chapters? Try.

"*I have been invited,*" *writes* DOUBTFUL, "*to three funerals, all on the same day and at the same time, but at different cemeteries. What ought I to do?*"

DOUBTFUL need not be seriously concerned. He should ask himself which of the three bereaved families he most desires to conciliate, and choose accordingly. But if he has no preference in the matter he would be wise to stay away from all, lest any jealousy should arise, and either remain at home or visit some exhibition appropriate to the occasion, such as the Chantrey Bequest collection.

A short time ago three of ALGY'S *girl friends gave a party at the Welcome Club, to which all his set were invited but not himself. How should he act, he asks, towards them? At present he is cutting them dead, but this pains him very much.*

There is no doubt that you are the victim of a conspiracy. But it is a mistake to cut your friends; it only weakens your case. Your right course



Child (in berth of night steamer). "MUMMY, I'M SO SLEEPY. I WANT TO GO TO BED."
Mother. "BUT YOU *ARE* IN BED, DEAR."
Child. "NO, I'M NOT. I'M IN A CHEST OF DRAWERS!"

of action should be to be oblivious of any slight whatever. The next time you meet smile a cynical, far-away smile, not unmixed with disdain. You can practise this before the glass. As a last resource, you should give a party yourself and carefully exclude the terrible three. That will bring them to their senses.

ADOLESCENS *is troubled because he spilt the claret at a dinner-party in Prince's Gate the other evening, at a house to which he had not been invited before. What should he do, he asks. Should he send his hostess a new cloth, or only a box of Instantanée chocolate?*

I don't think I should send a table-cloth if I were you, although it is true that the sales are not quite over yet. The chocolate would be better, but I should not refer to the little accident. A good hostess (as all are in Prince's Gate) has enough tact to understand all motives.

DISTRESS *has a somewhat similar problem to solve. On going to bed the other evening, after dining at West Kensington, he found a silver spoon which he must inadvertently have slipped into his pocket. How should he act? Should he casually lay it down somewhere when he pays his duty call next Sunday, or should he boldly return it with a facetious note?*

It depends entirely upon the quality of DISTRESS's facetiousness. I cannot tell until he supplies me with samples. Meanwhile, my instinct suggests that he had better return it furtively.

Are bridesmaids necessary at a wedding, asks PHYLLIS; *and, if so, which kind do you recommend?*

Bridesmaids are, of course, not absolutely necessary. One may be married without them; and it is cheaper for the bridegroom. But they make an attractive show, and, if carefully chosen, can be used very helpfully to throw the bride into striking relief. It is important that the bridesmaids should not be so prétty as the bride. With this hint, I think I may leave the matter to PHYLLIS's own discretion. LADY VINOLIA.

THE NEW BANNS.

THE file of the *Times* some daily peruse
Right through — some read it in snatches;
But all of us glance at least at the news
Of "Hatches, Matches, Despatches."

Since Midsummer Day our Premier Print
Supplies more personal patches;
The opening columns boldly display
Betrothals, *alias* "Catches."

In similar guise, are gossips to learn
About less roseate batches,
When breaches of promise come in their turn,
Profanely headed as "Scratches?"

An Old Story Re-told.

(*After N. E. Lanark.*)

First Meenister (*A. J. B.*). We must gie it up, Alfred.

Second Meenister (*A. 'L.*). What, gie up gowff?

First Meenister. Nae, nae, mon. Gie up the meenistry.



RECRIMINATION.

Irate Trainer (to Apprentice, who has just lost a race). "Made ye work too 'ard, did I? Not feeling very well, were ye? Be quite fit by Doncaster, will ye? You'll be about fit to 'and round cake at a Cat-show, you will!"

VOCAL POLITICS.

Signor Tamagno, the famous tenor, who has recently entered the arena of politics, is contesting a seat at Turin on entirely new lines. "Without troubling to dispute the arguments of his opponent, Signor Tamagno has decided to sing an *aria* from his opera repertory at every meeting in which he takes part." We understand, from inquiries at the Liberal and Unionist headquarters, that it has been decided to adopt this method at the next general election in this country, and that the list of candidates and songs includes the following:

Mr. Chamberlain: "Sing a Song of Fourpence-halfpenny," "Lend me your Aid," "Sing no more of Dumps so dull and heavy."

Mr. Winston Churchill: "Largo al factotum."

Mr. Jesse Collings: "The Toreador's Song" and the "Ranz des Vaches."

Dr. Macnamara (in addressing audiences on the Housing and Sanitation questions): "Salve, dimora casta e pura."

TO AN AMAZON.

[At a recent glove-fight between FitzSimmons and Jack O'Brien, at Philadelphia, the greater and more enthusiastic part of the audience was composed of women.]

Bedelia, 'neath your tiny boot
My throbbing heart I throw:
Oh, deign to smile upon my suit—
Presumptuous, I know.
My income is not large, it's true,
Of wealth I'm quite bereft:
But still—this must appeal to you—
I've *such* a pretty left.

I never read romantic books,
No verse can I recite;
I only know the jabs and hooks
That go to win a fight:
I cannot sing nor dance with grace,
But oh! I know the punch
That takes the victim on the place
Where he has stowed his lunch.

I've loved you ever since the night
(Which I remember still!)
When I put up that eight-round fight
With Colorado Bill.
How well I recollect, my own,
The soothing words you said,
"Leave the gazebo's wind alone,
And swat him on the head!"

I'm but a worm compared to you,
But still, I beg to state,
I've licked the world at ten stone two,
Which is my fighting weight.
And if you will but marry me,
Bedelia, then perhaps
My second I will let you be
In all my future "scraps."



A MIXED BAG.

(*October*, 1903, *to August*, 1904.)

Right Hon. Arth-r B-lf-r. "WHAT 'S THE BAG?"

Donald McPunch. "YE 'VE JUST GOT ONE BIRD, BUT"—(*encouragingly*)—"YE 'VE HUR-R-T SEVERAL OF THE GENTLEMEN."

GENIUS AT PLAY.

NOTHING is so engaging as the spectacle of the great when they deign to unbend. Impressed, therefore, with the answers furnished by prominent actors and actresses to the *Daily Mail's* request for their views on "The Ideal Holiday," *Mr. Punch* has cast the net a little wider, with results which he has great pleasure in now laying before his readers:—

FROM LETTERS TO LIONS.

Paradoxical as it may seem, my great ambition, though unfortunately I have never yet been able, owing to the burden of literary work, to carry it into execution, is to spend a long holiday lion-hunting in Somaliland. It is true that I have done very little big game shooting, but during my lecturing tour in America I had several days' excellent pig-sticking in the Yosemite Valley with a party of Baconians from Chicago, and I feel sure that with practice I could hit anything, possibly a Mad Mullah. Failing lions, however, I am obliged to content myself with birds. The other day I shot a wild swan of Avon measuring 14 feet from tip to tip of its extended wings. Next to shooting, I like polo, and poker, and find a round or two with the fire-irons does me a world of good.

SIDNEY LEE.

ALL THE TALENTS AT SEA.

My ideal holiday would be spent on a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean with a party comprising the most distinguished men and women of the day. If it were necessary to reduce the number to a round dozen, I should choose COUNT TOLSTOI, MR. GEORGE ROBEY, M. and MME. CURIE, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, PRINCE RANJITSINHJI, MRS. EDDY, the DALAI LAMA, Admiral TOGO, the Infant Czarevitch, the German Emperor, and MR. SARGENT. With such a galaxy of representatives of religion, science, politics, war, art and pastime, life would never be dull for an instant, and many, if not all, of the burning problems of the day might be solved by the contact of so many commanding intellects. Think of the interviews, the symposia, the concerts, the private theatricals!

HAROLD BEGBIE.

BATHING FOR BARDS.

Ever since I was a tiny trot I have loved the sea, and enjoyed wallowing in its balmy depths. If I were not Poet Laureate I would be MONTAGU HOLBEIN. Otherwise the best holiday for a bard is undoubtedly to abstain from the Pierian spring for a short period, after which his thirst becomes all the more raging. After such abstinence, I find that I compose with extraordinary facility and can find rhymes for almost anything.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



A DISTINCTION.

First Gourmet. "THAT WAS MR. DOBBS I JUST NODDED TO."
Second Gourmet. "I KNOW."
First G. "HE ASKED ME TO DINE AT HIS HOUSE NEXT THURSDAY—BUT I CAN'T. EVER DINED AT DOBBS'S?"
Second G. "NO. NEVER *DINED*. BUT I'VE BEEN THERE TO DINNER!"

THE WEARY GLADIATOR.

To me the ideal holiday involves, as its prime essentials, emancipation from literary labours, the tyranny of pastime, and the attentions of the photographer. These conditions, so far as I can make out, are best secured in Spain, where newspapers come out at irregular intervals and the interest in cricket and football is so infinitesimal that they identify "the Great CHARLES" with CHARLEMAGNE, an obsolete mediæval potentate. If, therefore, I should ever be in a position to retire from first-class cricket and discard the use of the fountain-pen, I contemplate a withdrawal to the land of DON QUIXOTE, where, amid the masterpieces of VELASQUEZ, I propose to spend my life in cultured indolence, unless, indeed, I am tempted to adopt the exciting and, I believe, highly remunerative career of the toreador.

C. B. FRY.

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The most important element in recreation, as a great doctor has said, is surprise. Hence, a holiday, to be really health-giving and refreshing, should be

passed in unfamiliar surroundings and under novel conditions. If one lives as a rule in the mid-stream of culture and civilisation, the best way of taking a holiday is to find out some unfrequented backwater, to bury oneself in a lodge in the wilderness, where newspapers are unknown and the trumpeting of the wild elephant replaces the snort of the Mercédès. Acting on this sound principle, I have decided to pass a month every year in the strictest seclusion in some wholly inaccessible region, dispensing with all the adjuncts of civilisation, and living solely on berries and roots washed down by Nature's rill.

Alfred Harmsworth.

The Hustler's Paradise.

Obscurity, quiet, and contemplation best fulfil my ideal of the perfect holiday. A hammock on Holy Island, paddling on the sands, an occasional game of ping-pong with Professor Hewins or Mr. Leo Maxse—these afford the best relaxation for a modern "hustler."

C. Arthur Pearson.

Silence gives Content.

My notion of a perfect holiday is based on the principle that nothing is so good for a man as a complete change. I should like best of all to spend three months in a Trappist Monastery; failing that, to write a novel in collaboration with my American namesake.

Winston Churchill.

THE BREAK-UP OF THE EMPIRE.

The theory that our future Waterloos will more than ever be won and lost on the playing-fields of the Empire is daily gaining a wider acceptance, and the following forecast of the leading events of the next few years only faintly reflects the anticipations of those who are best qualified to appreciate the growth of what is known as the Sporting Peril:—

1904.

All-England team defeats South Africa at Cape Town in December. (Maclaren 150, not out, Bosanquet 13 wickets for 68 runs.)

Cape Parliament demands the impeachment of Bosanquet.

Dr. Rutherfoord Harris gathers three hundred conspirators at Westminster Palace Hotel, and organises a raid in hansoms on Lord's Cricket Ground.

Annihilation of the "raiders" owing to local authorities having all streets in St. John's Wood up simultaneously.

South Africa declares itself an independent Republic—Kotze, the demon bowler, first President.

Three Army Corps sent to South Africa.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman makes sensational speech, hinting at subornation of umpires by British Government, stating that Bosanquet's action was doubtful, and that Maclaren was really caught in the slips before he scored.

Publication of *The Rights of Umpires*, by Hugh Trumble.

Lord Rosebery appeals to the nation to sink minor difficulties and rally round the M.C.C.

Owing to the exigences of the Army Cup Ties, troops recalled from South Africa and the independence of the Republic recognised.

1905.

First Australian Test Match at the Oval. Trumper scores 213. Strudwick lynched by crowd for missing him at the wicket when he had only scored a single.

Vote of censure on Victor Trumper carried in the House of Commons by 530 votes to 62—"That this House considers that the conduct of Mr. Trumper in remaining at the wicket when he was morally out is most reprehensible and detrimental to the best interests of the Empire and the gate."

Secession of Australia. King Victor the First proclaimed by acclamation.

Publication of Mr. Fry's great work, *Empire-Makers I Have Known, with a Note on Leg Break Bowling.*

1906.

Canadian Lacrosse team defeats England by 16 goals to nil.

Canada offered to the States by the English Government on condition that King, the Philadelphian bowler, qualifies for Middlesex.

England defeats Scotland by two goals to one at Association Football.

Mr. Weir calls a united meeting of Scotch County Councillors and Baillies to consider the legitimacy of Bloomer's winning goal.

Quinn, the Celtic centre-forward, crowned at Holyrood. Mr. Weir, the first Premier of Scotland.

England defeats Ireland by two goals and a try to a dropped goal at Rugby football.

Forty thousand cattle mutilated, and the Lord-Lieutenant hamstrung in Grafton Street.

Irish Republic proclaimed. "Tay Pay" elected first President.

"Tay Pay" declines office owing to literary engagements in London.

British Government introduces a Bill to alter rule relating to leg before wicket.

Rising in Yorkshire. King Hawke proclaimed. First official act to send an Ultimatum to Old Trafford.

Publication of Mr. Warner's sensational pamphlet, *Ash or Cash*—a vindication of the financial policy of the M.C.C.

British Empire reduced to Lord's and the Oval.

THE "PETER MAGNUS" POSTCARD.

It was certainly most happily thoughtful on the part of the Messrs. Tuck to have provided a widely-varied assortment of post-cards, the backs of which, for picturesque effect, may be said to rival "the Backs" of Cambridge. Some of these illustrations are grave, some are gay, some in colours, some simply photographs, but in all of them the space allowed for the *verba scripta*, at the side of the address, is reduced to a minimum, thus offering a chance of putting in practice that excellent precept, "the less said the better." This is one recommendation for them, and another is that the sender of these pictorial post-cards, having nothing of a particularly private character to say (over the value of one halfpenny), may congratulate himself on the opportunity thus afforded him of amusing his friends with much the same facility as earned for *Mr. Peter Magnus* the approbation of *Mr. Pickwick*, who, it may be remembered, "rather envying the ease with which *Mr. Magnus's* friends were entertained," expressed his opinion that this epistolary humour on the part of *Mr. Peter Magnus*, in signing himself 'Afternoon' instead of 'P. M.,' "was calculated to afford his friends the highest gratification." Had Messrs. Tuck been Bozicrucians they would most certainly have entitled their new pictorial post-cards "The 'Peter Magnus' Series."

The "Trust and Paid For" Recommendation.

First R.A. (*to Brother Brush*). What do you think of the report of the Chantrey Commission?

Brother Brush, R.A. The "Crewe" Junction, eh? Well, as the refrain of a popular comic song had it, "Not much."

First R.A. The Academy is left *in statu quo.*

B. B. Yes. Some benefit may result to the sculptors.

First R.A. We've got to discover the very best pictures.

B. B. We always had. There's the difficulty. *Ars est celare artem.*

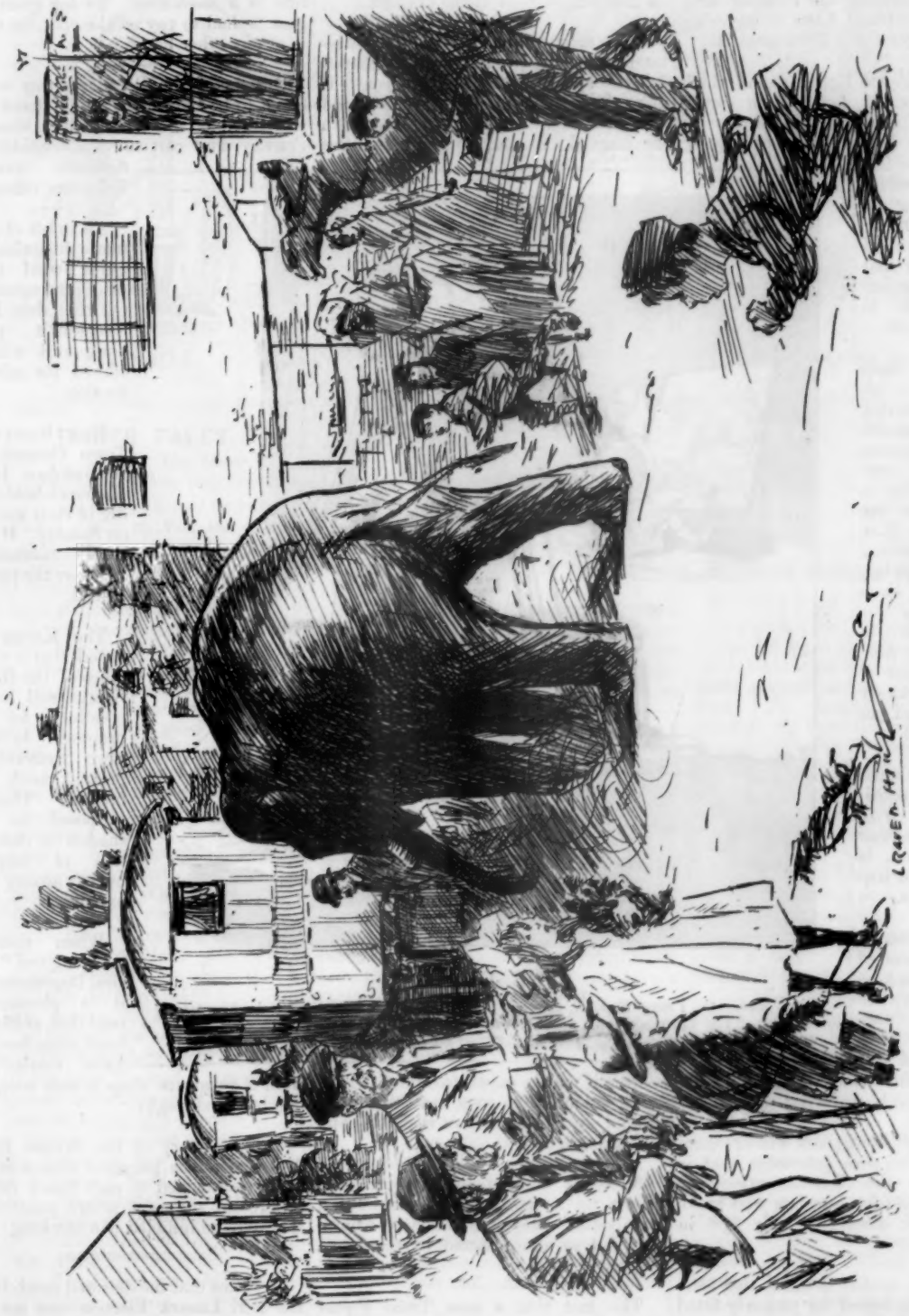
[*Exeunt severally.*

Forecast Meteorotheatrical. — The spell of fine weather is nearly over. It is to be followed by *The Tempest* at His Majesty's. How long this will last is uncertain; but when it has passed, only two Trees, daughter and parent stem, will be left.

The Decline of Sport.

Bedfordshire. Partridge shooting over about 3,000 acres, affording bag of about 200 acres.
Advt. in "Times."

It always used to be a rule for good sportsmen to "replace the turf."



A BRILLIANT INFERENCE.

Village Worthy. "I SUPPOSE THAT BE THE ELEPHANT, B'AIN'T IE, ZUR?"
Bystander. "YES, THAT 'S THE ELEPHANT."
Village Worthy. "AH, I THOUGHT AS 'TWERE, BY THE WALK OF 'US!"

CHARIVARIA.

WHILE the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* are discussing the evils of early marriages, the DALAI LAMA is enduring the inconvenience of a YOUNGHUSBAND.

The Southampton football team, which has just returned home from South America, had a curious experience at Monte Video. While they were playing a local team, a few miles off a revolution was going on. Such events are relatively so normal in these parts that many spectators left the revolution to watch the match.

There are signs that Russia is already becoming civilised. According to a telegram, "The man, supposed to be a Japanese, who was arrested near Moscow for sketching a railway bridge, turns out to be a Korean. *As no offence could be proved against him, he has been set at liberty.*" Previously this excuse had not always availed.

There is no satisfying some politicians. Mr. WILL CROOKS, not content with free food, is now asking for free railway tickets.

In the discussion on the problem of empty churches so many admirable reasons for non-attendance have been produced that a number of hitherto regular attendants are now said to be wavering.

It is not only clergymen who are complaining of the poor patronage that is bestowed on the churches nowadays. Some South London burglars who broke into a church discovered only 2½*d.* in the poor-box.

A Chicago oculist declares that alcoholism can be cured by properly fitted eye-glasses. It should be possible this way anyhow to overcome the double sight which (we are informed) is such an annoying feature of the ailment.

"The most suitable present to newly-married people," said Dr. DANFORD THOMAS at an inquest, "is a cot. If more cots were used fewer infants would be suffocated." While agreeing with the learned Coroner, we think that his scheme if widely supported might cause inconvenience in some of the more limited apartments where wedding gifts are exposed.

A school of porpoises was recently driven up a creek in the Blackwater, and became subject to the new Education Act as administered by the Essex County Council.

The fact that a new Trust Public House has been opened at Park Royal has called forth a protest from a well-known drinker who declares that the title is a misnomer. To his great disgust he had to pay on the spot, the same as at any other house.

Officers of the Regular Army would like it to be known that the Colonel who was lifted off his feet by the wind at Conway, and carried to a considerable distance, was a Volunteer officer.

An event of profound historical interest will take place on August 24. On that date Lord ANGLESEY'S ping-pong suit will be offered for sale by auction.

Eastbourne's Town Council has forbidden local allotment-holders to dig in their gardens on Sunday. If they want amusement, there are the public-houses.

The KAISER has stated that a recurrence of the Herero risings will be impossible, for he proposes to take stern measures to prevent such outbreaks. This is supposed to foreshadow a distribution of imperial busts among the natives.

When everyone is crying out "Physical Degeneration," it is pleasant to read that, at Birkenhead, some burglars have carried off from a furniture shop a safe weighing two hundredweight.

The Secretary of the British Dental Association has proposed that a dentist shall be attached to each Board School. At present the most severe punishment that may be inflicted is a birching.

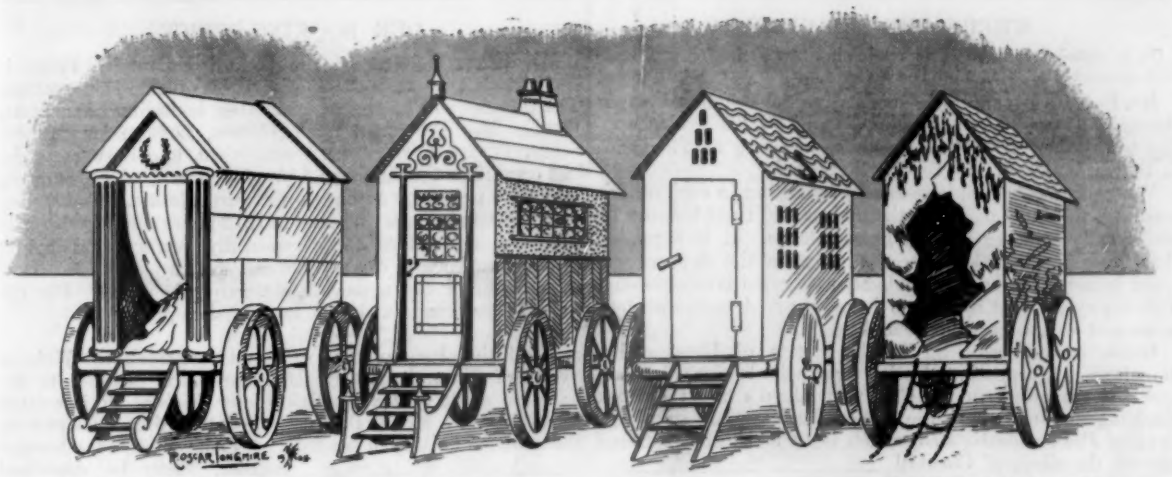
IT seems that the defeated candidate at the N.E. Lanark Election was not very disappointed. He had all along suspected that it was a case of TOUCH and go.



THE DUET.

Fond Mother (to Young Hopeful, who has been sent upstairs to a room by himself as a punishment). "YOU CAN COME DOWN NOW, JACKY."

Young Hopeful. "CAN'T. I'SE SINGING A DUET!"



THE TEMPLE. "SEA VIEW." THE ARK. THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.

(A few Artistic Suggestions adapted to Modern Bathing Vans.)

TARIFF TALES.

Sample 2. From "The Doom of the Dumped Revolver," by Guy Boothby.

"HA!" said the Count, twirling his moustache, "and so this the business was that caused your absence, Sir VANDELEUR! *Donnerwetter! Sapristi! Corpo di Bacco!*"

With a sardonic laugh he viewed his terror-struck companions. Before them, stretched across the road, *lay the murdered form of* WILLIAM SNOOKSON. Sir MILES VANDELEUR gave an involuntary groan, and the beauteous features of ANGELA DE COURCY grew pale as a Madonna lily. Only the stern face of General BRATHWAITE revealed no emotion.

"Your evidence?" he said briefly to the Count.

"Evidence? *Hein!* Evidence there is plenty! Who quarrelled with the so-much-to-be-lamented SNOOKSON but two days since? Who swore that he would take of the vengeance the most terrible? Who before breakfast a walk abroad made? *Parbleu!* Not of sagacity much needs one to show that Sir VANDELEUR is the criminal!"

"Your defence, Sir MILES?" asked the other, as abruptly as before.

Sir MILES VANDELEUR shook his head.

"I have none, General. Appearances are against me, although I never raised my hand to do this foul deed."

"*I* believe you, dear MILES!" cried ANGELA, throwing her arms about his neck. "Nothing shall shake my faith in you! Oh, General, do not send for the police without further inquiry!"

The General smiled, but not unkindly.

"Poor child!" he said. "Every tradition of romance compels me to give your lover into custody. If you ask me why I receive the testimony of this suspiciously polyglot Count, rather than believe a gentleman whom certainly one would not have suspected of murder—if you ask me this, I say, I must refer you to Mr. GUY BOOTHBY. All I can tell you is that it's the invariable rule in this kind of story. Of course, if you have any evidence, beyond your personal convictions, to offer——"

"I have! I have!" exclaimed ANGELA, who, during this rather prosy speech, had been examining the body of the murdered man. "Look, General, look! Six revolver bullets have been fired at him. What does that prove?"

The General made no reply.

"Oh, how *stupid* you are! *It proves* MILES *to be innocent!* Yes, I will convince you in a minute! You know that dear MILES is a staunch Tariff-reformer? I thought so—and of course he supports British-made goods. But WILLIAM SNOOKSON was never shot with a British-made weapon. How do I know it? *Because in that case one barrel would have done the business!* No, his assassin used some inefficient, cheap, foreign-made revolver, dumped into this country—a thing MILES could never do!"

"Gad, there's something in that," admitted the General. "It seems to me——"

"Bah!" the Count interrupted, his face strangely pale, "stuff of the most tomfoolishness she talks!"

With the quickness of lightning ANGELA turned upon him.

"*Now* I understand!" she cried. "Now I know who slew poor SNOOKSON. General, who is famous for praising foreign goods on account of their cheapness? *Who is a member of the Cobden Club? Whose real—name—is*—HENRY—JUDKINS?"

"Crikey!" said the pseudo-Count, with a sudden abandonment of his foreign accent, "guess it's about time to quit!" and in five seconds he had untethered his horse, leapt into the saddle, and disappeared beyond the hill.

IDIOMATIC PHRASES FOR TOURISTS.

AT this period of the year, when the Alpine season may be said to be in full swing, we have pleasure in offering to our readers a few examples of conversational phrases in common use at foreign hotels; not German, French or Italian phrases—for these tongues may safely be disregarded—but English as employed by travelling English people:—

(i.) We so much prefer a rest in some quiet spot. *Means:* We are too badly hit over Kaffirs for the expensive places this year.

(ii.) We have been fortunate in meeting most charming people. *Means:* You see, we are so charming ourselves.

(iii.) I find my few words of German quite a help. *Means:* My accent is remarkably pure.

(iv.) One has always heard that——. *Means:* I saw it in *Baedeker*.

N.B.—The substitution of "one" for "I," as in above instance, has the double force of (a) an indefinite pronoun, (b) an indication of culture.

(v.) I suppose you have been doing a lot of climbing. *Means:* I want an opening to talk about my own.

(vi.) No use making a toil of a pleasure. *Means:* My waist is not what it was.

(vii.) We were most comfortable everywhere. *Means:* We only go to the best hotels.

(viii.) You must look us up on your return to England. *Means*—Nothing.

WHERE THE MONEY IS.

[It is stated that there is depression in every profession and trade with one exception, viz., there is a boom in lawn-mowers.]

Mr. Punch's Itinerant Economist has just concluded a tour throughout the United Kingdom, and laid his evidence to-day before the Tariff Commission now sitting at The Office in Bouverie Street. He reports that:—

Where formerly people subsisted by taking in each other's washing, they now maintain themselves and their families by reciprocally mowing garden grass-patches. It is supposed that there is a subtle connection between the two occupations, laundresses having probably suggested lawn-dressing. This happy thought is said to have occurred to the washer-woman of an episcopal household.

Grass is now growing in the streets of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and other provincial business centres, and it is rumoured in the City that Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange, seeing where the money lies, have laid in a large stock of *Poa nemoralis* seed, which is to be shortly scattered around the alleys of Cornhill and Lothbury and in front of the Royal Exchange. Stringent precautions will be taken against predatory pigeons. "Park pests," who have contemplated leaving their haunts in the West for the fresh green of the newly-formed Kaffir Pleasaunce, have been similarly warned off. The "City Sward" is to be the London municipal emblem of the future. A handful of the same will be presented by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar on the occasion of His MAJESTY'S next visit.

There are woeful tales of a slump in the book market. The only books at all asked for are *Lawna Doone*, *The Sowers*, *A King's Ransom*, and *A Grass Widow*.

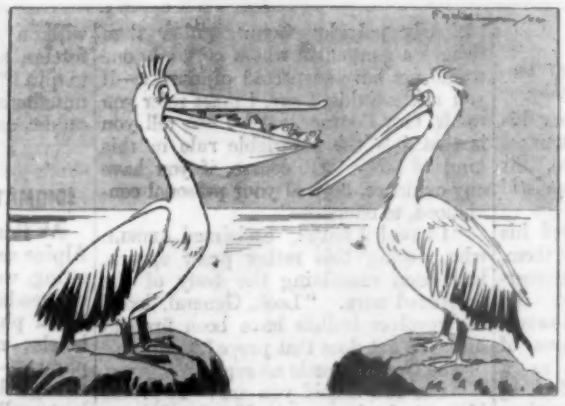
Undeterred by his failure to tree the Giant Sloth in Patagonia, Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD is organising an expedition for the purpose of ascertaining, at the close of the cricket season, whether the Dinornis or Moa of New Zealand is really as extinct as it is reported to be. Meanwhile, he continues daisy-cutting with success for his county.

Lawn-mowing scholarships are to be competed for this month at Oxford and Cambridge, the turf in the college courts and Fellows' gardens being eminently suited for such exhibitions. Unsuccessful candidates are no longer "ploughed," but "mown." The career of NEBUCHADNEZZAR has of late received some attention from the occupants of the University pulpit, where also the popularity of the text, "All flesh is grass," may be taken to indicate the trend of academical thought during the past horticultural term.

The Prime Minister, the public will be glad to note, is among those who are responsible for the supremacy of Great Britain in this one industry. He has recently given up regular golf and taken to cropping his favourite greens with a combination rotary-putter. This wonderful little machine, which does *not* hail from Schenectady, U.S.A., produces a surface of billiard-table smoothness prior to propelling the ball into the hole.

In view of this accumulation of evidence, there can be no doubt now as to What To Do With Our Sons or Ourselves. We must all turn gardeners, and revert to the profession of Adam.

TABLE MANNERS.



Father Pelican (reprovingly). "HOW CAN YOU EXPECT TO SPEAK DISTINCTLY WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HENRY FROWDE, of the Oxford University Press, is issuing what he calls the Florin Series of standard authors. The volumes will be twelve in number, including SHAKSPEARE, BUNYAN, MRS. BROWNING, BURNS, BYRON, LONGFELLOW, MILTON, SCOTT, TENNYSON, WHITTIER, WORDSWORTH, and BOSWELL. The last comprises the immortal *Life of Johnson*, which, running into 1416 pages, by exception fills two volumes. *Shakspeare*, complete with glossary, packed in 1272 pages, and *Wordsworth*, just topping a thousand, beautifully printed and bound in cloth, are each in one volume and cost two shillings. How it is done for the money is MR. FROWDE'S secret. For the public it suffices to make the most of the opportunity.

The fifth volume of that rich and rare work, the Woburn Series of Natural History (HUTCHINSON), is devoted to exhaustive study of *British Salt Water Fishes*. It is written by Mr. AFLALO, Mr. R. B. MARSTON contributing a chapter on the artificial culture of sea fish. "Fishes," says the learned author, "may be described as full-blooded, back-boned animals that live in water." My Baronite knows some animals fulfilling these conditions who live out of water. But that is neither here nor there, as the 'busman said when he drove over the bishop's hat in Victoria Street. Since the supply of sole is being gradually exhausted by the trawler, it is pleasing to be assured that the revolving years bring discovery of fresh edible fish within British waters. It will always be hard to beat the sole — fresh, not too large, simply fried, accompanied by a dish of new potatoes. To experts this handsome volume, illustrated by coloured plates reproducing with lifelike accuracy the appearance of the fish, will be a special delight. The pleasure will be shared in degree by unlearned persons like my Baronite, who till he read it did not know that in the depths of fatherly devotion both the pipe-fish and the sea-horse, left at home to guard the eggs whilst mother has gone to market, carry them about in a pouch or fold of the skin. What husband among bipeds would do anything analogous to that?

Personelle, by VALENTINA HAWTREY (JOHN LANE), is a jerkily-written novel which promises well at the commencement. The Baron could only manage to struggle through a confused crowd of mediæval nobodies, pushing them aside, this way and that, in order to come up with the heroine, for whom, on his introduction to her, he had conceived so strong a liking that indeed it was a case of love at first sight. Her story, as far as the Baron can make it out, seems to have been a sad one, of a conventional type, but with a somewhat unconventional ending. There are brilliant flashes of description here and there, and snatches of interesting dialogue which momentarily arrest the attention.



RESPICE FINEM.

IT was a beautiful afternoon, with just enough breeze and cloud to chequer a bright emerald sea with bands of purple shadow. I was lounging in the verandah after lunch, waiting for JOSEPHINE. I had, indeed, been so occupied for the greater part of an hour.

The boat had been ordered for 2.30. Down on the jetty I could see BILGE hanging on to her with a boathook, from time to time scratching his head through the top of his cap as he glanced up at the house. It was past three o'clock.

I rose, and knocking the ashes out of my pipe began to refill it. One pipe is my allowance after lunch, and I found myself blaming JOSEPHINE for causing me to exceed it. I was utterly at a loss to account for her non-appearance. I had known her to take as much as five and twenty minutes to put on a hat, but that was usually on Sundays. To equip herself for an hour's sail could in no way that I could imagine entail elaborate preparation.

Poor BILGE was still keeping an eye on me as I stood smoking upon the steps in front of the house. He was evidently expecting a signal. I wished that by waving my arms after the manner of the coastguard I could have assured him that patience was a virtue, or that all things come to those who know how to wait, or conveyed to him indeed any of the exasperating adages appropriate to the occasion. But, doubting the capacity of the code as a consoler as well as my own as a semaphore, I contented myself with shaking my hand in the air like a schoolgirl seeing a train off. It was only meant to cheer him up a bit, but I observed that he immediately pulled down the sail, and proceeded to make the *Flying Fish* fast at her moorings again.

I groaned, and ran into the hall.

"JOSEPHINE!" I shouted, though I knew how futile it was to attempt to hurry her, "it's after half-past three! BILGE thinks we don't want the boat."

"Why?" asked a calm, far-away voice from the upper regions.

I did not answer. I—let us say, groaned again, and going back to my deck-chair in the verandah threw myself therein.

Ten minutes later JOSEPHINE emerged. To the eye of a mere male there was absolutely nothing in her toilet to justify the delay. She proceeded to look me over from top to toe. I could not trust myself to speak.

"EUSTACE," she said peremptorily, "you've got a big hole in the heel of your sock. Go and change them, dear."

"What on earth," I exploded, "does it matter in a boat? Whatever *have* you been doing all this time?"

"Having a bath," she replied quietly; "we may both be drowned, you know. And, EUSTACE, I shouldn't like you to be found with that hole in your sock."



"THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING CONVERSATION."

LADY MABEL. (trying to make rural feast "go.") Do you take an interest in the FISCAL POLICY down here, Mr. Giles?

GILES. (embarrassed, after seeking inspiration from his neighbour) N-o-o.

(End of Lady Mabel's Effort)

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

IV.

She was a phantom of delight,
One of those rare elusive things
Detained this side the *Ewigkeit*
Through temporary want of wings;
Our world was not her proper place,
Rather she seemed a priceless relic
Of Faërieland's enchanted grace,
She was so birdlike, so angelic.

I often wondered what she ate;
She looked as though she lived on air,
Or, if she fed from off a plate,
Would only touch ambrosial fare;
No man that dealt in butcher's meat
Had ever been allowed to victual
With stuff we common mortals eat
A form so exquisitely brittle.

Such were my views when first I fell,
In salad days still fairly green,
Beneath the spiritual spell
Of my unearthly Emmeline;
She had on me a marked effect:
Each moment spent in gazing at her
Tended to make me more select,
And purge my soul of grosser matter.

And yet a fear assailed my mind,
When I reviewed my purposed vows,
Whether a being so refined
Would make a good domestic spouse;
Would she, as fits a faithful wife
(The thought already left me thinner),
Count it her chief concern in life
To see that I enjoyed my dinner?

She whom (I guessed) a currant bun
Sufficed for hunger's faint appeals—
Would she respect, when we were one,
My prejudice for decent meals?
Anxious for some assuring sign
To clinch my hesitating passion,
I asked my angel out to dine
At London's first resort of Fashion.

She came. She passed a final word
Upon the *bisque*, the *Mornay* sole,
The *poulet* (said she thought the bird
Shewed at its best *en casserole*);
She found the *parfait* "quite first-rate,"
Summed up the *chef* as "rather handy,"
Knew the Lafitte for '88,
And twice encored a fine old brandy.

I own I felt an inward pain,
When she put off her seraph airs,
To find I had to entertain
An earthly angel unawares;
I merely asked her there to test
Her aptness for a wifely calling,
And never dreamed that she possessed
A special knowledge so appalling!

Frankly, she went a shade too far.
It was a shock—I feel it still—
To learn that what I deemed a star
Was just an ember off the grill!

Well, twenty years or so have gone,
And now I meet her (ah! the pity!),
A puffy matron serving on
The "New Amphitryon Club" Committee.

O. S.

"WILLIE BRUE'D A PECK"——O' NONSENSE.

Sergeant Brue, a musical farce at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, plot and libretto by Owen Hall, with lyrics by J. H. Wood, music by Madame Liza Lehmann, and played by Mr. Frank Curzon's capital company, having had but an indifferent start at the Strand Theatre, is now pursuing a most successful course at the Prince of Wales's. It seems a pity that an idea so original as this, on which the nonsensical piece is founded, should not have been dramatically worked out and artistically developed into a genuine comedy of real life. "Instead of which," as the magistrate said, its striking opportunities are frittered away in songs and dances of a well-known type, and in utterly extravagant yet always amusing absurdities, where there is always plenty of rhyme but very little reason. In spite of his extravagances, Mr. Edouin, as the policeman who has suddenly succeeded to a large property, keeps up the character throughout, except when he appears as a most finished dancer, an art in which it is most improbable that a flat-footed, stiff-jointed policeman could ever have shone.

The First Act, as far as Mr. Edouin's *Policeman Brue* is concerned, is a domestic comedy that, but for the nonsensical singing and dancing, might have been the commencement of a really good play. Here Mr. Edouin is excellent. And all the principals who take part in the First Act, which in its essence is comedy, namely, Mr. Farren Soutar as *Brue's* son, Miss Olive Morrell as his daughter, Miss Millie Legarde as the scheming lady, Mr. Arthur Williams as the detected thief, and Mr. Edward Kipling as the dry business-like solicitor, acquit themselves, every one of them, as accomplished comedians. They, with Willie Edouin, have, Willie nilly, to interrupt their acting by breaking out into utterly irrelevant song and dance, being thereto compelled by the *force majeure* of author, lyricist, and composer.

After this First Act the author lets comedy go by the board, and, with his talented assistants, making up a sort of band of Pied Pipers, sets all the company dancing, gambolling, singing, through three Acts of, it must be admitted, very entertaining nonsense, into the fun of which the audience most willingly enter.

Miss Millie Legarde, as *Lady Bickenhall*, with songs, capital imitations (specially of the coon singing), and dances, is, after Mr. Willie Edouin, one of the "lifes and souls" of the piece.

Mr. Arthur Williams, giving us another phase of the tramp, in which he made so marked a hit in *The Message from Mars*, delights the audience. His by-play is perfect, and he is never out of the picture. The audience enjoy everything done by him and Mr. Edouin, as also, it is evident, do the actors and actresses.

The music throughout is tuneful and full of go, though there is a certain sameness in the arrangement of verse and chorus, which might have been avoided by so clever a musician as Madame Liza Lehmann. Mr. Sydney Barraclough is a pleasing tenor, making the most of a not very effective song; and the choruses, well sung, with a variety of action, by the fascinating "girlies" and the sprightly young swells, are tuneful and full of life.

From first to last the piece, as a "musical farce," is so lively, so bright, and so entertaining that, with Mr. Edouin, Mr. Arthur Williams and Miss Millie Legarde, it will probably achieve a success far greater, and a run far longer, than was ever anticipated for it. So mote it be!



SOUR GRAPES.

First Scorcher. "Call that exercise?"
Second Scorcher. "No. *I* call it sitting in a draught!"



THE MANUFACTURE OF PSEUDONYMS.

A NUMBER of distinguished women of letters reply in the *Girls' Realm* to the question, "How did you choose your pseudonym?" Never backward in following an illuminating example, *Mr. Punch* has lost no time in subjecting several leading male representatives of the corporation of the goosequill to a similar ordeal.

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, who was shooting clay pigeons in the poultry-yard of his fine new Tudor mansion when our representative called, courteously laid aside his lethal weapon and furnished the desired information without a moment's hesitation. "My pseudonym," he observed in his bright *staccato* accents, "is an amalgam built up out of four words. The first syllable is taken from *Ruddigore*, my favourite opera, while 'yard' indicates my love of ships and shipping. The first half of my surname comes from kipper, my favourite fish, the second from starling, my favourite bird. Must you go? Then I hope you 'll take a brace of these pigeons with you."

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, writing from Swinford Old Manor, says: "My instinctive preference for the trochaic metre naturally impelled me to choose a pseudonym which should illustrate my addiction to that intrepid measure. My Christian name I borrowed from the greatest of our Kings, better known of late years under the affectionate title of 'England's Darling," while the surname AUSTIN I took after the founder of the State of Texas, a region which, by the superb antinomianism of its inhabitants, has always appealed vividly to my imagination. It is hardly necessary for me to call attention to the alliteration which forms so striking a feature of my name. In this I have followed the example of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, WALT WHITMAN, and ALGERNON ASHTON.

In reply to our representative, Mr. HALL CAINE said that in choosing his name he was actuated largely by a belief in the efficacy of monosyllables, and instanced the cases of JOHN BULL, MARK TWAIN, GEORGE SAND, BRET HARTE. Next to euphonic considerations, he was governed by a regard for the great law of contrast—the charm of the unexpected, illustrated in this instance by the surprise and delight that readers naturally felt at finding CAINE on the side of the angels. The prefix HALL had a spacious ring about it, suggesting feudal or at least baronial expansion.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW explained that his name reflected two prominent traits in his character: his love of dogs, and his contempt for the human intelligence. Originally he had thought of calling himself CHOW POOH, but finally decided on ST. BERNARD PSHAW, the subsequent modifications having regard to euphony and his unorthodox views as to canonisation.

Mr. LEO MAXSE stated that his pseudonym was an emblem of Imperialism. It was, in short, a case of going one better than *Ursa Major*, MAXSE being a convenient abbreviation for Maximus.



BY THE SILVER SEA.

THIS IS *NOT* JONES'S DOG.

Rainy Prospects, N.B.

[His Grace of CANTERBURY, previous to his departure for America, offered his services, as a friend of all parties, to the Church Disputants in Scotland.]

From His Grace (to Principal Rainy, of the United Free Church). I propose coming north with my comprehensive umbrella, under which you can all take shelter. Yours, CANTUAR.

Principal of U. F. C. (to His Grace). Many thanks. Don't trouble. Only a Scotch mist. Yours, RAINY.

P.S.—Wish you a good time in United States.

Out of the Season.

Country Visitor (to London Friend, *who is just off for his holiday).* As I 'm in town for a few nights I must see some theatres.

London Friend. Almost all closed, my boy.

C. V. Ah! but at those that *are* open, what are they giving?

L. F. Orders. [*Exit precipitately.*

BOZ THE BICYCLIST.—In *Great Expectations*, Chap. XXXVIII., is given a motto for bicyclists. It occurs when *Estella* comes "to a sudden check," and says "Pip, Pip!" Then she adds, in the polite way that a lady bicyclist might adopt when addressing a stupid person who would not get out of the way, "Will you never take warning?"

BURTON'S NEW "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."—ALLSOPP'S Balance Sheet.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER IV.

The White Rabbit continues his Story.

IT was not until some few days after his story had been so unceremoniously interrupted that the White Rabbit was able to continue it. One morning, however, when all was quiet in the garden, the retriever and his friend the cat approached the hutch and settled themselves in an attitude of expectation before the rails. The White Rabbit pretended not to see them, and busied himself in tidying his fur. At last *Gamp* broke the silence:—

"*Bunbutter*," she said, "there's nobody about; now's your time."

But the White Rabbit paid no attention to her.

"I beg your Royal Highness's pardon," she continued, "I was about to observe that the circumstances were favourable for the completion of the highly interesting narrative that was begun by you the other day."

"We are all ears," said *Rob*.

"So is he," whispered the Cat, but the Rabbit fortunately did not hear the observation. As a matter of fact he was dying to continue the story, and needed no further prompting:—

"Let me see," he began, "where had I got to? Ah, yes, I remember now. One morning the King, my father, on coming down to breakfast, was both surprised and shocked at finding my mother in tears.

"'Why this affliction?' he asked in his kindest tones, at the same time selecting from the dish on the sideboard the particular poached egg, with its attendant piece of bacon, which the ancient tradition of our House caused to be reserved for the reigning monarch. 'Has the coffee-pot refused to work, or has the chief of the scullions again thrown our domestic affairs into confusion by giving warning?'

"My mother smiled a wan smile. She knew my father's habit of light-hearted badinage, and as a rule she thoroughly appreciated his jokes, but on this occasion she seemed to find no comfort in his words. For all answer she rang the bell and, having summoned to her presence the aged Seneschal, she bade him fetch the golden tray of state. When this had been brought she momentarily checked her sobs and laid upon the tray a document which she had been reading before my father entered the room.

"'Bear it,' she said, with that air of profound dignity which so well became her, 'to His Majesty and beg him on my behalf to study it well.' Having said this, she again wept copiously into a dry pocket-handkerchief provided for her by the page-in-waiting.

"The Seneschal, supporting the tray in his trembling hands, tottered across the room, and, having with some difficulty fallen upon his knees, laid it before my father. His commission being thus executed he bowed, as was his duty, three times, and crept backwards out of the room. This is what my father read:

"'EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF SABLONIA, P. 2499, 15TH EDITION:

"'*And it shall come to pass that, if the King and Queen of Sablonia shall after twenty-five years be childless, there shall be born to them a son of surpassing beauty and of unmatchable valour. And it is yet further ordained that, having slain in battle the brother of his father, the youth shall thereafter take upon himself the semblance of one that is robed in white fur, and shall continue in this likeness until such time as it shall please a maiden of her love to release him.*'

"My father, when he had read this document carefully, looked across at my mother.

"'Whence,' he asked, 'came this?'

"'It came,' said my mother, 'in the usual way, by post; but the post-mark is obliterated, and Heaven only knows who sent it.'

"'It shall be rigorously investigated,' said my father. 'But, in the meantime, I infer that you are about to present me and the country with an heir to the throne.'

"'I admit,' said my mother, sorrowfully, 'that the idea had occurred to me; but, after reading this terrible document, I feel that I ought to think no more about it. Why, the child would be doomed to turn into a white rat or a ferret or something awful of that sort. I assure you I could never bear it.'

"'As to that,' cried my father, now roused to an unwonted pitch of excitement, 'I believe no such old wives' tales. We are at peace with Plagiorosa, and shall continue so. How then shall any son of mine slay his uncle in battle? Be brave, my dear, and resume your good intentions. I, the King of Sablonia, promise you that all shall be well.'

"My mother, reassured by these noble words, so full of hope and courage, smiled through her tears, and my father giving no more thought to the trifle that had disturbed the morning, continued his breakfast in perfect serenity. A few weeks afterwards, amid the clash of the joy-bells, the shouts of the loyal populace, and the waving of flags, the heralds announced to the people of Sablonia the birth of a long-deferred heir."

Here the White Rabbit broke off.

"I shall complete my story to-morrow," he said. "Now run away and play, like good animals."

AN INN-AUGURATION.

SINCE our recent visit Le Touquet has been going ahead. "*Pour accomplir le Rêve*," as the local journal has it, the Atlantic Hotel has been inaugurated. It has only to keep well up to the present level of its neighbour and ally, *L'Hermitage*, for the excellence of whose cuisine this deponent can answer, and its success with French and English visitors ought to be assured.

Of course there was an "inauguration," the inevitable banquet, with lots of toasts, and plenty of butter, graphically described by M. LEVÊQUE (a name which is of good augury as suggestive of an episcopal blessing on its present and future), one of the writers on the *Paris-Plage* newspaper. The French printers seem to have had rather a difficulty with the Yorkshire name of WHITLEY, the indefatigable *entrepreneur*, without whose indomitable perseverance, and the substantial assistance rendered by Mr. STONEHAM, it is most probable that *Le Touquet*, as it is, would never have come into existence. But the spelling of the English names has rather bothered the French compositor, as first of all Mr. WHITLEY appears as "*un penseur incomparable*, M. JOHN WITHLEY;" then he comes out correctly as "M. WHITLEY," dropping the "JOHN" as a trifle too familiar; and though giving the name properly four times out of five, yet in one instance the type seems to have become a little faded, and what ought to be "M. JOHN WHITLEY" appears, in our copy at least, as "M. JOHN WHIFLEY." Luckily for the enterprise he is not by any means a "Whifley" sort of person.

The talented reporter had another English name, and title, also to tackle, represented by "Sir HOWARD MELLIS," who appears in his place among the toasts as "*sir lord* HOWARD MELLIER." Go up one, sir lord HOWARD! The date of his creation as a seaside Peer of France is within this present month. All hail! Sir lord HOWARD MELLIER! The more the Mellier!

One word of advice from *Mr. Punch's* Special Traveller. Keep the place well up and the prices down. In your excellent golf course will be found the links to bind to Le Touquet all the Golfing World and his wife. So go ahead!



SNUBBED.

Officious Person (who has been boring the Colonel with his conversation). "PERMIT ME, MY DEAR COLONEL; LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND——"
Irritable Cripple. "THANKS, BUT IF YOU COULD GIVE ME A COUPLE OF SOUND LEGS I SHOULD PREFER IT."

At St. Drowsee's Within.

Visitor (who has been present at the sermon, to one of the regular congregation). Your clergyman's sermon was rather soporific.

Parishioner. They 're always like that. But he is leaving us.

Visitor. I congratulate you. Has he got a good appointment?

Parishioner. Yes, and most suitable. That is, if it be true that he has been offered the living of Great Snoring.

ACCORDING to a report in the *Standard*, Dr. HORTON, while speaking in defence of Passive Resistance, said that "he felt that he was taking his place among those other Englishmen who had fought against what they believed to be wrong, against the interest of their own country, and against the law of God." Dr. HORTON is likely to lose some of his friends if he makes any more of these candid admissions.

CLERICAL HUMOUR.—A certain clergyman, writing to the *Times* last Saturday in defence of his position during the most solemn part of the service, which had been attacked stated that with his congregation genuflexion was "a custom of twenty years' standing." The Rev. SIDNEY SMITH himself could not have put it better.

Terrible Conflagration.

(From an Advertisement in a Railway Carriage.)

—— & Co. 2000 BEDSTEADS IN STOCK
LARGEST VARIETY IN THE WORLD
ALIGHT AT GOWER STREET STATION.

SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION.—For an impecunious sportsman, who has his gun and all essentials ready, but is unable to rent a shooting himself, and awaits, in vain, some friendly invitation:—

"Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor!"
Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc. 2.

If the above gentleman would be satisfied with what we must suppose to be the inferior sport of pursuing ground game in one of the Home Counties, we can recommend him to an advertisement in the *Chronicle* which offers:—

"Free Shoot, near Park Station, Tottenham."

WHEN the two Monarchs dined together at Marienbad champagne was forbidden by the rules of the "Cure," but its place seems to have been supplied by any amount of "hoch."

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XXII.—Are we Growing Plainer?

Scene—Rimmel's Oatmeal Parlour.

Present:

Mr. Bobby Spencer, M.P. (in the chair).
Sir Albert Rollit, M.P.
Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.
Sir James Crichton-Browne.
Mr. Greasley.
Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.
Mr. Bernard Shaw.
Miss Edna May.
La Belle Otero.
Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P.
Mr. Adolf Beck.

Mr. Bobby Spencer. A writer in one of the cheaper morning papers having promulgated the theory that we are, as a nation, growing plainer, it has been thought well to convene a gathering of representatives of all shades of opinion and beauty to discuss the question and see what should be done.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. I deny that we are growing plainer. The suggestion is merely a catch-penny heading for an article in a sensational paper.

Sir Albert Rollit. And even if we were why draw inferences? Why make a column of it? There are plenty of other subjects. There is the state of the Strand.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. And General Booth's eliminating trials.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. And disclosures of criminal luxury—"Should Salads be dressed by Paquin?"

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Suppose that we have been wrong all the time. Suppose that symmetry is really less beautiful than incident? Suppose that, according to true taste, beyond human compass, it is Mr. George Wyndham who is plain, and Mr. George Robey who is beautiful! What a tragedy!

Sir Gilbert Parker. The prestige of good looks cannot be over-rated. Beauty should be a national ideal. Whether or not we are growing plainer I am not personally in a position to say. But as a legislator I would recommend a more liberal supply of mirrors in public places. One ought to have the opportunity of continually noting development.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Who is to fix the standard? Some people say that dark men alone are handsome; others, fair. Who shall decide?

Mr. Greasley. Mr. Justice Grantham?

Miss Edna May. Sir Alfred Harmsworth?

La Belle Otero. Sir Gilbert Parker?

Sir Gilbert Parker. Oh, no, no! I am too busy. And I am just off to Marienbad.

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Little Maryenbad!

Sir Albert Rollit. Why waste time over such a foolish question? Handsome is as handsome does. Beauty at its best is only skin deep.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Is not handsome does as handsome is a better version? In other words, beauty can do no wrong.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. But what is beauty?

Sir Gilbert Parker.

> Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
> I know, and that is all I wish to know;

—so Keats said. In his day everyone was beautiful. Keats was beautiful, Shelley was beautiful.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. Why do you call Shelley beautiful? Browning, who was a fellow poet, is quite of another opinion. He says, "And did you once see Shelley *plain?*"

Sir James Crichton-Browne. I marvel to hear so much loose talk on beauty, as if it were not a definite thing. Beauty can be scientifically analysed and ascertained. For one thing, whiskers.

La Belle Otero. Not for women, surely?

Sir James Crichton-Browne. I refer to manly beauty. The beauty of woman is different—a less important matter, far easier of attainment.

La Belle Otero. Ha!

Miss Edna May. Ho!

Sir Gilbert Parker. Why whiskers? Are not whiskers obsolete, and deservedly so?

Sir James Crichton-Browne. Certainly not.

Sir Gilbert Parker. A pointed beard.

Mr. George Wyndham. No beard but a moustache. The chin should not be concealed. The human anatomy has few charms more positive than a good sensitive chin.

Mr. Swift MacNeill. The premium put upon manly beauty is ridiculous. An ugly man can do everything that a handsome man can do. Look at John Wilkes; look at Mr. ——

Mr. Greasley. Good looks are certainly no advantage in swimming the Channel.

Mr. George Wyndham. And yet it is pleasant to gaze upon symmetrical features, a bright eye, a trim moustache. It is surely more satisfactory that the strings, say, of office, should be in the hands of an *Adonis* than a *Caliban*.

La Belle Otero. There are quite enough beautiful women, quite. More, and it would be vulgar. Every generation should have the opportunity of paying to see one superlatively lovely woman.

Miss Edna May. One of each kind. There are many varieties. Let there be Free Trade.

Mr. Adolf Beck. After all, what is beauty? The important thing about a man's face is that it should resemble no other man's face. Let me be plain as Thersites, but let me be unique.

Mr. Bobby Spencer (waking). What then do we decide? If I were to give my casting vote I should say that beauty might go. It is certainly not essential to the agricultural labourer. It is a mistake to plough in a six-inch collar.

Sir Gilbert Parker. The old saying that beauty unadorned is adorned the most is a fallacy. Beauty wants dressing.

Sir Albert Rollit. Yes; as the poet says—"O the little hat and how much it is!"

[*Exeunt undecided whether to continue plain or otherwise.*

WAS OMAR KHAYYÁM A GOLFER?

It is certainly strange, considering how much attention has been given to the *Rubáiyát* in recent years, that nobody has even raised this question. Most people, it is true, could quote at least a portion of one quatrain that has a direct and undeniable bearing upon the Game:

> The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
> But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes.

But one must not argue from single instances, and the object of this article is to show that there is a continuous thread of golfing allusions running right through the Quatrains. The evidence overwhelms utterly the theory of accident and coincidence. Thus Quatrain 10, beginning

> With me along this strip of Herbage strown . .

contains an exact and succinct description of the choicest golfing ground, and indicates that Omar had a justifiably low opinion of arable land for the purposes of the game. The next stanza, the most familiar of all, requires only the very slightest of textual emendations. Clearly its third line should run—

> Beside me *swinging* in the Wilderness.

Quatrain 14, beginning

> The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon,

is concerned with the average man's futile pursuit of what he calls his True Form, although the verse has been interpreted in a more general sense.

Quatrain 19—

> And this reviving Herb, whose tender green
> Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean . . .

is a cheerful remark made during the recovery of a ball from a water-hazard. "Ah, lean upon it lightly!" may well be an instruction to an impetuous caddie, in consequence of the rottenness of the bank after heavy rain.

Quatrain 22, which mentions how some

> Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,

clearly refers to the perils of afternoon tea on long summer days.

Quatrain 25, beginning

> Why, all the . . . . Sages who discussed. . . .

is a scathing denunciation of the multiplying of golf tutors and manuals.

Quatrain 30—

What, without asking, hither hurried WHENCE?
And, without asking, WHITHER hurried hence?

epitomises a round of alternate slicing and pulling.

Quatrain 32—

There was a Door to which I found no key;
There was a Veil past which I could not see . . .

establishes the important fact that the Poet never succeeded in reducing himself to Scratch. Probably his handicap was 12, if not more.

Quatrain 41 is one of the most difficult in the whole poem:

For "IS" and "IS NOT", though with Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" without, I could define. . .

A little consideration shows that the first verse refers to a stymie, so doubtful that it must be tested with a pocket-measure. "Up-and-down" hints at what is known as the "Headsman" style of attacking the ball. "Without," one may hazard a guess, means "without a follow-through," a defect inseparable from this style of play.

Quatrain 42—

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

records a visit to a course, on a daily ticket, where the Poet and his partner, not being introduced by a member, had not the run of the bar.

Quatrain 51—

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on . . .
Nor all thy tears wash out a Word of it . . .

clearly refers to Medal-Day at Naishápúr. The competition being by strokes and not by holes, a bad breakdown would be irretrievable.

Quatrain 57 contains an indubitable reference to a bunker—

Who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in.

This is a particularly interesting passage, as the last word of the first line may refer either to a hazard on the course or to the sloe-gin that spoils so many scores after lunch. The latter theory is the most probable, as the idea of a bunker is sufficiently indicated by the word "pitfall."

Quatrain 62—

Shall he that made the vessel in pure Love
And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy!

is a judicious and temperate comment upon the painful spectacle of a short-tempered professional breaking a club of his own making across his knee. Vessel, for club, is a very happy example of Persian imagery.

Quatrains 63, 64—

They sneer at me, for leaning all awry . . .
They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!



SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

Visitor. "I'VE BROUGHT YOU A FEW CHOCOLATES. BUT I SUPPOSE YOU ALWAYS HAVE QUANTITIES OF SWEETS?" *Ethel.* "NO, I DON'T. I EAT 'EM ALL."

are unequivocal references to the prototype of PARK's wry-necked putter, and to an early controversy about Standardisation.

Quatrain 75—

One naturally expects that the concluding stanza of a poem, which bristles with allusions, direct and indirect, to the Royal and Ancient game, would not end without a final reference. It is to be found in the words

. . . the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass!

"Where I made one" may, of course, be a simple reference to the foursomes, which were no doubt the Poet's favourite form of the game. More probably, however, they used "make" at Naishápúr, or even throughout Persia, in its modern American sense, instead of the English "do." Just as Mr. TRAVIS would talk of having "made the 'Maiden' in two" the Poet boasted of having made a certain hole on his Home Links in one; and no doubt it was as near to that spot as the Green Committee would permit that he chose his resting-grave. This may be taken as final and conclusive.

A REFORMED public-house has been opened in New York by Bishop POTTER. It will, we understand, be known in future as Bishop Potter's Bar.



LE PIED ANGLAIS.

Bathing Woman (to English Lady). "VOILÀ, MADAME, UNE BELLE PAIRE DE CHAUSSONS." *(Noticing disapproval in Visitor's face)* "AH, MADAME N'EN VEUT PAS? JE SUIS DÉSOLÉE, MAIS, POUR LE MOMENT, IL NE ME RESTE PAS DE PLUS GRANDS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Chantrey Committee has reported that in its opinion too exclusive a preference has been given in the past to pictures shown at the Royal Academy, and recommends that future purchases be made by a Committee consisting of the President of the Royal Academy, a Royal Academician, and an Associate of the Royal Academy.

Times change. Once the Irish did all they could to annoy us. Now a scheme is on foot to pledge every Member elected for an Irish constituency at the next General Election to stay away from Westminster.

The Army Council has intimated that no facilities are to be given to any foreigners, whether military or civilian, to attend the training of troops or inspect any military establishment. This is just the sort of imitative policy which causes ill-feeling between other nations and ourselves. Fiscal retaliation is another.

We understand that the alleged spy who was arrested at Milford Haven was released because he had not the word "Spy" written in plain characters on the ribbon of his hat.

Clacton-on-Sea, we are informed by a contemporary, has been called the "Mentone of the East." On the other hand, Mentone sets up no sort of claim to be called the "Clacton of the South."

A valuable hunter, belonging to Mr. DURLACHER, got its hind foot securely fixed in its mouth one day last week, and a veterinary surgeon had to be summoned to its assistance. This recalls the ancient Irish legend of the man who never opened his mouth without putting his foot into it. But that, of course, was a bull.

A band of 500 agricultural labourers, armed with guns and scythes, invaded the estate of the millionaire Count GEORG ALMASSY, near Debrezcin, Hungary, the other day, and demanded the equal division of all his property among themselves. As a share had not been reserved for himself, the Count, not unreasonably, refused.

A woman alleged at the West London Police Court that throwing an apple is the coster's method of greeting a friend. There is certainly an expression, The apple of one's eye.

A fair Parisienne has killed a friend for accidentally treading on her dress during a dance, but many ladies take the humaner view that penal servitude for life would have been an ample punishment for such careless behaviour.

Some excitement was caused last week by a soldier confessing that he was guilty of the Peasenhall murder, but, on investigation, it turned out that he was only bragging.

The usually well-informed *Matin* is of the opinion that the *Reshitelny* affair will be settled diplomatically without serious difficulty. It certainly will not lead to the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan.

The *Entente* continues to be a living influence. Two Birmingham youths who were anxious to court the same girl fought a duel with revolvers, and neither was hurt.

The *Boudoir* publishes a list of favourite pets kept by leading ladies in Society. It is characteristic of the present age that not one of these ladies mentions her husband.

NOTE AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—LAMB appreciated SALMON and quoted POISSON. FRESHFIELD'S address was about "pastures new."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—AUGUST 24, 1904.



MISTRESS OF THE SEA.

Father Neptune (*Ocean Carrier*). "YOU 'RE NOT SENDING ANY OF *YOUR* GOODS OUT TO THE FAR EAST JUST NOW, MA'AM. HOW 'S THAT?" Britannia (*meekly*). "I'M NOT ALLOWED TO." Father Neptune. "NOT ALLOWED! WHY, *I THOUGHT YOU HAD A NAVY!!*"

STRICTLY PRIVATE.

II.

(Being a further instalment of Lady VINOLIA VERE DE VERE'S *answers to letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette.)*

"*I am engaged,*" *writes* ARAMINTA, "*to a charming young man who is thoroughly eligible in every way, except for the fact that he will wear side-spring boots and side whiskers. He is terribly sensitive to criticism, and I fear that any abrupt expression of my dislike for these practices might cause him to break off our engagement. What am I to do?*"

If ARAMINTA is the sensible girl I take her to be she will cheerfully put up with what is, after all, a venial eccentricity. There was a time not so long ago when the dandies invariably wore side whiskers, and there is nothing immoral in side-spring boots, which are generally worn by Armenians. Perhaps the anonymous birthday present of a patent razor might correct one of these errors of taste.

"*I have been invited to spend a week-end with some rich friends on the river,*" *writes* ENID. "*They play Bridge for high stakes, and what I want to know is this: If I lose more than I can pay, ought I to give I. O. U.s or borrow the amount from the butler?*"

I am surprised and pained by the tone of ENID'S letter. It is quite true that the poet says, "'Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all," but debts of honour should always be paid immediately. If ENID is unable to face the risks of gambling, she should abstain from its fearful joys and content herself with the simpler pleasures of the Ping-pong saloon or the polo links.

LORNA *writes despairingly:*—"*I have been engaged for six years to* J. J., *and see no prospect of our being married unless I can earn an independent income of at least £75 a year. I have written a novel of about 200,000 words, and should like to submit it to you for a candid opinion.*"

Before embarking on a literary career or forwarding your MS. I should strongly advise you to try some employment in which there is a more immediate prospect of remuneration. The success of the Missionary toffee movement induces me to suggest that you should try jam-making. It is true that there is very little profit on home-made jam unless it is made in large quantities, but Rome was not built in a day, and I am sure that with the powerful incentive that you possess it would not be difficult to work up a large connection with hotels, restaurants, tea-shops, &c. Remember that much depends upon a good name, such, for example, as "Lorna's Gladstone Gooseberry Jam."

"*I keep company with a young lady,*" *writes* ROLAND, "*who is about fourteen inches shorter than myself. She will not face the impertinent gaze of the public, therefore we are bound to go in unfrequented streets. This is most annoying, and I have suggested to her that she should go in for athletics, so as perhaps to increase her height. She will not listen to me. It therefore falls on me to find how I can reduce my own height, as I cannot increase hers.*"

To begin with, banish all such foolish ideas as tampering either with her height or your own. Even were it possible to lessen your own height, or increase hers, the difference could only be so tiny as to be worthless. You are not the only tall man who has been married to a short woman—*Antony and Cleopatra* is, of course, the classic instance—and if your love is not strong enough to put up with such trifles as the stares of the public, it ought to be. It would be a harsh world if we allowed our loves to be interfered with by so very absurd an influence.

LADY VINOLIA.

READY MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE RT. HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, P.C., 1ST EARL OF STRATAGEM AND DODGERY.
(BARON STYMIE IN THE PEERAGE OF SCOTLAND.)

Arms—*Quarterly:* 1st, a patent self-righting, non-capsizable premier in pincenez, hypnotic in charm, elusive nebuly in debate, preraphaelite in languor, clutchant lapellois of reveres, chaotic hazy rotten in arithmetic, downy lary, crafty to the last, agile in closure. (*Motto:* "Icant adsum sorsub tractem"); 2nd, a dabby neurotic sole floppant, holding hysteric converse with kindred soles, socially conjoined in sympathy all proper turned up passée. (*Motto:* "Place not souls for me"); 3rd, under a chief wily noncommittal, premier on sufferance, a fiscal unicorn (with a really almost imperceptible tax on his last syllable) urgent crusadé on the hustle, debruised and bunkered checky asquithois proper, invincibly chirpy jaunty cependant shewing sangfroid on the surface; 4th, a British lion hopelessly obfuscated and befogged, rampant purpure in fury, finding himself fiscally jockeyed proper in blinkers. *Crests:* 1st, a Parliamentary guillotine (successfully revived at Westminster by the present peer as a substitute for all Parliamentary prescience and business foresight); 2nd, a presiding military genius proper, of deep strategical insight and vast experience, who combines in himself the great fighting qualities of Cæsar, Napoleon, Marlborough, Moltke, and Howard Vincent. (There is a rumour that he is constructing round the British coast a formidable series of philosophic redoubts which will render our shores practically impregnable.) *Supporters: Dexter,* a publican proper, lively in spirits, after compensation or; *Sinister,* a member of the British Association, spectacled and ear-trumpeted all proper, habited sable, conscientiously endeavouring to get the hang of a recent eloquent piece of cerebral gymnastics at Cambridge. *Second Motto:* "An Englishman's (public-)house is his castle." *Additional Motto (thrown in):* "(B)ung jo serviray."

Seats—Fischal Stymie, Tarriff, N.B.; Soldham Neatly, by Suttle, Devizes; Dunham Hall, Fineleigh-in-the-Eye; Creditand, Prestige-on-the-Wane.

Clubs—The Clique, Niblick's, Driver's, Brassie's, etc.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCH PROBLEM.—Are Wee Free or are U. Free?

SOCIETY WHISPERS FROM THE STATES.

[Two well-known Philadelphia society men have recently fought a prize-fight of twenty-five rounds in a private room. At the end of the twenty-fifth round one of the pair was knocked out.]

From the "New York Society Slogger":—

"TOUGH TED" ROOSEVELT, who is open to fight all comers for the championship of the States, is in strict training at the White House for his forthcoming contest with "JUDGE" PARKER. TED was in rare shape when our representative called at his training quarters. He wrestles twice a day with the Trust problem, and improves his hitting by punching cows. Of the JUDGE'S qualifications for championship honours little is known. His previous experience in the ring has been limited to his contest with "KID" HEARST, when, it will be remembered, he obtained the decision on points. He is training on a course of sea-water baths. Those who have means of knowing state that he is getting on swimmingly.

An eye-witness of DAN SULLY'S last performance in the ring says that, though knocked out on that occasion, the Cotton man is still to be reckoned with. He is game. Our correspondent was greatly struck with the rapidity with which he left his corner when time was called.

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH'S At Home on Friday last was a genuine success. The event of the evening was, of course, the twenty-round contest between "CORNY" VANDERBILT and "BILL" GILLETTE. The histrion had height and reach in his favour, but the nightly doses of morphia which he was compelled to inject while playing *Sherlock Holmes* in London have had their inevitable effect on his stamina; and "CORNY," after having the worst of some exchanges at long range, bored in and rattled his man with heavy hooks at the body. At the end of the fifteenth round the tall and brainy mummer was compelled to throw up the sponge. The winner, it is interesting to note, was trained by his fascinating hostess exclusively upon larks' tongues on toast.

One of the first sights shown to visitors, when they have seen enough of GRANT'S tomb and the Statue of Liberty, is Wall Street, where "PIERP." MORGAN is now training for his next deal. This tricky fighter gets himself into condition by hustling around and lifting British trade. He has nearly recovered from the nasty jar he sustained in his failure to get control of the White Star Line, and intends for the future not to risk his reputation in such purely "exhibition spars."

Admirers of "OILY" ROCKEFELLER'S style will be sorry to hear that he has not yet got the new interior for which he advertised recently. This interferes greatly with his work in the ring. His opponents complain that he can no longer put down the steaks.

The battle between JAMES J. JEFFRIES and Mrs. CARRIE NATION was a complete *fiasco*, neither of the principals being able to come to an agreement on the subject of the rules. JEFFRIES holds that he had a perfect right to object to Mrs. NATION using her hatchet, and he claims the purse. To appease the disappointed audience, who had begun to hoot loudly, Mrs. NATION gave an exhibition later in the evening at TOM SHARKEY'S saloon on East Fourteenth Street, where her science and hard hitting won great applause from all but the proprietor, who is suing for damages.

MR. BALFOUR ON GOVERNMENT.

OWING to a confusion between the shorthand outlines for the words "electrical" and "electoral," "electron" and "elector" respectively, the Premier's Inaugural Address to the British Association at Cambridge has been badly misreported. *Mr. Punch*, however, has been enabled to supply an amended version of the more salient passages of Mr. BALFOUR'S interesting allocution. It should, therefore, run as follows:—

Two centuries ago the electoral system seemed but a scientific toy. It was fifty years before its effects were perceived in ADAM SMITH; a hundred years before it was detected in the form of Jacobinism; one hundred and twenty years before it was connected with repeal of the Corn Laws; one hundred and seventy years before it was associated with obstruction and all-night gas-bag radiation. But to-day there are those, the protagonists of the electoral theory of statecraft, who regard Parliament as the mere appearance of which the electors are the physical basis. Such theorists think that the M.P. or atom is himself but a collection of monads or electors, that these representatives differ in the number and arrangement and relation of their electors, and that on those differences depend the various qualities of Members. While in most cases these atomic personages may maintain their equilibrium for periods that seem almost eternal, yet they are not less obedient to the law of change than the party system itself.

But if the Government is a grouping of atoms, and atoms are a system of electoral monads, what are these electoral monads? It may be that, as has been suggested, they are but a modification of gas, a modification roughly comparable to a whiff or escape of gas. Whether that is accepted or not, it is certain that these electoral monads cannot be considered apart from gas. Without it an electoral theory of obstruction is impossible. Surely here is the most extraordinary of revolutions. . . . We can no longer hold that, if the internal energy of a party is as far as possible converted into heat which can be radiated away in by-elections, then the party's whole energy will be exhausted—on the contrary, the amount thus lost will be absolutely insignificant compared with what remains stored up within the separate atoms. They will be side by side without movement, without affinity, yet each, however inert in external relations, will be the theatre of violent forces, by the side of which those that shatter a world and reveal it as a flaming star to the astronomer's telescope are negligible.

The insignificant M.P. is now no more than the relatively vast theatre in which the electoral voters perform their evolutions; while the monads or voters themselves are not regarded as units of intelligence but as units of political wire-pulling. So that intelligence in the democracy is not merely explained, but explained away. . . .

In common, therefore, with all living things we seem to be practically concerned with the feebler forces of nature and with statesmanship in its least powerful manifestations. Party affinity and cohesion are, on this theory, no more than the slight residual effects of the internal electoral forces which keep the atom in his seat. . . . Yet this prodigious Imperial mechanism seems outside the range of our immediate party interests. We live merely on its fringe. It has no promise of utilitarian value; we cannot harness it to our penny buses. Yet not less does it stir the imagination. It awakens an acute intellectual gratification, a satisfaction almost æsthetic in its intensity and quality. . . . Our knowledge of statesmanship is based on illusion.

MR. SWIMBURNE'S LATEST.

[Music may be used to cheer HAGGERTY (across the Channel). "If a musician is playing something lively on the tug, I shall forget I am swimming."—*Daily Mail*, August 18.]

RIDE a cock-horse
(Or train, Charing Cross)
To see a brave swimmer
Burst through a "white horse."
Shields on his eyelids,
And oil on his limbs;
He shall have music
Wherever he swims.

Old Refrain reset for Philosophers at the Meeting of the British Association.—"Oh, dear, what *can* the *matter* be!"



VICE VERSA.

Elderly, but much "made up" Lady. "I DO THINK IT IS SUCH A PITY THAT SO MANY GIRLS NOWADAYS HAVE SUCH OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS!"

Earnest Youth (thinking this a grand opportunity for a compliment). "OH, THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS. NOW YOU HAVE, IF I MAY SAY SO, A YOUNG HEAD ON OLD SHOULDERS!"

LILLIAN'S LOVES.

You must understand that this is only a selection of them. LILLIAN has in her time loved nearly everybody—always excepting myself, alas!—so that I can only refer to a few of the later ones.

Not that she did not begin early. Her first affair was at six years old; and he was eight. But since her hair has been up LILLIAN has loved heroes only. (Again always excepting myself.) A few years ago it was W. G. One day he made a century, and she telegraphed as follows to him:

"*Dear W. G. C.Y.K. Yours, L.*"

Of course everyone knows what C.Y.K. means, so presumably W. G. does too. But when he only made three in the second innings LILLIAN confessed that perhaps she had been rather forward. However, as I pointed out, there are other things that K. may stand for.

At the beginning of the year I had a bit of a shock. It was like this. I came to see her one day, and found her deep in the *Sportsman*.

"The poor dear broke his arm," she said. "Isn't it a shame? I'm sure that horrid Russian person did it on purpose."

I felt that I had a duty to perform. For the sake of her mother and herself, I sat down and spoke fluently. In a few molten words I pointed out the inconveniences of Mohammedanism. I touched lightly on the allowance of wives per man to followers of the Prophet, and dwelt strongly upon the disadvantages of Constantinople as a health resort. I also told her what happened in the Bosphorus on dark nights, when one had lost one's popularity.

"You can't be too careful with Turks," I went on. "They want but very little encouragement. I don't know how far you have gone, but a postcard might be quite enough to make him think things. And I'm afraid I couldn't offer to rescue you."

"Why not?" asked LILLIAN. "You aren't afraid of a terrible Turk, are you?"

"No, not afraid," I explained; "but I have a headache to-day."

"The Russian Lion wasn't frightened," said LILLIAN, proudly.

"The papers say he was pale," I pleaded.

"That's only because he hadn't been out in the sun lately. Ah, there's a man for you!"

And only a minute before she had called him a "horrid person!" I immediately explained that all my remarks about Turks applied (only more so) to Russians; that floating in the Bosphorus with a sack over your head was a mere holiday compared with what habitually occurred in the Baltic.

In this way the situation was saved, but the horror of it impressed me vividly. At last I fancied I saw a way of curing her of these cults. I would make her fall in love with some imaginary person—and then perhaps she would see the absurdity of worshipping unseen heroes.

So I spoke often to LILLIAN of the famous Hiroshima.

"Is he nicer than TOGO?" she asked, eagerly. "I suppose he is a Japanese?"

"Hiroshima," I said, "is certainly Japanese. TOGO simply isn't in it."

"How lovely!" she said, and clapped her hands. "Is he in the Army or Navy?"

"Hiroshima," I said guardedly, "has seen no fighting as yet. But none the less the name is in the mouths of millions. Ah, Hiroshima! could I but see thee!"

I didn't see LILLIAN for some days after that, but whenever she wrote to me she mentioned Hiroshima. In her last she said, "Would I be a darling, and get her a photo of the dear?" I wired back, "Expect me at four, with photo of Hiroshima."

I arrived punctually with the treasured photograph. Trembling with excitement, LILLIAN opened it. . . . .

I don't know if you have ever seen Hiroshima. It's rather an important town on the south coast of Japan, with a population of some thousands. . . . . It was a month or more before I was forgiven. (You will notice, please, that I never implied at all that Hiroshima was a man.)

But she is not cured. Only to-day I was round there, and she began:

"Oh, I say, I'm in love again."

"LILLIAN'S way?" I asked, for I have my hopes.

"Yes, of course. Guess who it is."

I nearly said "Port Arthur," but it was too risky; so I contented myself with "KITCHENER?"

"That was last week."

"Of course; I forgot. I expect it's a cricketer. If it's GAUKRODGER, I'm going home."

"No, it's not a cricketer."

"Have you been to the Imperial yet?" I inquired, artfully.

"We're going to-morrow. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Don't say it's LORD GEORGE SANGER. He isn't a real lord, you know."

"As if that mattered," said LILLIAN, scornfully. "Well, I'll tell you. It's a statesman."

"A *what?*"

"I mean an M.P. In fact, C——N."

"LILLIAN," I said sadly, "you disappoint me. I did expect more originality from you. A girl who (under a misapprehension certainly) fell in love with JOHN STRANGE WINTER—now to think of JOE! It's too awful."

"But, my dear boy," said LILLIAN, "of course it isn't JOE. It's C.-B."

"C. who?"

"The Right Honourable Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P., P.C."

"C.Y.K.?" I suggested.

LILLIAN blushed.

"No, not yet; but—well, I don't know. You see I only thought of him last night."

So there it is. And she's going to the Imperial to-morrow.



A FEARFUL DILEMMA.

Lady Acquaintance (severely). "WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR HAT OFF WHEN YOU MEET A LADY, AUGUSTUS?"

Augustus (who has put on Pa's hat to come out an awful swell). "I—I—CAN'T GET IT OFF!"

NAUTICAL SCHEMES.

(By our Millinery Expert.)

THE spirit of the sea, wilful and wayward as our own, is calling us incessantly, and the spirit of the moment naturally turns towards *toilettes de plage* and *de bain*. To be truly convincing, beach-frocks should be kept as much as possible *au naturel*, sun-tinted zephyrs being much in vogue as cool and refreshing wear. A blonde, however, may always make a noticeable appearance in a vivid blue crash; brunettes will look particularly *chic* simply gowned in coarse oatmeal, and sea-green lawns are effective wear for the girl with warm chestnut tresses. The tall athletic damsel may satisfy herself with a stripe, while the *piquante petite* will always look her best in a small spot, and Messrs. WEARING, Ltd., are showing a very attractive line for seaside wear to suit all figures.

The magnetic attraction of the sad sea waves will be felt by all who are conscious of being attired in persuasive *toilettes de bain*. The changing colours of the eternal ocean form an excellent background to the delicate tints of the modern surf-suit; but undue proximity to the water must be carefully avoided, as there is nothing so fatal to the success of the up-to-date mermaid as the salt spray, so unfortunately prevalent along our coasts. Many inspirations in surf-suits may be seen in WEARING'S windows. One little garment in *ciel éolien* with *peau de soie ajouré* will exercise fascinations for *débutante* and *chaperon* alike.

There are regrettable instances where the head of the family chooses the country as a holiday resort; but even in these circumstances surf-suits and shore-cloaks must not be omitted from the outfit, as horse-pool and duck-pond parties are being organised with immense success by sympathetic country hostesses.

ON THE HIGH C'S.

I AND three of my fellow-clerks at PRONGER, RASP & Co.'s determined to strike out a line for ourselves in taking our summer holiday this year. We are all four musical, and we proposed to masquerade as professional minstrels, play on the sands, the beach, before hotels, &c., and so "make" our expenses.

TIMSON alleges that he plays the violin; I am really a fine, though perhaps rather fluky, exponent of the concertina; WOPSHOT is a wonder with the bones, and BUSTERCOMBE an honest trier with the trombone.

"Will the instruments go together?" asked TIMSON. "I think the other three will make a splendid backing for the bones," said WOPSHOT; and BUSTERCOMBE undertook to drown every minor defect under his trombone.

I think we all found courage and comfort in this thought, and when we arrived at Shrimpington-on-Sea we were full of high hope for the success of our enterprise.

We took the top rooms "back" of a large lodging-house on the Parade. After an excellent shrimp and watercress tea, we started in at once, and had a good "practice."

In the midst of it, the landlady came up, knocked at the door and asked if "any of the gents was ill?"

We re-assured her and she went away, only to return a quarter of an hour later, with information that the rest of the lodgers had given notice to leave, and that the old lady next door had already applied for police protection.

We felt rather discouraged at this. Next morning, about ten o'clock, the hour of low water, we made our initial "pitch" upon the sands. In less than ten minutes, the crowds of holiday-making folk in our immediate vicinity had left.

"Soulless clods!" murmured BUSTERCOMBE, and then he executed a *roulade* on the trombone which made a baby burst into tears, whilst two other small children fled shrieking to bury their heads in their nurse's lap.

"No good going on, here," said TIMSON irritably, "let's try somewhere else—somewhere where they can better appreciate good — well, fairly good — music."

"We'll play in front of the Hotel," said WOPSHOT: then, turning to me, he added: "What's the matter with your concertina?"

I admitted that the instrument had not given me the satisfaction I usually experienced from its strains. It was rather wheezy.

"I—I think it has sprung a leak," I replied hesitatingly.

"Well, try to patch it up," growled BUSTERCOMBE, as he tucked the trombone under his arm and we all moved away.

We "pitched" right in front of the Parade Hotel and tried "*Annie Laurie*."

"Let yourselves go, boys," said WOPSHOT in a stage whisper, and we did. Halfway through our first "piece" the Boots of the hotel suddenly appeared in our midst.

"Beg pardon, Guv'nor," he said, addressing me, "but the old gentleman in No. 5 says he ain't in very good 'ealth, and couldn't you go and work off the rest of it somewheres else?"

I ignored this minion's words, and we continued bravely to the end of "*Annie Laurie*." Then I suggested that we should do it again, as we were rather short of music.

At the second bar Boots reappeared.

"Gent in No. 24 wants to know, Sir, if there 's any way o' compromisin' the thing? 'E says that if a shillin' an' a pair of old trousis is any use to yer——"

"Go," I said sternly. "If *he* can't understand music there are others who can."

We worked on for another two minutes, and then the wretched Boots suddenly turned up at my side again.

"Take my tip, Guv'nor, slope and look sharp about it. *No. 24's gone for his gun!*"

We left hurriedly and in different directions, and in the afternoon up train shook our feet clear of the dust of a place where the grossly materialistic tendencies of the age denied a hearing to errant art.



A SINGLE FIGURE.

(And likely to remain so.)

IT is stated that a new theatre is to be erected in Dublin on the site of what was originally a morgue. We hope that the conversion will be thoroughgoing, otherwise deadheads might think they had a vested right to admission.

METHUSELAH IN DISTRESS.—"There is a case at Scarborough at present, in which it is stated that a young man who has been admitted to the workhouse has run through a fortune of £3000 in as many years."—*Evening Press* (Edinburgh).

THE FORCE.

(From the Provinces.)

You see him strolling down the street in staid official blue,
Now pausing for a friendly chat, now studying the view,
Now deep in nothing? Yes, it is the Constable, of course,
Or call him by the name he loves, *videlicet*, The Force.
He represents the majesty of Law, the State, the Throne;
Our lives, our peace, our property depend on him alone,
Our guardian angel—Ah, but stay! he scorns not honest ale,
And o'er a glass of foaming Bass himself shall tell the tale.
"Ou ay, Sir, things are quiet the noo—no what they used
tae be:
The fishers and the caddies whiles they fecht and drink a
wee,
But 'twasna them that troubled us—the Majors war the rub,
An' a' thae goufin' gentlemen that hang aboot the Club.
Eh, Sirs, 'twas waesome! Ilka nicht there wad be acht or
ten
A' wantin' hame but cudna get, they war sae fou, ye ken;
An' whiles I 've seen the Force at wark the best pairt o' the
nicht
In pickin' up the gentlemen an' sortin' them a' richt.
Noo, aince there was a banquet comin' aff, an' weel I kent
What sic an enterteenment tae thae thirsty Majors meant,
Sae I wrote for reinforcements, an' they sent withoot delay
A man wha 'd been in bisness in the heavy porter way.
Weel, when the nicht was wearin' on, awa' we gaily went,
Each wheelin' doun a barrow that the stationmaster lent.
Eh! what a sicht, Sirs! what a sicht! Sure never mortal
een
In a' this warl' o' sinners ever gazed on such a scene.
There war Majors on the table, there war Majors on the floor,
An' Majors in the passages an' mair ahent the door.
We took them up atween us jist as tenderly as eggs,
I grippin' them ahent the airms an' WULLIE by the legs;
We laid them on the barrows an' I labelled them a' roun',
An' stairted aff the laddie tae deliver roun' the toun.
Jist hoo the muddle cam' aboot I really cudna say,
For I was gey an' fou mysel', an' sae was WULLIE tae;
But onyways they a' got mixed an' jumbled up thegither,
An' when he left the bodies wrang, guidsakes, Sir, what a
swither!
Aweel, he 'd wrought an oor or mair, an' noo was weet wi'
sweat,
But no a blessed Major had he got delivered yet,
When—mebbe 'twas the change o' air, an' mebbe 'twas the
cauld,
Or mebbe 'twas the whusky that he 'd stowed intil his hald,
But whisht! he thocht the scene was changed: aince mair
he seemed tae be
Wi' a barrow fu' o' jute bales in the docks aboot Dundee.
He stared hard at the Majors—then he stared at them again;
The mair he stared, the mair the thocht took haud upon his
brain,
Until he had convinced himsel' beyond a shade o' doot,
An' he stairted for the harbour wi 's imaginary jute.
'Twas there I foun' him hard at wark at half-past twa or
three,
A-pitchin' o' thae Majors wully-nully in the sea.
My word, Sir, 'twas a lesson they 'll no readily forget,
An' some o' them 's rheumatic wi' the consequences yet.
An' gin they gie me trouble noo, as whiles they will of
course,
They quieten doun as sune 's I hint at doublin' o' the Force."

EVIDENT.—"Very much up just now in London"—the Streets.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

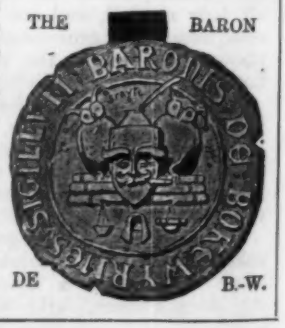
THE Baron has great pleasure in welcoming the third edition, "revised and rewritten," of *Classical and Foreign Quotations* (WHITAKER), by FRANCIS H. KING, M.A. It is a most useful work, especially for those ready writers whose memory occasionally plays them false. Well does the "author-editor-and-teller," three separate functionaries embodied in one, quote as a motto, "*l'exactitude de citer, c'est un talent plus rare que l'on ne pense.*" The anecdotes and remarks illustrating and explaining the quotations are not only instructive but really good reading.



It is obvious, says my Baronite, that had Mr. WEATHERBY CHESNEY never studied *Sherlock Holmes* he would never have written *The Mystery of a Bungalow* (METHUEN). Having made the study, he needn't have made the book.

To the "English Men of Letters" (MACMILLAN) Miss EMILY LAWLESS, *more Hibernico*, adds a study of the life and work of MARIA EDGEWORTH. The work is not forgotten, an account reasonable within the limits of the volume being given. But it is the woman, girl and octogenarian whom her country-woman—herself distinguished in the world of letters—is chiefly desirous of making known to a generation that no more reads *Tales of Fashionable Life*, *Moral Tales*, *Early Lessons*, *The Parents' Assistant*, or even *Castle Rackrent*. For this last, by the way, which my Baronite agrees with Miss LAWLESS in recognising as the crown of MARIA EDGEWORTH'S work, the author received less pecuniary reward than for any other. *Patronage* brought her two thousand guineas from the publisher, who timidly advanced a hundred pounds for the copyright of *Castle Rackrent*. To a generation that knows not MARIA EDGEWORTH it is surprising to learn how, ninety years ago, she was the idol of the book world. London received her with open arms. Paris laid at her feet the tribute of its admiration. Sir WALTER SCOTT mingled personal affection with appreciation of her literary art. She visited him at Abbotsford, and he paid a return visit to Edgeworthstown. "Full of fun and spirit," he describes her in 1823; "a little slight figure, very active, very good-humoured, and full of enthusiasm." "An exceptionally pleasant woman, nay, an exceptionally pleasant Irish woman," is the summing up of patriotic Miss LAWLESS. Like good wine, MARIA EDGEWORTH improved with time, dying in her eighty-third year full of honours, enfolded in the arms of the love of all who had known her, pressed most closely by those who knew her best.

The Baron learns from a recent article in the *Westminster Gazette* that *Old Moore's Almanack for* 1905 is already published. Of course quite the appropriate time for purchasing an *Old Moore* must be in the grouse season. The oft quoted and well-known line under one of the earliest illustrations to *Oliver Twist* could be applied here by a sharp Advertising Stationer, who might display the picture, enlarged, with the legend "*Oliver* asks for *Moore*—and gets it"—for whatever the price may be. The ancient Seer hears the *Voces Stellarum*, and, with their twinkle reflected in his eye, professes to interpret their warnings and prophecies. It is to be hoped that the *rôle* of prophet entails no loss.



MR. SPEAKER!

Extract from the Recess Diary of Toby, M.P.

I have sometimes wondered what a Positivist might be. After reading Mr. Frederic Harrison's turbulent attack upon the Speaker, I know. A Positivist would seem to be a man who publishes violent assertions about subjects of which he is personally ignorant.

Mr. Harrison, waking up to find Parliament prorogued, makes savage dash at retreating figure of Speaker, incidentally doubling up Prince Arthur. Of the latter he prophesies, "He will be remembered as the Minister who has dragged down the honour of Statesmen and the moral standard of public life to a depth which it (*sic*) has not reached since the times of Sunderland or Newcastle." Of the Speaker he shouts: "The Government secured his connivance in tricking, deceiving, degrading, and muzzling the House of Commons. He has sacrificed his character for fairness, and has betrayed the historic prestige of the Chair."

Prince Arthur may be left to defend himself if he thinks it worth while. Probably he won't. The Speaker is quite another matter. The traditions of his dignified, judicial office preclude his entering the arena of personal controversy. As far as House of Commons is concerned this is, in special circumstances of the case, of little consequence. Through ten long, occasionally troublous, Sessions it has daily, hourly, watched Mr. Gully's conduct in the Chair, has had repeated occasion to recognise his absolute freedom not only from party bias—that happily is a matter of course in the Chair of the House of Commons—but from personal prejudice, a victory more triumphant when we remember some of the temptations individualism presents.

There is no public position more difficult to fill than that of the Speaker. The fierce light that beats upon the Throne is the nearest approach to the searching light, not always friendly in intent, that steadfastly beams on the Speaker's Chair. Its occupant's autocratic position adds immensely to his difficulties. On points of order or procedure his view is absolute. Decision on a knotty point may be, usually is, called for instanter. There is no time for consulting authorities or nicely framing phrases. Straightway the Speaker must decide, knowing as he speaks that he is either sustaining, controverting, or creating precedent.

Through this ordeal Mr. Gully has for ten years passed unscathed. Early in his official career he received the highest tribute the House of Commons could bestow. He was elected by a small party majority in April, 1895, and August of the same year saw the other side in office, in absolute control of succession to the Chair. Four months' experience had convinced the Unionist majority that in Mr. Gully the House had found a man supremely qualified to maintain and enrich the high traditions of his stately office. He was, accordingly, unanimously elected, a compliment renewed when the next Parliament, still overwhelmingly Unionist in its composition, met. This judgment has since been abundantly justified, never more strikingly and consistently than in the Session just closed. For Members of the House of Commons these things are truisms. But as a writer distinguished in his own field has gone out of his way deliriously to rampage through one he knows nothing about, they may as well be cried aloud in the streets.



MR. AND MRS. JONES'S WALKING TOUR.

(At the Shakspeare Hotel.)

Voice from the Office. "Porter, take this Lady and Gentleman to the Romeo and Juliet Room."

WOMEN I HAVE NEVER MARRIED.

V.

THOUGH I am not so young as then,
I still remember rather well
The first (and last) occasion when
I disapproved of ASPHODEL;
But so it is with love at sight
That later on—some idle morning—
In breaks a sudden stream of light
Without the faintest previous warning.

We are so easily misled!
I judged of her by outward looks
As one who would not lose her head
To heroes out of story-books;
Her name, although a little rare,
Lent me no hint that might alarm me,
Nor could I guess her pensive air
Concealed a passion for the Army.

It chanced, upon a dismal day,
We studied photographic views,
Mycenæ's walls—the Appian Way—
The haunt of Umbria's famed recluse;
Was it the cypress, lone and stark,
Standing as sentry o'er Assisi,
That wrung from her this raw remark:
"Wouldn't you *love* to win the V.C.?"

Somehow it seemed in doubtful taste
That, when I hoped her heart was stirred
By thoughts of how St. FRANCIS traced
Kinship with beast and flower and bird,
Taming his flesh until it shone
With a refined and ghostly pallor—
She should invite opinions on
A copper prize for carnal Valour!

I answered her. My tones were bland,
And yet perhaps the words were hard;
But anyone will understand
About my feelings being jarred;
I said, "Let nursery-maids adore
A medal sewn on crude vermilion;
I woo not such, nor ever soar
To virtues other than civilian!"

(Mind you, I like the soldier-class,
I count them modest, frank, and plain;
In their companionship I pass
Moments aloof from mental strain;
But there's a courage which can be
Tested without a bloody quarrel;
This nobler kind occurs in me,
And may be best described as "moral.")

Right through her frame a shudder ran,
And I could read her nature clear,
How she regarded every man
As a potential Volunteer;
Would urge me forth to take the field
And say—I almost heard her shout it—
"I'd sooner see you on your shield
Than coming home unscathed without it!"

At this my thoughts went back to one
Who from his wisdom dropped this pearl:
Should you propose to wed, my son,
Beware the Guardsman type of girl!
'Twas Heaven revived that warning voice,
And, as I closed our painful session,
I knew that I had made the choice
Of Valour's better part—Discretion!

O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER V.

The White Rabbit finishes his Story.

"I WILL not," began the White Rabbit, when his audience of two had duly assembled on the following morning, "I will not weary you with all the trifling details of my early existence. Some things, however, I must mention. On the day following my birth I was gazetted to the colonelcy of twenty-five regiments of the Sablonian Army, and at the same time I was appointed a Vice-Admiral *à la suite*——"

"What does that mean?" interrupted *Rob.*

"Something with sugar in it, stupid," said the Cat. "It's always given to babies. Good for teething, you know."

"My good fools," said the Rabbit testily, "is this story mine or yours? Am I to be permitted to get a word in edge-ways? What is the use of displaying your ignorance in this painful way?"

"Are we to answer all these questions together or separately?" asked *Rob;* "because if——"

"Pish," said the White Rabbit in a tone of contempt, "let me talk, can't you? *À la suite* is, as everyone of ordinary intelligence knows, the—ah—attribute or—ah—symbol of—mind, I'm forced into giving these explanations. I didn't *want* to humiliate anybody—the—ah—symbol of royalty transferred to military or naval rank. Have you grasped it? Well, then, we can get on. At the same time I was appointed Vice-Admiral *à la suite*" (he said this very emphatically) "in the Royal Sablonian Navy. I was thus from my infancy inured to the hardships and dangers both of a military and of a seafaring life, and in this manner I acquired the strength, the courage, and the dogged endurance which, at a later period, made my name a household word wherever the flag of Sablonia has been unfurled. Even now in this condition of impotent, red-eyed servitude I can think of those days, and my heart beats higher and the blood courses quicker through my veins when I recollect the clash of martial music, the howling of the tempests, the long and weary marches so patiently endured, the shipwrecks, the dreadful nights of bivouac, and the fierce death-dealing onset, while the blasts of the trumpets and the roll of the drums were drowned in frenzied shouts of victory. But tush—let me resume.

"My baptism was a ceremony of unparalleled magnificence, all my godfathers being Emperors or Kings. I received the names of PAUL ALEXANDER VICTOR ATHELSTAN HAROLD JOHN EDWARD——" "Half time!" said the Cat.

"If you interrupt me again," said the Rabbit, "I shall have the Court cleared. Understand that, both of you. This is not a time for small jokes of extremely doubtful relevance. I received, as I said, the names of PAUL ALEXANDER VICTOR ATHELSTAN HAROLD JOHN EDWARD HENRY LOUIS WILLIAM NICHOLAS FREDERICK CONSTANTINE AUGUSTUS, and everyone prophesied a glorious future for a babe so numerously named and so distinguished—if I may say so without conceit—in appearance.

"For a time all went well. My progress in the polite arts satisfied my instructors, my high spirits and my activity of body pleased my father, and the attentions lavished upon me by the ladies of the Court delighted, while they terrified, my mother. 'I know not,' she used to say, 'whence he derives his beauty and his powers of fascination. From his father's side it cannot be. I should be the last to deny the merits of the Royal House into which I have married, but among these merits I have never heard that beauty and fascination could be reckoned.'

"'Tis from your own most gracious Majesty's side, no doubt,' said one of the courtiers.

"'I suppose it is even so,' said my mother, 'yet the King, my spouse, hesitates to recognise the fact.'

"'Impossible,' said the courtier, 'tis writ large upon the glorious child's face.'



"NEUTRALITY."

Dame Europa. "GLAD TO HEAR, JOHN, THAT YOU ARE NOT HARBOURING ANY OF THESE PUGILISTS ON YOUR PREMISES."
Chinaman. "BLESS YOUR HEART, MA'AM, THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING IN MY BACK GARDEN FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS!"



COLD COMFORT.

Enthusiastic Young Poultry-breeder (to Jones, as turkey gobbler slowly bears down upon him). "IF YOU KEEP QUITE STILL, PERHAPS HE WON'T FLY AT YOU!"

"When I reached my sixteenth birthday I came of age. The event was to be celebrated with rejoicings throughout the kingdom, and my royal parents thought to invite to the feast all those who had attended the christening ceremony. And now, my friends, I reach the critical and afflicting part of my story. See on what trifles hang the destinies of nations or of individuals. The royal writing-desk at which my father conducted all the business of the State was a massive piece of furniture, plenteously provided with drawers and pigeon-holes, all duly labelled. It so happened that the drawer labelled 'Invitations' was immediately next to that labelled 'Declarations of War.' In a fit of absence of mind, for which, I know, he never forgave himself, my father, whose eyes, to be sure, were not what they had been, and who ought long since to have been wearing spectacles, opened the wrong drawer. He did not attempt to read the documents he took from it, but simply addressed them, handed them to the Seneschal to stamp and post, and thought no more about the matter. In less than a week Sablonia was at war with ten other nations! 'Doubtless,' said my father, 'it was a careless act of mine, but no King of Sablonia ever yet withdrew or explained. 'Tis against the traditions and the dignity of this Royal House. Let them,' he added with that mixture of *bonhomie* and dignity that suited him so well, 'all come. Sablonia is large enough to give them graves, and now, gentlemen'—he was addressing his Ministers and Generals—'let us to supper.' In this undaunted spirit the great conflict was begun.

"Amongst those against whom war was thus declared was, as you will have guessed, my uncle the King of Plagiorosa, and to me was assigned the command of the army opposed to him. Alas, both my father and mother had forgotten, or they remembered too late, the fateful warning received before my birth.

"Let me hurry over the intervening events and come to the last dreadful scene. It was I who led the charge against the fort which the Plagiorosans had defended with desperate valour during a week of slaughter. I reached the fosse and leapt over it, I scaled the steep escarpment, I mounted the parapet and found before me the King, my uncle, surrounded by the remnants of his guard. Shouting the battle cry of 'Sablonia victrix' I dashed at him and plunged my reeking sword again and again into his body. With one wild gasp he fell to the ground dead, and I—well, you can realise the rest for yourselves. I woke from the unconsciousness into which I had been plunged by a random blow and found myself a White Rabbit behind these bars."

Here the Rabbit paused. "I linger here," he resumed, "till the love of a maiden shall release me."

"Then you'll have to linger a long time," said the Cat.

IT GOES TOO SWIMMINGLY.

A Comedy of Natation.

Scene—A lonely part of the beach, near Dover. A man in a bathing costume is just about to enter the sea, when he is stopped by the cries of a stranger, who runs to him and seizes his arm.

Stranger. What are you doing?

Natator. I was just going for a swim.

Stranger. A real swim?

Natator. Yes, of course.

Stranger. You really can swim? No larks.

Natator. Certainly. To be frank, I was just about to swim to France.

Stranger. To France! It was what I was dreading. How lucky I came in time!

Natator. Why lucky?

Stranger. To stop you. You mustn't swim to France like that. It will never do. Swimming to France is a serious business. How very fortunate I came! Why, you might have got there.

Natator. I hope I should. In fact I have no doubt about it.

Stranger. But, my dear Sir, you are a child in these matters. Don't you know that the one thing a Channel swimmer must not do is to reach France? Anything—everything—but that. At least, not the first time. And how can you attempt such a feat all alone like this? It 's the most selfish thing I ever heard of.

Natator. Selfish?

Stranger. Certainly. Isn't something due to Dover? Isn't the public to participate? Are no newspapers in need of copy? No pilots pining for work? No doctors requiring an advertisement? Selfish? I should think so!

Natator. But it 's no affair of anyone else. If I want to swim to France, why shouldn't I?

Stranger. Oh, don't ask me for particulars. All I say is, It isn't done. There is an etiquette in these matters just as in everything else, and we expect people to conform. Have you told anyone you were going to swim to France?

Natator. No, I don't think so. The last time I did it, nobody knew.

Stranger. The last time! Great Heavens, man, what do you mean?

Natator. Why, I did it last year.

Stranger. And nobody knew?

Natator. No, I don't think so.

Stranger. Oh, well, for goodness' sake go on keeping the secret. If it ever leaked out it would ruin your future prospects as a swimmer. To think that you reached France!—What a terrible thing! At any rate there must be no more of it. Henceforward I make myself responsible for you. I almost wish you couldn't swim: the boom would last longer then; but we must do what we can. We must find an editor at once.

Natator. An editor!

Stranger. Of course. No self-respecting swimmer would attempt the Channel unsupported by a newspaper. Surely you know that!

Natator. It had not occurred to me.

Stranger. Certainly, we must find an editor. One of the halfpenny ones, for choice. Or I don't think the *Times* has a champion yet; we might try there.

Natator. And what is the next step?

Stranger. After the editor, a doctor.

Natator. But I 'm not ill.

Stranger. No, but you will need special diet, and this is prepared by a doctor.

Natator. Why mayn't I do what I did before?

Stranger. "Before"? I implore you not to use that word. Don't refer to those unfortunate earlier experiences. Henceforward you must be scientific. We will get a doctor. But I will meet you to this extent: your diet shall be "a dark secret." The public would prefer to know, but something perhaps is due to your own feelings.

Natator. And what has the public to do with it?

Stranger. Everything. Swimming the Channel is a public feat. It belongs to the public as much as Hampstead Heath does.

Natator. But I want to continue to swim the Channel as a private individual.

Stranger. Don't say "continue"! Please don't. It can't be done privately. Such a thing was never heard of.

Natator. Very well, then; what comes after the doctor?

Stranger. A pilot.

Natator. What does he do?

Stranger. He meets the other pilots, at what are known as informal board meetings, and they all mark out your chart.

Natator. But suppose I prefer another route.

Stranger. It is no good. You must obey your pilot. He knows best.

Natator. Very likely he can't even swim.

Stranger. No pilot can swim; but he knows best.

Natator. And after the pilot?

Stranger. A tug.

Natator. A whole tug?

Stranger. Yes. Perhaps two. And boats, filled with friends, to put off when you have the cramp, or want more food, or think of a message for your editor.

Natator. Anything else?

Stranger. Yes, a band to play cheering airs through the dark night, and an acetylene man to work the search-light, and a gramophone expert.

Natator. It all sounds very expensive.

Stranger. That 's not your affair. We shall make the editor pay for that. But I am going much too fast. I have been talking as if swimming the Channel were the thing. Preparing to swim the Channel is the thing. Swimming the Channel is a matter of a few hours; preparing to swim it takes months.

Natator. Not with me.

Stranger. You will want an hotel. Not an ordinary hotel. An hotel with a courtyard, where you can swing your hammer, or indulge in whatever form of training you fancy—and I should advise you to hit upon a novel one.

Natator. I am in perfect condition now.

Stranger. Immaterial. You must train, and you must have novelty. Why not crawl from the "Lord Warden" to the Castle every morning at nine, on your hands and knees? That would be very popular. You could hardly fail to be first favourite if you did that.

Natator. How long would the training last?

Stranger. Several months. Now and then you might enter the sea, but not too often. A public swimmer's true place is on land.

Natator. And where do you come in?

Stranger. I? Oh, I have considerable interest in these matters. I am Chairman of the Society for adding to the Popularity of Dover.

Natator. Well, you have been very entertaining, but I must go now.

[*Plunges into the sea.*

Stranger (in an agony). Where are you going? Where are you going?

Natator (from the water). To France.

[*Swims to France.*

Stranger. Madman! Dolt!

[*Returns to Dover.*

SPECULATIVE ARCHÆOLOGY.

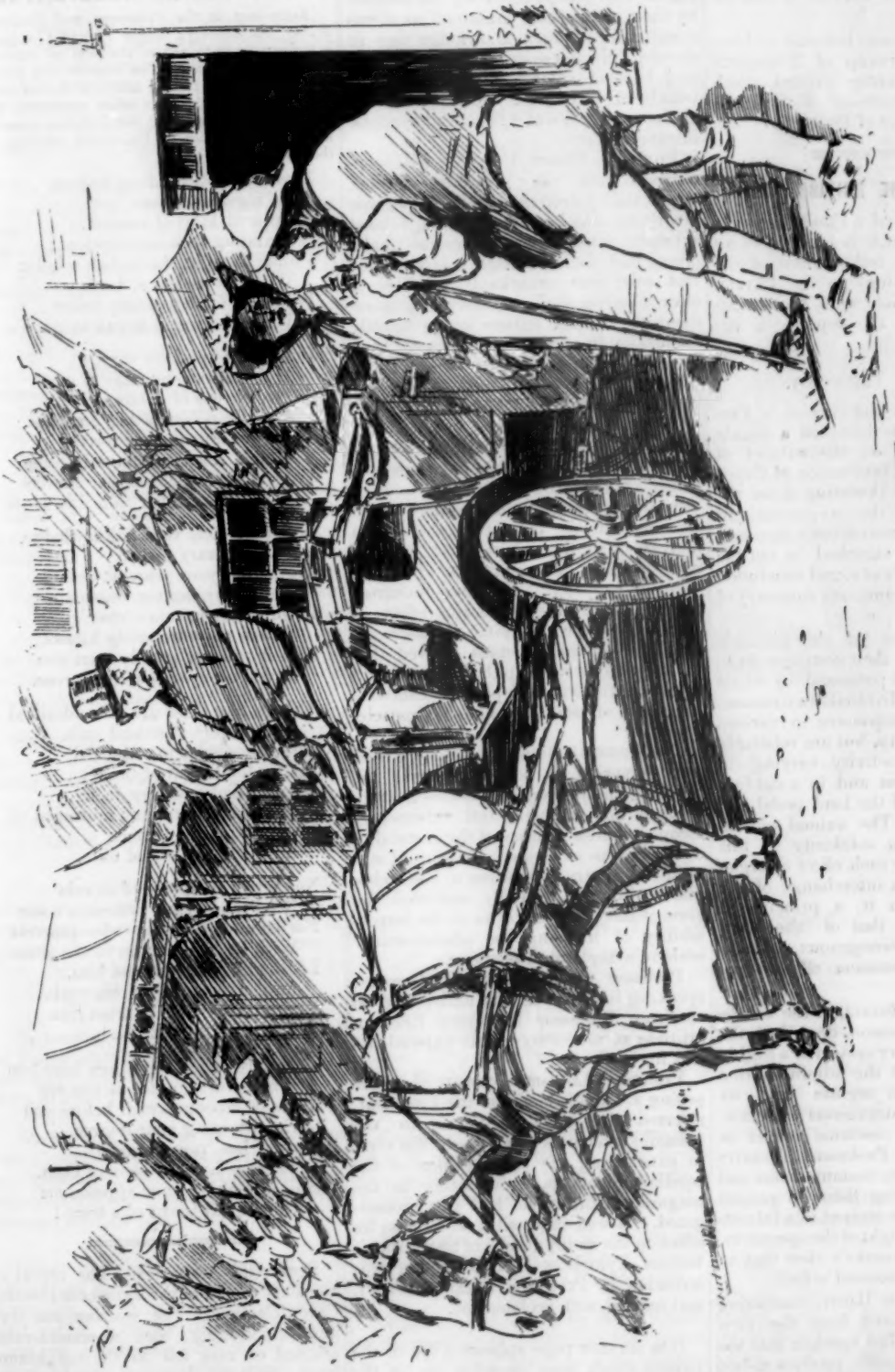
["An object which is thought to have been used as a magnifying glass by the Vikings has been engaging the attention of the German Society of Anthropologists at the Stockholm Historical Museum."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

A curious relic, supposed to have been Hannibal's toothcomb when he crossed the Alps, is now being exhibited at the Museum of the Scalpine Club in the Barberini Palace.

A tattered strip of textile fabric has been presented by Dr. Kabbadias to the British School at Athens, where its identification as a pair of Jason's Argosy braces is being eagerly maintained by the students.

A cylindrical stoppered case, which Mr. Sidney Lee thinks may once have been Anne Hathaway's footwarmer, has recently been the subject of an address delivered before the Stratford-on-Avon Palæontological Association by Dr. Furnivall.

Some brittle fragments, supposed to be the remains of the shell of Columbus's egg, have recently been discovered in the Alhambra, and are being carefully



THE HUMOURS OF HOUSE HUNTING.

Lady. "Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the Death-rate is here?"

Caretaker. "Well, Mum, I can't 'zactly say; but it's about one apiece all round."

examined by the Committee of the Amalgamated Boiler Makers Union of Saragossa.

A quaint metal tube, believed to have been the bicycle pump of TARQUINIUS SUPERBUS, has recently excited much interest at a *conversazione* of the Antiquarian Odd Fellows of Pozzuoli.

ECHOES OF THE BRITISH ASS.

BY the kindness of a Cambridge correspondent *Mr. Punch* is enabled to set before his readers a full account of the concluding proceedings in the Physiological Section, which were unaccountably omitted from the reports in the daily papers.

SECTION P.—PHYSIOLOGY.

The President of the Section is Professor TRUEFITT, who delivered a highly interesting address on the subject of "The Physiological Interaction of Capillary Splanchnics." Deviating from the orthodox theory of the cryptoconchoid convergence of the neuroblastic hexones, Professor TRUEFITT sketched in outline his own alternative theory, and concluded with the following luminous summary of his position:—

"The reflex arcs (of the pianistic system) converge in their course so as to impinge upon kinks possessed by whole varied groups of individuals in common. These kinks are responsive in various rhythm and intensity, but are relatively unfatigable, their activity varying in harmonic progression and in a subfusc ratio with the use of the loud pedal and the *tempo rubato*. The animal mechanism is thus given solidarity by this principle, which for each effect or organ allows and regulates interchange of the artist playing upon it, a principle I would briefly term that of 'the intercombustion of trypsinogenous splanchnics about their common efferent-root neurone.'"

Professor HUGO GÖRLITZ, in the course of the ensuing discussion, described the results on the capillary system of a highly sensitive pianolist of the administration of the hexone base arginin both by subcutaneous and intravenous injection. The effect on the cincinnic nuclei or bostrychs—which Professor TRUEFITT called "kinks"—was instantaneous and extraordinary, causing them to project at right angles to the occiput in a fulvous penumbra, to the delight of the spectators, thus endorsing PAVLOVSKY'S view that an aplonatic surface contained *n* foci.

Professor HAMILTON HARTY, continuing the discussion, differed from the view propounded by the last speaker that the efficiency of the pianolic product varied directly with the development of the cincinnic nuclei. On the contrary he argued that greater efficiency was secured by their elimination, inasmuch as it was a matter of common knowledge that in moments of intense excitement pianolists had become entangled in the vortex whorls of their own bostrychs to the obvious prejudice of a fresh and synoptic interpretation.

Professor ENRICO UCCELLO, who concurred with the previous speaker, deprecated the elimination of the pogonic bostrychs, which often acted as a most salutary antidote where cranial phalacroma had declared itself. It was true that eels were remarkably sensitive to electric currents, a responsive fin-movement of a reflex nature being readily elicited. But the two cases were emphatically not on all fours, though ignorant persons still believed in the transformation of horse-hairs into eels.

Professor FLORIZEL VECSEY, who spoke in Magyar, said that some recent experiments of his proved that in a chloroformed melomaniac the admixture of alcohol with the chloroform led to an increased capillary virtuosity with a corresponding rise in the patient's salarific capacity. Still he remained sceptical as to the deleterious effects of cranial or even occipital phalacroma. The case of the Tibetans showed that the most luxuriant capillary splanchnics might coexist with a deplorably catabolic condition of the melo-mimetic muscle-spindles.

Dr. KENNEILY RUMFORD, F.R.S., created some surprise by boldly declaring his inability to differentiate between trypsinogen and trypsin, and vehemently assailing SAUER'S theory of the instability of the biogen molecule. He himself was neither a bostrychophil nor a bostrychophobe, but he cordially endorsed the view of the last speaker as to the impossibility of utilising the phalacromatic scale in symphonic variations.

Professor SIEGFRIED SCHULZ-CURTIUS, speaking in English, was understood to condemn Professor RUMFORD'S Erastian attitude as unworthy of his antecedents and his *tessitura*.

Professor LEONARD BORWICK, in proposing a vote of thanks to the President, referred in glowing terms to the splendid exertions of Professor TRUEFITT in enucleating the pigmentation of the capillary pandects, culminating in the magnificent theory he had just promulgated. It was impossible to forecast its effect on the manipulation of SPOTSTROKE'S barless Xylophone. The motion was seconded by Professor EBENEZER PROUT, and carried with acclamation.

[On another page appears a list of the papers which were crowded out at the British Association.]

THE CLASSICS VINDICATED.

[According to the *Tramway and Railway World*, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company is endeavouring to secure students as conductors and motor men. The experts can break them in with less trouble and in a shorter time than it takes to instruct other applicants for the work; and next year the Company hope to have over 1000 men of University training in their service.]

It was once the ruling fashion
To regard a classic bent
As an evil kind of passion,
Branding men incompetent;
People thought the foolish scholar
With his useless ὁ, ἡ, τό
Wouldn't fetch a single dollar
When the world began to go.

But at last opinions vary,
And the scoffers cease to mock
At the virtues of *amare*
And the points of *hic, hæc, hoc.*
There are humanising forces
Which, it seems, can only come
From those ancient classic sources
Which the fresher calls *Lit. Hum.*

Not completely vain is knowledge,
Nor a literary taste;
Nor are all your years at College
Absolutely wanton waste.
Latin verses have a virtue
Which no other study knows,
And it will not greatly hurt you
If you even write Greek prose.

Things like these are now admitted
Not entirely false and vain,
And the scholar is acquitted
Of a total want of brain;
Even Balliol and New men
Who have burnt the midnight oil
May be equal in acumen
To the horny son of toil.

Neither in the point of morals
Need the Porson Prizeman come
Far behind the tramp who quarrels
With his neighbours in the slum.
Little pilferings disgust him,
And, without appearing rash,
You are fairly safe to trust him
With a little petty cash.

Therefore, when the tutors bore you,
When you shudder as you see
Years of labour stretch before you
Ere attaining your degree,
Sons of Isis, perseverance!
There is hope, O sons of Cam,
Still of making your appearance
On the tail-board of a tram!

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—The report of a cricket match in the *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* says, "The weather was dull and threatening, and a considerable amount of rain fell in the neighbourhood, without, however, touching the ground."

CHARIVARIA.

IT is untrue that we have decided to take no action in regard to the seizure and molestation of our shipping by Russian cruisers. We intend to be quite firm about calling the Russians "Pirates" in our newspapers—and serve them jolly well right.

The DALAI LAMA is now having trouble with some of his warriors, who insist on being paid, and he is said to be in communication with the Sultan of TURKEY to ascertain how he manages in similar circumstances.

"Safety from fire must be the chief characteristic of the ideal theatre," Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has told an *Express* interviewer. This may explain, but does not excuse, the minor importance attached to the quality of our plays.

"Should actresses marry?" is the silly-season topic now agitating New York. The *naïveté* of the question is amusing. How else could they get divorced?

Paris is much intrigued by the infatuation of a rich and beautiful lady for MARCELINE, the Hippodrome clown. We see nothing remarkable in this. Not so long ago a lady fell in love with a writer of humorous paragraphs.

Frenchmen are usually so polite that we are surprised that M. YVES GUYOT should have read a paper to the British Association in the presence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S friend, Mr. BALFOUR, proving that Protection is an evil in France.

The sale of the Marquis of ANGLESEY'S effects continues, and his 130 walking-sticks and umbrellas will shortly be offered to the public. We understand that the stick with a donkey on the handle is to be bought in.

No inquiry is to be held by the Board of Trade into the alleged racing between the *Koh-i-noor* and the *Yarmouth Belle*. *Vive le Sport!*

While watching a performance at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, a youth fell from the gallery into the stalls. He felt uncomfortable there, as he was not dressed for that part of the house.

Close upon the statement that a Tottenham shopkeeper, in testing a half-sovereign, bit it in two, comes a report that, at a meeting of the Leighton Buzzard guardians, one of the workhouse officials, a vegetarian, asked if she could have money in lieu of meat.



IN THE SAME BOAT.

"I DON'T THINK SHE'S PRETTY."
"NEITHER DO I." (*After a pause*) "DID SHE REFUSE YOU TOO?"

Horrible details of barbarous floggings, suicides, and falls from masts in the British Navy have been supplied to Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P. Our sympathy is all with the dupe.

Owing to the amount of attention it pays to motor-cars the Guilford Watch Committee is to be known as the Stop Watch Committee.

Never was there such an epidemic of boating accidents as this season. Two more Russian destroyers have fouled mines.

Attention was drawn by Sir R. CONDY, at the meeting of the British Association, to the fact that fleas are often disease-carriers, and it is thought that this may put a stop to their being kept as domestic pets.

It is semi-officially announced that the black cat which was locked up in a deserted sweetstuff shop in High Holborn has been released.

New Police Song.

I SHOOT Broad Arrows into the air,
They fall and stick, I don't mind where.

WARNING TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Mr. Punch* desires herewith to give fair notice that, as soon as the number of contributions containing the original joke, "Togo or not Togo," reaches a total of 1001, he will publish that *jeu d'esprit*.



Genial Old Gentleman. "Well, my little Man, I suppose you think yourself pretty clever, eh?"
Little Man. "Yes. But I don't think myself so clever as I really am!"

TO A MOSQUITO.

Debarred the blood of politicians by
An editor's inexorable fiat;
With wells of inspiration running dry,
And badly needing somebody to shy at,
I turn to thee, small scion of the jungle,
Of thee, elusive beast, this peaceful tongue'll
Make discourse in a mournful threnody.

The air is balmy and the setting sun
Invites repose, when lo! thy puny trumpet
Informs mine ear that thou hast now begun
Thy evening operations on my crumpet;
From one to other of my classic features
Thou gambolest, O least of little creatures,
Then comes a pause, and lo! the thing is done!

And thou art vanished into empty space:
In vain to paw the palpitating air;
Still more in vain to slap the injured place,
In hopes to crush thee: thou art never there.
Securely cached in some adjacent cranny
Thou smilest on thy labours so uncanny,
And whettest thy proboscis for the chase.

A sudden swoop: an answering scream of pain:
And lo! a strong man writhing on the ground,
Telling, in language fearfully profane,
What fate awaits thee, miscreant, when found.
And thou dost hear with ill-concealed elation
The tortured victim's yells of execration,
And sallying forth dost bite the man again.

The middle-aged, whose depilated crust
Has long been reft of Nature's crowning glory,
Eye thy performances with frank disgust,
And speak of thee in terms profoundly gory;
And when they hear thy reedy 'vox humana'
They swathe their apex in a blue bandana,
Intent to dodge thy weapon's frantic thrust.

And solid matrons, whom "those horrid flies"
Have rendered more than usually fussy,
As soon as thou appearest to their eyes
Scatter before thee, screaming "Lawk a mussy."
He only whose intrepid hide is tougher
Than pelt of hippopotam thou dost suffer
To 'scape the dire effects of thine emprise.

The king his crown, the nobleman his crest
Alike thou pinkest with thy rapid passes;
With equal appetite thou dost infest
The shrinking top-knots of the middle classes.
One comfort only have we: to remember
How summer wanes anon, and cool September
Will shortly wipe thee out, insidious pest!

Mr. Creser, F.R.C.O., Mus. D. (Oxon.), has been visiting Winnipeg with the idea of establishing a centre for the holding of examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London, Eng. No doubt before now he has conducted the horns among other orchestral instruments, but this hardly justifies a Winnipeg newspaper in describing him as a "musical director of Oxen."



A NATIONAL NEED.

POLICEMAN X. "'COURT O' CRIMINAL APPEAL'? YOU'VE GOT THE 'OME OFFICE 'ERE. WOT MORE DO YOU WANT?"

JUSTICE. "I'VE TRIED THAT."

POLICEMAN X. "WELL, THERE AIN'T NO OTHER. PASS ALONG, PLEASE."



THE POLITICAL ROMANCE.

["War is not without its influence even upon literature .... At this moment the most popular form of fiction is the romance of political adventure ..... with a preference for those of which the scene is laid in Russia." —*Daily Press.*]

ACTING upon this timely notice the Editor at once wired to a deservedly popular author requesting him to furnish immediately a serial on the above lines. The first instalment (given below) arrived by return of post, with an intimation that the remainder would follow by the next delivery, and that cheques should be made payable to the Express Fiction Company, London. We append the instalment, and invite the verdict of our readers as to its continuance.

PROLOGUE.

A reception was in progress at the house of His Excellency the Muscovite Ambassador to the Court of St. James. At midnight the crush was overpowering, and as a consequence the magnificent *salons* were almost uncomfortably crowded with Princes, Diplomatists, Adventuresses, and a sprinkling of elderly noblemen, who provided the appropriate comic relief to an atmosphere already opaque with intrigue and sentiment.

Leaning idly against a marble pillar, the tall figure of Sir JOHN BULLENER, Bart., surveyed the dazzling scene with eyes that seemed almost contemptuously indifferent to the splendour that surrounded him. An idle man this, you would say, one of the spoilt children of fortune, whom it would be difficult to stir from his habitual lethargy. Perhaps, but it may be also that very little in life escaped the scrutiny of those listless eyes, and perhaps too their owner, once roused, was one who could be relied upon for as many adventures as will go to a page octavo.

Presently a familiar voice at his elbow attracted his attention. He knew that there was but one man in Europe who habitually addressed himself to the elbows of his acquaintance, and turning he saw beside him a figure with iron-grey hair, and a general resemblance to the late Prince BISMARCK, who wore over his faultless evening dress the glittering Order of the Adelphi.

"You here, *mon ami?*" said Count CATCHEMOFF, extending one transparent hand to the Baronet; "Petersburg is indeed honoured!"

Like all well-bred Russians of political romance, he spoke in French. If you are a Frenchman in these circles you speak Russian, while if you are an Englishman you generally say nothing at all, but are either "taciturn" or "a man of few words."

"Come," he inquired lightly, "is there anyone to whom you desire an introduction? Yonder by the window is the Baroness DINAH MITA, the most dangerous woman in Europe; the bearded man beside her is the Vicomte BOW-BELLS, whose gambling propensities have ruined three Empires; the tall girl on his right is——"

"Tell me, Count," interposed the Englishman, "how it is that you know everyone?"

The Russian slightly shrugged his shoulders. "*Eh bien!*" he replied, "perhaps it is my business to know everyone. Besides," he added cynically, "after all, there must be someone to explain to our host who his guests are."



THE RETURN INVITATION.

"PLEASE, MRS. SUBBUBS, MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD IF YOU'LL COME TO TEA ON MONDAY."
"WITH PLEASURE, BESSIE. TELL YOUR MOTHER IT'S REALLY TOO KIND——"
"OH, NO! MAMMA SAYS SHE'LL BE GLAD WHEN IT'S OVER."

At that moment a young girl, enchantingly robed, passed them, leaning on the arm of a be-ribboned diplomat, with whom she appeared to be in animated conversation. Her beauty was of that superbly indefinite variety which appeals most strongly to the circulating library, and her lovely eyes rested upon those of JOHN BULLENER with an expression at once defiant and appealing.

"And she——?" he inquired nonchalantly, as the couple passed into the further salon.

The Russian paused for a moment before replying.

"That, my friend," he said slowly, "is Her Serene Highness the Princess

Bomba, only daughter of Prince Nitro Glycerinski."

And after a moment he added, as though to himself, "Without the sun there would be no avalanches, but the cheapest treacle catches the largest wasp!"

Chapter I.

Anyone acquainted with his political Europe will be familiar with the fact that a man walking up the Whatso-clockski Prospekt on the left-hand side as you come from the river and counting thirteen lamp-posts beyond the second milestone, finds himself immediately opposite to the wine-shop of Nicholas Vecchio, or "Old Nick," as he is popularly called. It would appear at all events that Sir John Bullener was sufficiently intimate with the locality, for having reached the door he knocked thrice with no uncertain hand and then, extending himself at full length upon the pavement, awaited the advent of the proprietor much as you have seen clown do in the pantomime. Not for nothing had John Bullener appeared in half the political novels on Mudie's Index.

Slowly the dusk began to fall, obscuring the brilliant local colour of the scene. A *samovar* passed him at a brisk gallop, its occupants half buried in furs, the horses foaming madly and rattling their bells. Through the lighted windows of many of the houses he could see the inmates preparing their evening *kremlin* or soup. It appealed to him as an omen that they also were pot-boilers. Waiting thus he asked himself, as he proposed to do on every page of the book, what would be the end of his strange mission, and not only that, but how it was to be spun out meantime. Again he went over every detail of his meeting with Bomba in London, and recalled the parting words of Count Catchemoff when he had called to bid him farewell.

"My friend," the old man had said earnestly, "no amount of milk in the cocoanut will divert the aim of the excursionist, but a bald-headed eagle is seldom caged in a hen-coop."

Perhaps it would have been well for him had he taken the obvious warning!

(*To be continued.*—Author.)

(*I doubt it.*—Ed.)

English as she is written at Zermatt.—On the back of the business card of a Zermatt shoemaker is the following notice:—

"Pay attention to this Visitors are kindly invited to brought your boots self to the schoemaker, then they are frequently nagled by the Portier and that is very dammageable for boots and kosts the same price."

Cromer's New Title.—The Garden of Slip.

REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Always on the look-out for long-felt wants, I have noticed signs of public feeling on the subject of English Opera. If England wants opera, I am the man to supply it. Please find enclosed certain samples.

Your obedient servant,

Henry William-Jones.

I.—My Medical Opera.

The opening scene of the drama is laid on the terrace in front of the ancestral castle of his Grace the Duke of Penge. As the curtain rises, the entire domestic staff of the castle, together with all the gardeners but one, and a number of guests, are discovered singing, having evidently suspended work *en masse* for the purpose. The subject of their song is the missing gardener. Why has he not joined their merry throng? Once his reedy tenor was the mainstay of these choral celebrations. Now he walks apart, moody and silent. They repeat—why is it? But soft—he comes. "'Tis he—young Rupert. But why so sad?" He bursts into song:

My friends, there are maids and to spare
On the face of this globular planet,
But none are so neat, so astoundingly sweet,
As his Grace's fair child Lady Janet.
And I love her. Nay more, she loves me.
To some it may scarce appear seemly.
It's presumption, alas! in a man of my class,
Still, we worship each other extremely.

And if Marquis or Earl drop a card on her,
She feels that their rank has but jarred on her;
From the earliest date
She has known that her fate
Is to marry a poor under-gardener.
And I trust that you will not be hard on her
For loving a poor under-gardener;
My face and my form
Simply took her by storm;
She couldn't resist me. So pardon her.

After which he goes on to explain that marriage is at present impossible, owing to the fact that the Duke, if he knew, would disapprove. Hence his melancholy. The Duke and the Duchess, accompanied by their deliriously beautiful daughter, now appear, and after some spirited dialogue go off (L), Lady Janet remaining to join Rupert in a duet, which is overheard by the villain of the piece, one Lord Jasper Murgleshaw, a most unpleasant man. As he himself is a suitor for the hand of Lady Janet, the duet, couched as it is in the most impassioned terms, has no small significance for him. Rupert now goes off (R) to resume his horticultural duties, and Janet renders a sentimental number. Re-enter Lord Jasper. He reveals the fact that he has overheard all, but promises, on condition that Janet will accept his bi-weekly proposal of marriage (now due), not to let the matter go any further. Otherwise, he says, conscience will compel him to reveal everything to the Duke. Dared to do so by Janet, he obligingly gives her away in a vindictive solo. Rupert, returning at this juncture, clasps Janet to his bosom, and prepares for the worst. The worst happens. The Duchess begins to sing:

Oh, man of spuds and flowers,
With thoughts your rank above,
Why waste your working hours
In hopeless dreams of love?
In vain within the minster
His book the vicar scans,
To you my child 's a spinster,
For I forbid the banns.

To which Rupert—

Nay, pardon us, your Graces,
'Twere idle to deny
We should have known our places,
Her ladyship and I.
A gardener of gumption
Should fly at lowlier game;
Still, pardon my presumption,
And bless us all the same.

Then the Duke has his say:

I think on due reflection,
Considering who you are,
You let your young affection
Go very much too far.
The salient point to touch on,
Your blood is far from blue;
'Twould tarnish our escutcheon
Were she to marry you.

All is apparently over, when Janet puts the matter from her point of view:

Nay, father, hear your daughter.
Your heart, I 'm much afraid,
Of bricks and stone and mortar
Must certainly be made.
Love is the only mentor
On whose advice I lean.
You give us your consent or
I 'm off to Gretna Green.

A scene of indescribable confusion follows. Everybody present sings the melody, choosing his or her own words. Janet is extracted from Rupert's arms, and retreats in disgrace, and at the most interesting point of the whole discussion the curtain falls. End of Act One.

Act Two takes place in the drawing-room of the Duke's Park Lane residence. Rupert, it appears, received a month's pay in lieu of warning at an early date of the proceedings, and vanished with it into the unknown, while Jasper is engaged to Janet, and the wedding is to



UNRECORDED HISTORY; OR, WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

NOT BEING COMPLETELY REASSURED BY MR. BALFOUR'S STATEMENT, BUT STILL FEELING A LITTLE SCARED, A SMALL BUT PERSUASIVE DEPUTATION OF BRITISH SHIPOWNERS VISITS ST. PETERSBURG AND THROWS ITSELF ON THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE MINISTER IN CHARGE.

be celebrated within a week. A knocking is heard at the front door, and shortly afterwards a gentleman is announced.

And now we come to the more strictly medical part of the opera. The gentleman is a celebrated doctor. It seems that the Duke has fallen ill. A habit of drinking only one bottle of port after dinner, instead of the three prescribed by his medical adviser, has induced anæmia, and his life is despaired of. But at the last moment a distinguished-looking but mysterious stranger is shown in. It is RUPERT, disguised in a pasteboard nose, a red beard, and large blue spectacles. He desires to see the Duke. There is a brief interval, and then the door opens once more, and RUPERT re-enters, the Duke leaning on his arm, practically recovered. The Duke explains his remarkable recovery in the following song:—

Just now the doctors gave me up,
I was so very ill;
In vain I quaffed the bitter cup,
And gulped the azure pill.
Transfusion of blood was my only hope!
I sighed with resignation;
For I couldn't see who was likely to
Submit to the operation.

Chorus.
No, he could not see
Who on earth would agree
To submit to the operation.

My frame was reduced to bones and skin,
I felt extremely weak,
And when they showed this gentleman in
I hadn't the strength to speak.
Consider then my surprise and joy,
When I heard him say, "I'll chance it;
Ye shrewd M.D.'s, step this way, please,
And kindly bring your lancet."

With a fortitude rarely, if e'er, surpassed,
The process he endured,
Till, to put it briefly, I found at last
That I was completely cured.
And, by the way (for we ought to pay
Rewards to those who serve us),
Come, name your fee: whatever it be,
I'll grant it: don't be nervous.

Chorus. All fears eschew,
Your fee is due,
So ask it: don't be nervous.

RUPERT snatches off his disguise, explains to the Duke that, owing to lucky ventures on the Stock Exchange, he is now a wealthy man, points out that as the same blood runs in their veins they are practically equals, obtains from him a courteous consent, and clasps JANET to his bosom. JASPER, re-entering at the moment, recoils in anguish, and marries a housemaid. *Finale*, rendered by the Duke:

Go, ring the bells of the local church
In a rollicking sort of way.
For the nearest clergyman up and search,
He shall marry you off to-day.
Yes, as soon as he can shall the clergyman
Proceed to make you one in law.
It 's settled quite. (*To rest*) The gent on my right
Is my excellent future son-in-law.
Chorus (*amazed*). Your son-in-law?



Bengali Babu (*to friend who has just returned from leave spent in the hills*). "OH, MAN! HOW BOSY YOU ARE LOOKING!"

Duke (*decidedly*). My son-in-law!
My excellent future son-in-law.
And I'd like to suggest that he 's one of the best
Is——
Chorus. Who?
Duke. My future son-in-law.

[*Quick Curtain, followed by deafening calls for the* Author.

Society in the Stalls and Boxes.

ELEVEN LARGE BOX STALLS, saddle-room, hay loft, fine dry yard, best pump water at the gate; erected by PATRICK O'SHEE for Lord CHARLES BENTINCK, and occupied by him and Lord GEORGE SCOTT . . and other honourable gentlemen. For terms, apply, &c.
Clonmel Chronicle.

Q. Give the French for "A Policeman's Beat." *A. Un tour de Force.*

FOLLOWING IT UP.

(*Some entries in a diary.*)

Entry No. 1. This war between Russia and Japan will involve tremendous consequences, and as an intelligent citizen I mean to study it carefully, making a *précis* of each day's reports. Have purchased three books on Russia, four on Japan, a *Handbook to the World's Navies*, a *Compendium of Military Statistics*, and a large map, with movable flags.

Entry No. 2. Getting on nicely. Have a grip of the whole situation, and could give either side some valuable advice. Men in the Club constantly ask me to explain situation, which I do with great skill. Continue to note up each day's events; probably shall write a book on the subject later on.

Entry No. 3. Matters becoming a trifle mixed. Very difficult to know where those little flags should be placed. War correspondents' telegrams less lucid than could be wished.

Entry No. 4. Have spent five hours this morning in trying to analyse the news. Attempt hopeless, so I shall set down from memory the whole of to-day's telegrams as they appear in my favourite journal. Having done so, I propose to give up for the present my study of the war, and to wait until something really happens.

Nankipoo, Aug. 25.

The Russian cruiser *Kotchiwisky* has arrived here.

11.25 P.M.

As no Russian ship has reached this port within the last fortnight, it is concluded here that the Tammisskoff squadron has sailed for Pingpongipo.

Tum, Aug. 25.

The *Kotchiwisky* has anchored here. A Chinese refugee reports that 50,549 Japanese were killed yesterday. The position of Fitch-foo is considered precarious.

Cha-chong-chang, Aug. 25.

Nothing is more characteristic of the Japanese than their manner of making tea. For this purpose they use the dried leaves of the herb, infusing them in a suitable quantity of water. Yesterday I was fortunate enough to witness the whole process. The water is placed in a metal utensil, beneath which a fire is kindled. After a few minutes the temperature of the water begins to rise, and when at length it boils . . . (I omit

the remainder of this account, which fills a column-and-a-half.)

Papipoo, Aug. 25.

The 19th, 42nd, and 151st Regiments have arrived here.

Yang-yang-yang, Aug. 25.

The Russian cruiser *Kotchiwisky* was sunk in the engagements of May 21. Heavy rain is falling to-day. The price of corn has advanced one yen. General BOTANKI is expected shortly.

Quenki-pong, Aug. 25.

It is warmer here to-day. The rumour that 17,121 Russian troops have been captured at Arbihang is untrue, and is officially confirmed. A large force is advancing north-east.

ALIVE O!

THE Chinese Admiral TING, it was long ago reported, committed suicide after his defeat by the Japanese at Wei-hai-wei. He is now, *on dit*, a military mandarin at Kwang-si. The question that will occur to those of us who remember the lay of "*Poor Cock Robin*" is, "Who saw him die?" and query with answer may be formulated thus:—

"Who saw him die?"
"I," says the writer, "with my big eye,
I saw him die!
At Wei-hai-Wei."

There is so much "I" about this, that no wonder the report should turn out to be "all his I."

Sergeant-Instructor. When is the fixed sight used?

Militiaman. Against an attack of Cavalry or other Fanatics.

City Friend (visiting in Scottish rural town). And tell me, ANDREW, are you wi' the Wee Kirkers, or the United Frees?

Andrew. Man, I'm gi'en' up releegion a'thegither, an j'inin' the Auld Kirk.

CHANCES MISSED AT CAMBRIDGE.

SOME of the papers unaccountably omitted or held over at the meeting of the British Association were the following:—

SECTION A.—CHEMISTRY.

"The Effect of Low Temperatures and Absolute Frosts on Theatrical Productions," by Professor DEWAR.

"The Constituent Elements of Eggs," by Professor DANIEL LÆNO.

SECTION B.—GEOLOGY.

"Street Excavations and Fossil Processes," by the Chairman of the London County Council.

"The Fauna of the Upper Old Red Cushion Deposits in the Third Class Carriages on the Underground Railway," by Professor T. MCKENNY HUGHES.

SECTION C.—ZOOLOGY.

"The Whole-Hogger and its Habitats," by Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, M.P.

"Pets and their Attendant Ladies," by the Countess of WARWICK.

"An Interview with Venus and Chloe, the New Gorillas at Regent's Park, with lantern slides," by Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE.

"Man viewed as a Worm," with lime-light explosions, by Madame SARAH GRAND.

SECTION D.—GEOGRAPHY.

"The Whereabouts of the DALAI LAMA," by proxy, for Col. YOUNGHUSBAND.

"Treasure-hunting and Sartorial Finds in Anglesey," by Professor MOSES ISAACS.

SECTION E.—ECONOMICS AND STATISTICS.

"A Comparison between Protests and Popguns as a Factor in International Disputes," by the President of the Association, the Right Hon. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

"The Market-value of a Solatium," by Mr. ADOLF BECK.

"Doubles I have Doubled from," by Mr. G. R. SIMS.

SECTION F.—ENGINEERING.

"The Arts of Obstruction and Party Management," by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.

SECTION G.—ANTHROPOLOGY (LOCAL).

"Mixed Bathing," by the Senior Proctor.

"The Tobacco Question at Girton," by the Mistress, with Demonstrations by Students of the College.



Young Masher (to rival). "I SAY, OLD CHAP, I HEAR YOU'RE AN EXCELLENT RUNNER. IS THAT TRUE?"
Rival (eagerly). "RATHER!"
Young Masher. "WELL, THEN, RUN HOME!"

MASTERLY DEDUCTION.—A report of a stone-throwing case in the *Totnes Times and Devon News* proves that the Totnes Borough Magistrates, at any rate, know what two and two make. The plaintiff, said the Bench at the close of the case, "had lost the sight of one eye, and if by any chance he should lose the sight of the other, he would be totally blind." Logic can go no farther.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Devils* (Methuen), Mr. J. Charles Wall tells mankind all that it is possible to know, more than it is desirable to believe, about a personality that since he masqueraded in the Garden of Eden has possessed keen and abiding interest. He cites ancient documents, visits various shrines, reads ancient books, and sums up his lore in a modern six-shilling volume. Reading it, my Baronite finds many lifelong misapprehensions removed. For example, Mr. Wall writes: "A mistake is frequently made in supposing that all who are represented with a circle round the head are saints." We have not a monopoly of the decoration. Upon occasion the Devil also wears the nimbus and trembles. Mr. Wall's delightfully prosaic manner of dealing with his sublime subject appears in two instances brief enough for citation. At the head of a list of illustrations is the line, "The Devil. From a photograph." Hastily turning to the page indicated, wondering whether it is a snapshot or not, we find that it turns out to be the photograph of a weird sculpture in Notre Dame, where the Devil, with a sly look on his face, is shown gazing forth on gay Paris. In a chapter on the Devil's place of family residence, Mr. Wall, after brief divagation, remarks: "But to return to Hell." There we must leave him.

Miss or Mrs. Alice M. Diehl is capable of inventing a fairly good plot, but her *Love and Liars* (John Long) affords pretty clear proof of her inability to make the best use of her own invention in the form of such a novel as for its success depends entirely on dramatic and descriptive writing. This authoress has a marvellous store of epithets, which she deals out with absolutely indiscriminate generosity. Her heroine, who is "as fair as her aunt was *brune*," can "hiss," on several occasions, as determinedly as an audience might possibly do were such a character represented on the stage by some ultra-melodramatic actress, if any such there be nowadays. Great things would be demanded of any *artiste* to whom might be entrusted the part of *Lucia Paston* in a dramatised version of this novel. She would have to "hiss between her teeth"; she must "pale to lividity" in answer to her "spasmodically panting" lover's "strange half-wild glance," and her eyes ought to "shine like stars" when she is speaking "in a repressed concentrated voice so unlike her own." The actor who might be cast for her lover would not have an easy time of it. He would have to learn how to "gaze around him with a sombre stare," he must appear with "a miserable face distorted by conflicting passions," and it would be his duty to practise "agonised emotion" and "hard, stifled sobs." What a triumph for the actor who should succeed in this delineation of character! The ninth chapter ends with the exclamation "What does it all mean?"—and this is just what the Baron makes so bold as to echo, since he himself can only, with considerable difficulty, make either head or tail of it, and can only trust that some of his more determined stalwart followers may be able to overcome all obstacles, and be rewarded for their perseverance.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—There can be no manner of question as to the remarkable qualities of Mr. J. C. Snaith's new book, *Broke of Covenden* (Constable). Readers who survive the preface—a somewhat tedious, if brilliant, *tour de force* in the Meredithian manner—will draw an exquisite delight from Mr. Snaith's portraits of the *Broke* household, which are in the very best vein of high comedy. The stolid, pompous English gentleman, his half-dozen plain hunting daughters, and their sporting uncle, *Lord Bosket*—the last a veritable treasure—are drawn with astonishing felicity. *Mrs. Broke* is perhaps too complex for her class and environment; and *Lady Bosket*, like other people of her order who make democratic excursions into literature, ought certainly to have shed something of her antique caste prejudice. The title of her most notorious volume, *Poses in the Opaque* (compare the names of those philanthropic schemes in which that versatile worldling, the *Honourable Mrs. Twysden-Cockshott*, takes an interest—the Cottage for Blind Mice, or the Fund for Providing Distressed Society Women with Tiaras), is an example of the author's fatal tendency to deviate into the improbabilities of mere farce.

For a writer with so strong a feeling for character, Mr. Snaith is, at times, strangely inconsistent. Respectable county-town attorneys, such as *Breffit*, are not in the habit of amassing fortunes of half-a-million, or developing the worst features of the *nouveau riche:* they do not suddenly, on retiring from business, adopt the practice of dropping their aspirates, having given no previous sign of this foible. The intellectual expansion of *Delia*, youngest of the *Broke* girls, is no less incredible, and the author's judgment was clearly at fault in his choice of a suitable hero to assault the Covenden conventions and set free the inarticulate soul of this seventeen-year-old. To produce the desired contrast he should have been a gentleman by right of nature and education, and not the insufferable prig that he is painted.

Mr. Snaith enjoys a great fertility of language, but he needs to keep down the undergrowth of his eloquence. He is justifiably sure of himself within the range of his actual observation, but he is apt to extend that assurance beyond the present limits of experience. He has the gift of humour; and when he acquires that quality on its negative as well as its positive side he will become as keen a critic of himself as he already is of other and older institutions—*Mr. Punch*, for example. His little gratuitous sneer at that venerable sage may be easily excused as a pardonable ebullition of youth. To be young is, after all, the most amendable of faults, and meantime, while it undergoes correction, Mr. Snaith has the right stuff in him, and shows promise of better still.

Opportunely, when Japan looms larger than its own circumference in the world's eye, Mr. Reginald Farrer brings out a charming record of a visit to what he calls *The Garden of Asia* (Methuen). The literary work is a little marred by a certain "Haw-haw!" tone, an attitude of "I have been to Japan and you haven't; or if you have, owing to your native ignorance and uncultured taste you were taken in by the native dealers, whereas they prostrated themselves before me, noisily sipping their breath with delight at coming in contact with A Man Who Knows." This, irritating at first, becomes in time amusing, and does not, at worst, detract from the merits of keen observation, sub-acid humour, poetical fancy, and picturesque writing, that mark the book. Mr. Farrer avoids the strong meat of political disquisition or commercial inquiry. Japan is a delight to him, and the reader shares the pleasure. Of the Japanese as a nation he writes: "Nature, while denying them the possibility of invention, has endowed them with the capacity of endlessly improving and adapting each art of other countries on which they have laid their hands." The first assertion is perhaps a little sweeping. The second is incontrovertible. When, twenty years ago, my Baronite sojourned in Japan, he found German officers drilling the Army, British ship-builders equipping the Navy, and Admiral (then Commander) Douglas Director of the Imperial Naval College. To-day the German Emperor lectures his Generals on Japanese tactics in the field, and the crews of British men-of-war are about to be manœuvred on the lines of the Japanese landing on an enemy's shore.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



PROSPECTUS OF THE "DAILY PIPER."

[A paper for smokers has made its appearance.]

SPECIAL features will include the following:—

A grand new Serial Story by Dr. J. M. BARRIE, entitled "Made of Arcady, or, The Mixture as Before."

Master Puffers: No. I., "Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL," by HAROLD BEGBIE.

Our Own Symposia: No. I., "Should Women Smoke Black Shag?" by MARIE CORELLI (author of *Ardath*), VESTA TILLEY, OSCAR ASCHE, and the Sub-Editor of *M.A.P.* (Mainly About Pipes).

Rural Week-Ends (by arrangement with the *Daily Chronicle*): No. I., "Fusee-Yama and its Environs."

Master Smokers: No. I., Lord BURNHAM, by HAROLD BEGBIE.

Last but not least, we have pleasure in announcing that we have secured the services of a leading expert—Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. The famous editor's recent confession, to the effect that, despite repeated attempts, he has not yet succeeded in smoking a cigar, will be fresh in the public mind. The titles of his contributions will be:—

"My First Weed," by TAY PAY (*sic*).

"Irish Cigars," by TAY PAY (*sic again*).



THE WATER CURE.

Young Lady. "SO YOU'VE BEEN ON THE CONTINENT, PROFESSOR?"
The Professor. "YES, I'VE BEEN TO MARIENBAD, TAKING THE BATHS, YOU KNOW."
Young Lady. "REALLY? THAT *WAS* A CHANGE FOR YOU, WASN'T IT?"

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

I.—ON FOREIGN POLICY.

No, MARY, I don't like it—I don't like it at all, I tell you. . . . Costs ninepence a pound? What's that to do with it? . . . Bacon? Who was talking of bacon? Just like you women, that is—always thinking about things to eat and dress and silly trifles, even when the Empire's in danger—yes, in positive danger! (You might just tell KATE, or whatever her name is, that if she can't make better coffee than this, you will have to get another cook. It's not fit for a pig . . . Eh?—Do I want coffee fit for a pig? No, Madam, I do *not*, and you know perfectly well what I mean.) There you are again, you see—talk, talk, talk, about wretched household details—bacon and coffee and such like—and you take no interest at all in the fate of the nation! ETHEL here's just as bad—nineteen last week, and precious little *you* know, Miss, of what's going on in the world! As for TOM, the only thing they seem to teach him at that school of his is how to be late for breakfast—and I'm bound to say he's learnt *that* well enough! Now, have either of you so much as looked at the *Daily Wire* this morning? . . . Not much chance when I've been reading it ever since it came? Nonsense! you never read the paper, as you know perfectly well, except the part about fashions. . . . Yes, I'll explain, if you'll try to show a little intelligent interest for once. Now just consider our position in the Mediterranean. We'll suppose this milk-jug is Gibraltar. In between the knife and that cup is the Suez Canal. ETHEL, I'll trouble you for that piece of toast off your plate. . . . Just going to eat it? Oh, and *of course* your breakfast matters more than the destiny of Europe! Well, then, I'll have a lump of sugar—no, I'm *not* "pawing the whole dish"—that represents Malta. (Good morning, TOM—late as usual! Give you the milk-jug? Certainly not; Gibraltar is the key of the whole position—even *you* might know that much!) Well, then, if Germany and France and Russia combine against England, as they're certain to do. . . . How do I know it? Common-sense, Madam, sheer common-sense, and an ability to look facts in the face. Besides, the *Daily Wire* says so. You might have seen that for yourself, if you'd taken the trouble to look at this morning's paper. And if only our PRIME MINISTER had a little common-sense too, instead of talking stuff to the British Association which even I can't make head or tail of . . . What ought he to do? Why, send a plain ultimatum all round, saying—bless my soul, it's a quarter to ten—I shall miss my train. If you'll tell the maid not to move the breakfast things, I'll explain when I come back. . . . Oh, just as you please. Where's my umbrella? But if you would only take a bit more interest in politics, MARY—yes, the brown gloves—and weren't so wrapped up in household trifles . . . well, I must start. Oh, by the way, there's a button off my garden coat; you might put it on by this evening.

Reminiscence of Balfe.

ON board a steamer, in one of the principal cabins, the berth was placed so high up that the occupant on suddenly sitting erect, found his head in sharp collision with the ceiling. Then, mindful of the old song, rarely given nowadays, he sang out, as he rubbed his cranium and joyfully acknowledged that he had not been wounded,

"My berth is noble and unstained my crest!"

And so, thinking confusedly of Bohemian Girls in Marble Halls, and so forth, he dropped off peacefully to sleep.

ARMS AND THE SHOWMAN.

I.

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

By assisting at the first performance of the new Alhambra Ballet, I have greatly strengthened an old conviction with regard to the limitations imposed upon decorative art. Wherever an artist has been called upon to cover a given space, whether he composes a frieze or a fresco, a panel or a mosaic, or arranges animated groups to fill the framework of a stage, nothing is more exhausting to the spectator than the suspicion of symbolic or allusive intention in the design. To do justice to the makers of ballets, though they commonly betray a passion for allegory, yet the intellectual purpose of their creations is seldom obtruded; as a rule, their "meaning," in the language of CALVERLEY'S immortal ballad, "is what you please."

But the authors of *L'Entente Cordiale* could not escape the historic obligations of their task. A brief review of the chronicles of war was necessary if the audience was to appreciate the harmony now prevalent (with negligible exceptions) among the nations of the earth, and notably between England and France.

The curtain rises upon the "Grove of Concordia." Here we have the customary assortment of female abstractions—Peace, Truth, Science and Progress. They are busily engaged in an attempt to induce the great armed Powers to dispense with their weapons. Russia, by an exquisite irony, which further enjoys the almost unique support of fact, is the first to fall in with this moral proposition. There is no saying what might have been the happy result of her initiative; but at this juncture a diversion is created by the entrance of a figure whose counter-influence proves to be of the most deplorable. From the quaint style of his armour, and from his facial complexion, I judge him to belong to the ancient order of the Japanese Samurai. In a moment, by taking a couple of strides this way and that, and pulling up short with an accent on the second, he has everyone at loggerheads with his neighbour.

The fell horrors of war are now scenically portrayed, and a gigantic figure of Bellona, painted in a bronzy yellow, with an extremely repulsive cast of countenance, occupies all the available space of sky. The audience, ever ready to sympathise with Japan, remains taciturn, reserving its judgment of the part played by our ally in the development of this portentous *dénoûment*. But a perusal of the Synopsis reassures us. It is not a Jap at all; it is just the "Demon of War."

The drop-scene falls. On it is represented a monstrous war-chariot, coloured like Bellona, and with NAPOLEON and other notorious Men of Blood acting as postilions. In the vehicle itself is a figure in which I think I recognise a portrait of the late Mr. GLADSTONE in middle life. This historical group, coming so soon after the awful spectacle of his own sinister handiwork, is too much for the "Demon of War," and he ultimately retires baffled.

It is in the "Temple of Peace," as distinct—and a very nice distinction—from the "Grove of Concordia," that the second great scene is laid. As if to emphasize the success of the Hague Tribunal, two groups of Cossack and Japanese ladies, all in the most unbecoming uniforms, go through their respective evolutions. Next, with a sudden revulsion to the past, we are shown a frontier disagreement between six Italian ladies of the Bersaglieri and half-a-dozen Austrians of the same sex; and then, in the living words of the Synopsis, "to end the dispute as to which Nation is paramount, Germany is called in, and settles the matter by forming a triple alliance."

Broad effects are of the essence of this kind of spectacle; and it will be readily seen that the *rôle* played by the third NAPOLEON in the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke, as well as the affair of his subsequent misunderstanding with Prussia, is here suppressed from a laudable desire to avoid elaboration of detail.

Follows a short but spirited flirtation, in which the two rivals, England and Russia (the latter armed with the knout for this amorous occasion), contend for the affections of France. It ends in favour of an Anglo-French combination.

And now ensues an episode with telegraph-poles, which I must reluctantly condemn on the ground of a too elusive obscurity. I do not trust to my own puerile powers of interpretation, but fall back once more on the Synopsis. It tells me that "the Russians commence to run the telegraph through to notify their Government of the events" (presumably the evolution of "*L'Entente Cordiale*"). "Some Japanese damsels arrive" (always so intelligently anticipative, these Japs). "They are followed by the Americans, who, *seeing that the telegraph will be detrimental to their own interests, and those of their Eastern friends*, bid the Japanese to sever the wires and so cut off all connection with Russia. The latter nation enters, and seek (*sic*) to envelope the little nation with their national flag, but the little Japs . . . . defy the manœuvres of the sturdy Russ." I have ventured to italicize the passage which seems to me to err most on the side of over-subtlety.

Eventually all the naval and military members of the *corps de ballet* come on with a flag in each hand, and there is a fascinating "Mazurka des Rubans." Red and blue streamers suspended from the vault of heaven are interlaced and unravelled with the most charming dexterity. All ends with a "Grand Galop" of the nations and the "Apotheosis of Peace"; and a delighted audience troops out to buy the latest edition and see if Port Arthur has fallen.

In looking back upon this unparalleled spectacle I suffer an altruistic regret. I cannot bear to think that the increasing refinement of our Music Halls has still left a prejudice in the minds of some parents against the admittance of their children to such performances. For I fail to imagine how the lessons of history could be imparted under a more attractive and insinuating disguise.

II.

"THE CHEVALEER."

I pass to the new drama at the Garrick, which must be content with second place in this inadequate review, for the reason that more brain-work seems to have gone to the making of the Alhambra Ballet than was spent upon *The Chevaleer*. I gather from a student of preliminary booms that Mr. JONES'S latest play was designed for a "comedy of conscience." I dare not say whose "conscience" is in question; the author's or that of his puppets. But as to "comedy," though the elements of it are there under certain rather venerable aspects, I am very sure that this drama as a whole is not to be referred to any such distinguished category.

It would not be fair to judge of the nature of a play, as you would determine the strength of machinery, by its weakest components, but it would be equally impermissible to assign to the play itself a dignity above that of its dominating figure. And here the dominating figure belongs to the realm of farce. In vain the subordinate persons of the drama put restraint upon themselves in their laudable desire to maintain the higher levels of comedy, however hackneyed: it is useless for Miss NANCY PRICE (not greatly assisted by natural aptitude for the part) to play the character of a woman of society; it is useless for Mr. NYE CHART (also labouring under like disabilities) to present a sporting baronet; it is useless for Mr. WALTER PEARCE to illustrate, with admirable reserve, the difficulties of a love-sick Eton boy. Hardly may they begin, from time



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

WILLIAM THE EXPERT. "I OBSERVE THAT YOU DON'T OPPOSE THE ACTUAL LANDING OF THE INVADER."
FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH. "QUITE SO, YOUR MAJESTY. BUT THIS MUST NOT BE REGARDED AS A PRECEDENT."





Lady (calling on new Vicar's young Wife). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIBRARY AT THE HALL? SIR GEORGE IS QUITE A BIBLIOPHILE, YOU KNOW."

Vicar's Wife (warmly). "OH, I'M *SO* GLAD TO HEAR THAT! SO MANY OF THESE WEALTHY MEN HAVE *NO* RELIGION!"

to time, to express their identities, when in breaks, with untiring importunity, the shameless hero of farce, bodily emerging from the page of DICKENS, and insisting on his own eccentricities with an iteration that DICKENS alone has ever compassed hitherto. Mr. BOURCHIER's Showman is a great personal triumph: but, after all, the play 's the thing; and with great deference I must doubt if any human actor-manager would have accepted a drama in which a single character, drawn impossibly out of the picture, so absorbs the stage to the confusion of all dramatic proportion and consistency, unless the part had been expressly adapted to his own gifts.

For the sake of Mr. BOURCHIER and his cast—in particular Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, who plays a thankless, silly character with unfailing self-repression and artistic generosity—I could wish *The Chevaleer* a long and vigorous life; but for the sake of Mr. JONES, regarded as an exponent of the Higher Drama, I can only desire for his latest illustration an early and decent oblivion. O. S.

Accommodation for Man and Beast.

AT LIBERTY. Wanted, situation as Groom-Gardener or Gardener and cow; middle-aged; good refs.—*Yorkshire Post.*

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.—At an hotel at Socrabaja in Java is this notice:—

From the hours fixed for meals on no account will be deviated. For damage to furniture the proprietor will avenge himself on the person committing the same.

OUR DUMB PESTS.

[*With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail" correspondence on the topic of Harvest Bugs.*]

THE HOUSE FLY.

SIR,—"TORTURED" should, before taking his *siesta*, apply to his head a fairly thick coating of treacle and quicklime, mixed in equal parts. This will speedily stop the nuisance he refers to. The treacle attracts the pests, which are thus brought into contact with the quicklime, from which escape is impossible. ONCE BITTEN, &c.

EARWIGS.

SIR,—Those who are subject to the armed onslaught of these formidable little creatures will find a full-sized flower-pot, half-filled with straw and placed on the head, a well-nigh infallible remedy. DAHLIA.

WASPS.

SIR,—I have found the best plan is to boldly take the "bull by the horns," or, to be more accurate, the wasp by the waist, and promptly extract the sting, thereby rendering the insect harmless.

I have never known this method to fail. KETCHUM ALIVO.

THE DOGS OF WAR.—"It is estimated," says the *Yorkshire Evening Post*, "that Generals KUROKI, NOIZU, and OKU between them have at their disposal 210,000 men and 30,000 collies."

FROM NEXT YEAR'S MAGAZINES.

Bright and thoughtful reading about Science, Great Men, Great Interviewers, and Furniture.

Flying for All.

I do not pretend that the aeroplane will shortly be within reach of all; but a time is surely coming when all but improvident artisans will be able to reach their place of work by this fascinating vehicle. At present they are certainly dear. A forty-eagle-power (equal to forty-thousand-sparrow-power—the Java unit being a sparrow), a forty-eagle-power aeroplane, which will easily do its hundred miles an hour with eight passengers, costs, it is true, a small fortune. But that is an excessive type. For ordinary purposes a four- or six-eagle-power machine is sufficient, and this will shortly be obtainable for a few hundred pounds, or a small weekly sum on the excellent hire system.—Mr. HENRY NORMAN, M.P., in *The World's Work*.

The Débâcle of the Free-Fooders.

No spectacle in recent times has afforded me greater satisfaction than the ghastly catastrophe which hurled the shattered phalanx of the Free-Fooders into well-merited and eternal oblivion. Riddled by argument, annihilated by the superb and almost divine denunciations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, pulverised by the lofty eloquence of Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN and Sir HOWARD VINCENT, their base and disgraceful intrigues blasted into smithereens by the invincible logic of Professor HEWINS, this pitiable band of measly Mandarins, of fatuous Free Impostors, perished unwept, unhonoured and unsung.—"Episodes of the Month" in the *National Review*.

Burlington House still Peccant.

The report of the House of Lords Commission that inquired into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest is the thin end of the wedge. We must now exert every nerve to achieve the other reforms that too long have waited. To begin with, there is the scandal of the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy. How is it possible for Burlington House to exhibit good pictures if they are chosen by a committee of Royal Academicians? A Commission must be appointed by the House of Lords to inquire into this retrograde custom. The Royal Academy must have its claws pared in every direction. Why not reserve its walls entirely for young artists, and relegate the Academicians to Madame TUSSAUD'S?—Mr. D. S. MACCOLL in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The Religion of Sandwichmen.

It may not be generally known, but it is none the less a fact, that the sandwichmen of London are deeply interested in theological problems, and are, almost to a man, strong supporters of the Higher Criticism as expounded by HARNACK and the Abbé LOISY. Imprisoned in the grotesque harness of their calling, they indemnify themselves for their bodily discomfort by indulging in the most profound mystical speculations. This is all the more remarkable in that the natives of the Sandwich Islands, from which this interesting body of men was originally recruited, evince no such tendency, and are still lamentably prone to the grosser forms of superstition.—Bishop WELLDON in the *Contemporary Review*.

The Fat Boy's Surprise.

W. A. And now, my dear Sir, will you confide in me the secret of your imposing avoirdupoisity—to coin a heavy word!

J. T. I regret to say that I am not in a position to do so.

W. A. Indeed; then may I be permitted to assist you in changing your position? Perhaps a reclining posture——

J. T. You misunderstand me.

W. A. Surely not? I have been conducting these Conversations for some years, many of my interlocutors being persons of commanding intellect, and the charge of misunderstanding them has never before been brought. I may have misrepresented them; never misunderstood them.

J. T. None the less, you misunderstand me. When I say I am not in a position to give you the secret of my bulk, I mean I am not allowed to divulge so valuable a piece of information. I have my father, my future, to consider.

W. A. Then, if I may ask the question, why did you consent to this interview? Surely you expected some such question?

J. T. Indeed, I did not. Not from one so learned, so intelligent, so discursive and soliloquistic as you. It never occurred to me that you would speak of anything so much to the point, so obvious, as my size. I imagined with confidence, and my father shared the view, that you would treat me merely as a peg on which to hang a number of entertaining monologues.—Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER'S Real Conversation with Mr. JOHN TRUNDLEY, of Peckham, in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Football and the Pen.

It is certain that nothing can be done for Football until better facilities for literary work are offered to its practitioners. To the circumstance that the cricketer has long spells of leisure, and a comfortable pavilion in which to put his thoughts on paper, may be attributed the position which the game, once so unobtrusive, has recently taken in the public eye, and the large receipts at the gates. Until intervals for writing are provided in every football match, and until every footballer acquires the rudiments at least of syntax, I see no hope for the game. It must remain what it is now. I look forward to the day when every footballer, like every cricketer, sends an account of his emotions and triumphs, his hopes and fears, to the Press Association, or other medium, for publication throughout the land.—Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON in *Pearson's Magazine*.

The Romance of the Clothes-Horse.

The origin of the clothes-horse is wrapped in mystery. Its first mention in literature occurs in BALEX'S *Memorabilia*, 1631, but the text is corrupt and the author may possibly be referring to a gridiron. Once so rare, to-day every house has one or more of these articles, and more than one connoisseur has collected them. A very extensive collection was dispersed at Christie's in 1876, one specimen, in ormolu, inlaid with mother of pearl, fetching four hundred guineas. It is now in the possession of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN. The best English collection at the present time is that of Lord NORTHALLERTON at Bingway Hall. The late King of HOLLAND invariably gave clothes-horses as wedding presents, just as Queen VICTORIA was addicted to Indian shawls.—The Rev. S. H. BENSFORD in the *Windsor*.

Why Vecsey became a Vegetarian.

In order to build up my stamina and technique a meat diet was temporarily necessary. But on the completion of my fourth year my physique was thoroughly consolidated, and being desirous not to sacrifice delicacy of touch to robustness of conception I forthwith abandoned the ranks of the flesh-eaters and have since subsisted exclusively on milk and macaroons, milk supplying sustenance and macaroons the



THE PERILS OF MIMIC WAR.

Motor Lieutenant, Motor Volunteer Corps (to General in his charge). "I SAY, SIR, IF WE"—*(bump!)*—"UPSET"—*(bang!)*—"SHALL I GET"—*(bump! bang!)*—"A MILITARY FUNERAL TOO?"

spiritual, ethereal element which is so conspicuous in my interpretations.—FRANZ VON VECSEY in the new weekly Personal Supplement of the *Times*.

Is it Napoleon again?

"Well," said I, as I sipped my *Crème de menthe* in the most fashionable of London's restaurants, "and how do you do it?"

He passed his nervous hand wearily over his forehead, pushing back the Niagara of flaxen hair that flowed over his powerful brow. An interesting man, this, Reader. Slim, fair, boyish-looking, quietly dressed like an ordinary English country gentleman; but under the calm exterior—what Titanic forces!

Is there, I often wonder as I pull luxuriously at my cigarette, is there anything in re-incarnation? Sir OLIVER LODGE says not; but it is difficult to know always what he means by what he says. Professor MAYOR of Cambridge, that stealthy elderly humourist, says yes. Where does the truth lie? With LODGE or with MAYOR? Ah! Yet looking at this quiet, reposeful, yet volcanically powerful, masterly man before me, as I pour out some more of the costly liqueur, I am convinced that NAPOLEON lives again. The Man of Destiny surely is before me. —Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE'S article on Sir ALFRED HARMSWORTH in his series of "Mammoth Magicians" in the *London*.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ARMY MANŒUVRES.

(Revised.)

["Care is to be taken to avoid disturbing game. If any game is started, it is not to be pursued.

"The inhabitants are at all times to be treated with the utmost civility.

"When troops have passed through gates, the officer in command will see that the gates are closed after the troops have passed."]

THE above are a few of the general instructions issued by the Chief of the General Staff for the guidance of the troops taking part in the manœuvres this year. Several contingencies seem to have been overlooked in preparing these General Instructions, and we beg respectfully to fill in the gaps:—

No officer is permitted to question any person under the age of seven as to his whereabouts: he will consult the Ordnance maps provided for that purpose.

Umpires and officers commanding will accompany the troops and not remain at hotels—unless it is unavoidable.

Every precaution should at the same time be taken that the respective divisions bivouac in the neighbourhood of decent hotels.

In the event of a transport sinking, every man will be expected to save his own life—whether the word of command be given or not. Any infringement of this order must be immediately reported (in duplicate) on Army Form B 216 (Blue).

Scouts should always be in advance of the main body, and not in the rear, as at previous manœuvres.

No officer will be permitted to take with him more than one wagon-load of kit, and lounges and billiard-tables are distinctly prohibited.

If it is suspected that there are partridges on the line of march, the commanding officer will immediately halt, and send forward a reconnoitring party: should partridges be reported, a notice (A0421—White) shall be sent forward by an orderly (dismounted and disarmed), informing the birds of the approach of troops.

If the game in question evinces no inclination to retire, a wide detour shall be made.

Artillery shall not drive their guns over any inhabitant—no matter what his or her sex may be.

In the event of any officer, N.C.O., or private being seriously injured, he shall be immediately taken to the *nearest* hospital. In the case of a broken leg, he shall not be permitted, *under any circumstances*, to walk.

In case of any question on the part of the umpire as to which of the opposing forces has been placed *hors de combat*, the decision must be in favour of the Commanding Officer holding the higher rank.

As the service rifle is not effective beyond a range of 2,000 yards, the enemy must not be fired upon unless he is within that distance.

No pains are to be spared to give foreign Attachés all the information possible concerning our methods, guns, and defences.

Should there be any doubt as to whether a certain force is friend or foe, an officer (not below the rank of Major, and accompanied by six orderlies) should be sent forward to make inquiries of the Commanding Officer of such force, who will be expected to state truthfully and lucidly what he is, the strength of his force, and his future intentions. But it is pointed out for general information that such Commanding Officer is not to offer the Major any refreshment whatsoever.

Should it be found that the rifle or gun fire annoys cattle, sheep, or poultry, "cease-fire" will be sounded, and the circumstance must be at once reported to the nearest umpire.

On the completion of the manœuvres, if there is any doubt on the part of the umpire-in-chief as to which side has been victorious, he shall consult the halfpenny newspapers and give his decision accordingly.

A SHATTERED ILLUSION.

[Suggested by the views of a *Times* correspondent on the cult of the Edelweiss.]

ON everything poetic
Your moderns look askance:
And daily Prose deals frequent blows
Destructive to Romance.
But though Romance is dying,
Like everything that 's nice,
Since I was young I 've thought it hung
Around the Edelweiss.

'Twas plucked, I deemed, by lovers,
Who braved the Alpine snows,
And hung for weeks from icy peaks,
Suspended by their toes:
They cared not though beneath them
There yawned a drop of miles,
But with a grin they roped it in,
And won their lady's smiles.

But now it seems that perils
Need not be faced at all:
You only need to buy the seed,
The price of which is small;
And in the heart of London,
A mile from Temple Bar,
You plant in earth your pennyworth,
And then—well, there you are!

Oh, *Times's* correspondent,
You might have spared us this!
We did not know that this was so,
And ignorance was bliss.
If further revelations
You chance to have in store,
Be generous, please, and spare us these,
I hear they don't want more.

THE DRUG HABIT AND ITS VALUE.

[Impressed by the enlightened example of his daily contemporaries, *Mr. Punch* has determined, without making any extra charge, to furnish his readers with valuable advice as to the best way of securing health and happiness.]

THAT the drug habit is on the increase, especially amongst persons of refined tastes and powerful intellects, can no longer be denied. But it is only amongst the most hide-bound obscurantists of the profession that this fascinating habit meets with any condemnation. It is undoubtedly true that hashish is a potent cause of insanity in Egypt, and that the excessive use of morphia, opium and cocaine is not conducive to longevity, but the high-minded and highly-strung modern epicure must not be deterred by such paltry considerations. Besides, he need not indulge in any of the drugs we have enumerated, inasmuch as fengol, the newest and most subtle of these

PASSPORTS TO PARADISE,

is infinitely more efficacious, deleterious, and economical. Fengol is an oily pungent liquid distilled from a rare Bolivian bulb. In taste it resembles the most ferruginous Australian Burgundy, and can be had in stoppered flagons

from any venal chemist for 24*s.* a dozen. Fengol, it should be stated, has long been known to the faculty, but it is only within the last few months that a series of experiments conducted by distinguished representatives of the leading professions has demonstrated its unequalled value in promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The Rev. ANSELM BUNTER,

THE FAMOUS PREACHER,

finding that his congregation complained of their abnormal immunity to insomnia, determined to experiment on himself with this drug. The results easily surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He seemed to be marching with an elastic tread through a field of green buttercups in an atmosphere suffused with a chronic Aurora Borealis. The buttercups slowly changed into peacocks' tails and then into flying fish, and he settled down into peaceful sleep, awaking at the usual time with no fatigue or unpleasant reminiscences. Since then he has dispensed fengol gratuitously in the vestry, with the result that he has

TREBLED HIS CONGREGATION.

An eminent R.A., who was induced to make trial of the new drug, writes: "With a noise resembling the trumpeting of innumerable elephants, the back of my head seemed to open and emit flames of the brightest and most oleographic splendour. My attire appeared to change to a gorgeously decorated Della Cruscan costume, while my brown boots illustrated the supreme possibilities of the three-colour process. Any movement led to an explosion of rainbow-coloured fire-balls, while, on eating, the flames broke out afresh, illuminating the gold stopping of my molars with a sublime effulgence. In drinking, though it was only a glass of barley water, I experienced the conviction that all my pictures had been purchased by the Chantrey Bequest on fabulous terms."

The effect on a well-known poet was to glorify the squalid realities of London street life. "After a draught of fengol," he writes, "I saw every sandwichman aureoled with a halo of sanctity; every 'bus conductor seemed beatified. Going out into the Strand I purchased a half-penny paper, and found that the print emitted an unearthly radiance. For a while I stood fascinated, watching an advertisement of Vi-moko or

LIQUID MOKE,

which came and went in letters of light. Two popular novelists passed me, laughing loudly. Intellectually I realised their inferiority, but to my visual sense they had all the delicacy of an etching of WHISTLER."



DOIN' THE SMART THING.

She. "I NOTICE THAT SINCE LITTLE MRS. MONTY HAS BEEN IN THAT SET SHE'S DROPPED ALL HER G'S."
He. "GONE IN FOR A MOTOR, I SUPPOSE, WHAT?"



WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.

Sportsman (from the bag). "CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T [YOU SAY THERE WAS A SOUND BOTTOM HERE?"

Shepherd. "ZO THERE BE, MAISTER; BUT THOU 'AVEN'T GOT DOWN TO UN YET!"

CHARIVARIA.

IT is asking too much to expect us to believe the rumour that the Russian Government, in addition to requesting the British cruisers to look out for the *Smolensk*, also gave instructions to the *Smolensk* to look out for the British cruisers.

The operations in Manchuria continue to give satisfaction to both sides. The Japanese are still driving the Russians before them, and the Russians are still luring on the Japanese. One begins to see the truth of the Russian boast that they would win in "the long run."

Shocking carnage at Port Arthur was reported last week from St. Petersburg. No fewer than twice the number of Japanese engaged in the investment were wiped out in seven days.

It is announced that Earl GREY has been appointed to the Governor-Generalship of Canada. We have nothing but admiration for the Government's tactfulness in not appointing Lord DUNDONALD to fill the vacancy.

The Vicar of St. Michael's, Folkestone, stated, in addressing a large congregation of cyclists, that he considered motorists the greatest nuisance of the present century. Still, as a motorist points out, cyclists could not expect to retain the supremacy for ever.

Lord ROSEBERY has been re-elected President of the Bucks Archæological Society. He is, we understand, to read a paper to this Society of Antiquaries on the subject of Free Trade.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE was a free-fooder even as a boy. In a speech to the Craven Agricultural Society he confessed that, when he was ten, he won, at a show, the second prize for pigs.

"These vessels are the small cruisers of the future," said Admiral WILSON at the launch of H.M.S. *Forward* last week. "The *Forward* will be able to run away from anything bigger than herself." This, we understand, is due to her unrivalled bunker capacity.

Attention is being drawn once more to the danger of disease germs in bread. To soak the loaf in a weak solution of carbolic acid and water is said to be a simple and inexpensive safeguard.

To prevent bites by harvest bugs, a *Daily Mail* correspondent advises the wearing of "two bags of muslin (filled with camphor) long enough to go round the ankle of the wearer, and about two inches wide." While we can well believe that such a pair of bags would be extremely beautiful in an Oriental sort of way, we cannot help thinking that the dimensions would prevent their being of great use to anyone of fine physique.

A German has applied for a patent for a species of semaphore to be fixed to tables in beer-gardens. Customers pull a string, and thereby hoist a signal for more refreshment. It is expected to be of considerable service to students who have reached the inarticulate stage.

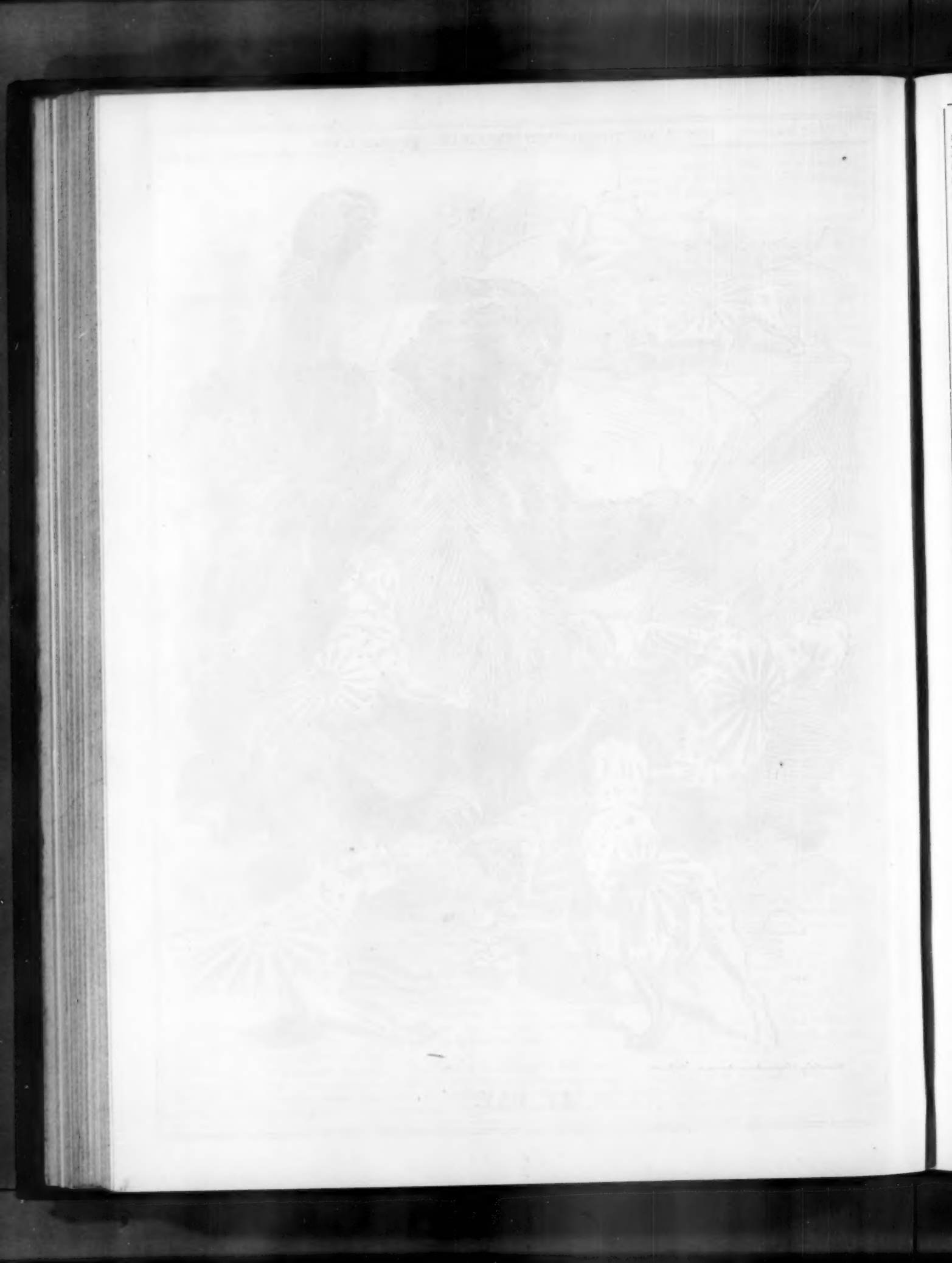
Consternation has been caused among the local cats by the announcement that the Holborn Borough Council is applying to the Local Government Board to sanction a by-law for the suppression of street cries.

A Hull man has succeeded in playing a piano for seventeen hours without stopping. It will now be possible for a tired and peevish brain-worker, without appearing guilty of an offensive expression, to tell the inveterate pianist in the flat above to go to Hull.

Burglars have ransacked the East-End residence of Major EVANS-GORDON, M.P., the staunch opponent of Alien



AT BAY.



Immigration. It is supposed to be an attempt on the part of some destitute aliens to conciliate the Major by putting an end to their destitution.

The Marquis of ANGLESEY, it is stated, is about to become a monk. The opportunity of obtaining another costume is proving irresistible.

BAD NEWS FOR VILLADOM.

THE Urban District Council of Handsworth, near Birmingham, has decided that houses in future must be identified by numbers, and not merely designated by high-sounding names. We have endeavoured (but, we must confess, with very indifferent success) to trace the origin and meaning of some of these picturesque appellations, which add such zest and delight to the explorations of cabmen, postmen, and stray visitors in general. "Bellevue," it appears, is the most popular, and may be counted by thousands with its variants of "Fairview" and "Bella Vista." The reasons for the title are usually that the villa in question is so insignificant, and the rent so low, that the owner has to concentrate attention upon his outlook, for which latter he draws upon your imagination, on account of the "houses in between." "The Elms," "The Firs," "The Laburnums," and "The Laurels" run it close. They are interesting applications of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, and of the occupant's ambition to possess a grove, or at least one or two of such trees, in his ten square feet of front garden.

Then the large "Dene" tribe seem to possess a fatal attraction for householders of romantic aspirations but indefinite ideas. They enter into various combinations, "Rosedene," "Willow Dene" and "Moss Dene" ranking high in favour. "Holme," "Hurst," "Croft" and "Grange" run them close as terminations, and indicate an income of £2 10*s.* per week, and an inability to explain their exact meaning. Other addresses have a more literary flavour, such as "Peverel," "Aylwin" or "Casabianca," and betray an acquaintance with the contents of the Free Library round the corner.

Some, again, are reminiscent of holidays achieved or in contemplation. "Verona," for instance, at once stamps the suburban rate-payer as one who has a theoretical or practical knowledge of Italian geography, or who has travelled at least as far as the Exhibition at Earl's Court. "La Residencia" is a shade more recondite. "Loch Lomond" is doubtless a souvenir of a honeymoon or a taste for alliteration, while Welsh names are beloved for their own sweet sake, "Glanusk," "Caergwent," "Y Wyddfa," and a host of others conveying the requisite glamour of distance, mystery and euphony.

Besides these there is an extensive hero-worshipping class which needs no explanation, at any rate not the usually somewhat far-fetched one of service under Lord ROBERTS or other adventures in South Africa.

Lastly, we have the frankly aristocratic variety, in which the elements of "Talbot" and "De Vere" betoken a £30 yearly rental; and the fatuously domestic, such as "The Nook" and "The Nest." After this, we must suggest the Handsworthisation of Greater London, not to speak of the more ambitious seaside resorts.



PREHISTORIC SHAKSPEARE.—NO. I.

It is announced that Mr. Beerbohm Tree is introducing prehistoric reptiles into his new production of *The Tempest*. This happy combination of Shakspeare and Prehistoric Peeps is capable of interesting extension; for instance, a Primæval "Balcony Scene" would well reward the enterprising Manager.

Romeo. "AND, BUT THOU LOVE ME, LET THEM FIND ME HERE:
MY LIFE WERE BETTER ENDED BY THEIR HATE,
THAN DEATH PROROGUED, WANTING OF THY LOVE."
Romeo and Juliet, Act II., Scene 2.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER VI.

The White Rabbit as others saw him.

"WHAT did you think of that story young *Bunbutter* told us the other day?" said *Rob* to the Cat, as they were basking together on the lawn one fine morning not long after the Prince of SABLONIA had related the melancholy tale of his transformation. "It was interesting, don't you think? I can't help feeling sorry for the little beggar. Seems a bit hard, you know, after you've been a Prince and all that, to get changed into such an absurd thing as a White Rabbit. I'm jolly glad there's nothing of the disguised Prince about me. A dog's good enough for me," and he stood up and protruded his chest, which for a dog of his inches was a very capacious one.

"My dear *Rob*," said the Cat, "you're really too guileless and simple for this wicked world of ours. You don't mean to tell me you *believed* all that bragging nonsense. My dear old friend, if you go on like this we shan't be able to let you go about by yourself. We shall have to find a keeper for you."

"A keeper?" said *Rob* complacently, "I'm not sure I shouldn't enjoy that. I should get plenty of sport all the year round pretty well. But no," he added reflectively, "I think on the whole I'd rather not. All the keepers' dogs I've known were very thin, and they used to get more whackings than any of the other dogs."

"Pooh," said the Cat, "I didn't mean that kind of keeper, you silly. Not a man in a velveteen coat and leather gaiters, but a man who's paid to look after people of—ahem—weak intellect. See?"

"Well, if it comes to that——"

"I know what you're going to say. You don't think I'm particularly intellectual myself. I never pretended to be, my old pheasant-fetcher, but I've got common sense, and thank Heaven I'm spiteful."

"Oh, come," said honest *Rob*, "it isn't as bad as all that."

"Hist!" said the Cat, flattening herself down on the grass and tucking her paws under her to get into position, while her tail quivered and her eyes seemed to grow to twice their ordinary size and fierceness. "See that thrush? He's mine."

She made a quick spring, cuffed at the bird, and missed him.

"My dear *Gamp*," laughed *Rob*, "it's bad form to go for a bird in that way, and a mere thrush too."

"Thanks," said the Cat. "I like to do my own hunting in my own way. I don't ask a fat man with a gun to bring *my* birds down, and when I do catch them I keep them for myself. Some animals, I'm told, have to give up all the birds they gather—dogs, for instance. Poor game that, I should think."

"We were talking about the White Rabbit, I fancy," said *Rob* with some dignity.

"Ah, yes, the White Rabbit. Lord bless you, I know all about him. He pretends to be a Prince of SABLONIA, but I happen to know that he was born of very humble parents in a small shop somewhere in the Seven Dials. He had a twin brother just like himself, and originally their names were *Bunface* and *Buttertub*, but they were mixed up somehow soon after they were born, so this one got called *Bunbutter*, and his brother's out in the world somewhere under the name of *Tubface*. MABEL bought him. She happened to pass the shop one day when she was out with her father, the man who shoots your birds for you, and she saw *Bunbutter* in his cage and took a fancy to him. In the cage on one side of him was a brindled bull-dog, on the other was a white Persian cat with blue eyes, and I believe she hesitated a long time between the three of them. Finally she chose our long-eared friend."

"Well, I'm glad she didn't choose the bull-dog," said *Rob*. "They're a clumsy, bandy-legged, snoring lot, and quite useless for sport."

"I own I don't care much for bull-dogs myself, and as for white Persians with blue eyes they're all as deaf as a post. What a bore she would have been. Anyhow, that's the origin of *Bunbutter*, and all these stories about Princes are just gas."

Now I may as well tell you that when *Gamp*, the Cat, cast these aspersions on the origin and the veracity of the White Rabbit, she was not speaking of her own knowledge by any means. No doubt she pretended she was, or at least she conveyed that idea to the simple-minded Labrador, but, as a matter of fact, she was only retailing the gossip she had picked up in the kitchen or the servants' hall while she was lying snugly under the table with a saucer of milk within easy reach. If you or I had to go to the kitchen for our reputation or our history I daresay we should hear some things that would surprise us. I don't want you, therefore, to run away with the idea that, because the kitchen put *Bunbutter* down as a mere Seven Dials rabbit, he was only that and nothing more. Certainly his own story of his Sablonian origin is a much more romantic and interesting one. If you ask me whether or not I myself believe it I can only reply that I'm sure he was no ordinary Rabbit, and, that being so, there seems no good reason why we shouldn't prefer his account of himself to the tittle-tattle so maliciously retailed by the black and white Cat. Those who read on may perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—discover the truth.

MY LADY'S GIFT.

I PRAYED my lady, of her pitiful grace,
For the white rose that lay upon her dress,
Fair, but no fairer than my lady's face,
Pure, but no purer than her loveliness;
And my dear lady gazed on me a space,
Then yielded me the prize;
And the soft love-light shining in her eyes
Made of the gift almost a shy caress.

Then of my dearest love did I entreat
Pardon, if I this crowning boon should crave:—
That I might kneel before her dainty feet;
That she should deck me with the flower she gave.
Whereat she blushed; yet, being kind as sweet,
Bowed to my soft behest—
Yea, pinned her delicate favour on my breast:
Sweet rose, that made me evermore her slave.

O flower, O happy flower, my lady's flower!
O sorry flower, so soon, alas, to shrink!
Where hast thou fled?—To what Elysian bower
Thro' the far shadows of the Stygian brink?
Would I had prest thee ere the fateful hour
When, seeing thou didst fade,
With horrid clutch the wanton chambermaid
Tost thee, poor jetsam, to the pantry sink!

Now do I brood no more upon my pain,
Nor would impeach th' ungodly for her sin,
For I have found a pledge, oh, strong of grain
Beyond all flowers, and I rejoice therein.
Pass on, dead rose! My lady's gifts were twain.
The breast thou leavest bare
Hath solace in the bond that held thee there!
And I take comfort in my lady's Pin.

DUM-DUM.



THE ALTOGETHER.

Christopher (ætat. 3). "OH, FATHER, PLEASE *DO* LET ME PADDLE ALL OVER, LIKE YOU!"

THE HEBER HOGG CORRESPONDENCE.

THE recent publication of *The Jessica Letters*, which purport to have passed between an American editor and a timid reviewer, impels us to print a selection from the correspondence of the late Mr. HEBER HOGG with several prominent literary men. HEBER HOGG, as is well-known, was proprietor of the celebrated coal emporium at one of the corners of Holborn Viaduct, and his letters throw a welcome light on the life of one who in the flowery fields of literature sought relief from the struggles and anxieties of commerce. Poetry was with him a labour of love.

I.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Bi-monthly Review."

April 15, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find a trifle of verse inspired by recent events, and which I hope you may see your way to favourably consider. The poem (if I may so presume to describe it as a poem) is my literary bantling, the firstborn of a harvest that has long lain fallow and run to seed, and I send it to you because, having read your book month by month, it appears in my humble judgment to remotely approach the standard which you so ably maintain, and I peruse so assiduously and devotedly. I submit it in due diffidence, but if I may aspire to direct your able footsteps to verse 29. It runs as follows:—

Up, lads, fight for name and glory!
Strike for beauty, love, and home!
You shall be renowned in History!
Your country's fame shall be your own!

I think this contains a new sentiment not unaptly expressed.

Your obedient servant,

1 Enclosure. HEBER HOGG.

From the Editor of the "Bi-monthly Review" to Heber Hogg, Esq.

April 17, 1901.

The Editor regrets that he is compelled to return the enclosed manuscript. He would point out that such rejection does not necessarily imply lack of merit in the contribution, but merely that it is unsuitable for his columns.

The Editor begs to remind contributors that all manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

II.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Athenian."

April 18, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find a stamped and addressed envelope and a trifle of verse inspired by recent events, and which I hope you may see your way to favourably consider. The poem (if I may—[*three sheets missing*]—new sentiment not unaptly expressed.

Your obedient servant,

2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.

[N.B.—The regrettable lacunæ in the above and subsequent letters are due to the negligence of Mr. HOGG'S correspondents. He always wrote on one side of single sheets, and if a communication ran into more than one he was careful to clip them together.]

From the Editor of the "Athenian" to H. Hogg, Esq.

April 20, 1901.

The Editor is much obliged to Mr.

HOGG for his kindness in permitting him to see the enclosed poem; he regrets, however, that pressure on his space compels him to forego the pleasure of publishing it.

III.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Spectatler."

April 22, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a stamped and addressed envelope and a poem of verses to which I venture to draw your attention to. I may mention that it has been read by more than one eminent literary man, who speak of it in high terms of merit, and express pleasure at the honour of reading it. I await the favour of your early reply, and oblige Yours obediently,

2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.

From the Editor of the "Spectatler" to Heber Hogg, Esq.

April 24, 1901.

With the Editor's compliments.

[*The letters numbered* IV. *to* XLVI. *inclusive are unfortunately missing.*]

XLVII.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of "P.T.O.'s Weekly."

August 2, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a little thing of mine in verse and a stamped addressed envelope, which has favourably attracted the attention of many literary men, although not hitherto appearing in print. It is, I think, suitable to your excellent journal, and beg to remain, Yours faithfully,

2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.

XLVIII.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 19, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—Some weeks ago I ventured to send you a stamped addressed envelope (to me) and some poetical verses which it occurred to me—[*two sheets missing*]—say without undue modesty that verse 29 has aroused admiration in the breasts of those who it has been read to, and they agree with me in—[*three sheets missing*].

The Editor of "P. T. O.'s Weekly," to H. Hogg, Esq.

The Editor regrets that he is unable to use the enclosed MS., which he accordingly returns with many thanks.

Apologies for delay.—ED.

Letters XLIX. to XCV. inclusive, missing.

XCVI.

From Heber Hogg to the Editor of the "Picklehampton Weekly Clarion."

November 5, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith a poetical effort which I believe suitable to your columns. My name is known to many London editors, who almost invariably express pleasure at receiving contributions from my pen. Yours truly,

2 Enclosures. HEBER HOGG.



HORTICULTURAL.

Vicar's Daughter. "WELL, JOHN, I SEE YOU ARE LOOKING AS YOUNG AS EVER."

John. "YES, MISS, THANKYER. AN' THEY TELL ME I'LL SOON BE AN OCTOGERANIUM."

From the Editor of the "Picklehampton Weekly Clarion" to Heber Hogg, Esq.

November 7, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—I am keeping the poem in the hope of being able to use it at an early date. I may point out that the *P.W.C.* has the largest circulation in Picklehampton, and accordingly offers exceptional advantages to advertisers.

Yours faithfully,

J. ADZE SHARPE (*Editor*).

[The remaining letters in the series are lost, but the issue of the *Picklehampton Weekly Clarion* for December 5, 1903, contains a poem entitled "Arouse Ye," side by side with a half column proclaiming the merits of HEBER HOGG'S "World-renowned Kentish Brights."]

A French Scholar.

"IT is a great thing to know French well," said Mrs. TUMKINSON, the excellent lady of TUMKINSON, retired grocer. "Now," she continued, "I was travelling the other day, and I wanted particularly to describe a certain figure in full armour I had seen to a Frenchman who knew no language but his own. Fortunately I was able to make it quite clear to him in French by putting it thus —'*La statue d'un chevelure équestrien portant ses armoires, et avec deux paires d'éperlans à ses talents.*' And then he understood me perfectly."

Qualifying.

"MY dear Sir," said a commercial traveller, one Sunday, at a *table d'hôte* breakfast in a French hotel, to his clerical-looking neighbour, "some here are going to Mass, some to a Lutheran service, some to an Anglican Chapel, and others elsewhere or nowhere."

"And you?" inquired the cleric.

"Oh, for myself," replied the *commis-voyageur*, in an airy manner, "I am nothing in particular, and belong to everything in general. I go from one church to another; all 's one to me, so I consider myself in the full sense of the word a Catholic."

"I see," observed the ecclesiastic, "you mean a Roaming Catholic."

WHEN the system is out of order the slightest irritation is apt to get upon the nerves. This idea was admirably illustrated last week on a headbill of the *Morning Advertiser*:—

UNREST IN RUSSIA.

Explosion in a Train.

SIR,—The *Novoe Vremya* gives the following account of a servant-girl who is radio-active to things in her vicinity:

"Everything she approaches is set in motion. Plates on a dresser rattle, linen hung out to dry falls on the ground, bottles rise from the table and are upset."

I have one of this kind too. Do you know of any cure? Yours,

HEAD (SO-CALLED) OF HOUSE.

REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

MR. PUNCH,—Sir, I was amazed and pained on reading some time ago in the *Draper's Record* this plaintive statement:—"There are few novels of trade life, and fewer still that deal with the drapery trade." But I was not content with mere pity. To seize a jewelled pen, and dash off the following, was with me the work of a couple of months or so.

Yours hurriedly,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

[N.B.—I am aware of a play by Mrs. LYTTELTON bearing on the question of millinery establishments, but this in no sense cuts the ground from under my feet.]

II.—MY DRAPER'S OPERA.

The scene of Act One is laid in a large drapery emporium. Time — morning. Opening chorus of assistants, descriptive of the joys of the profession. Enter Shopwalker. "My merry men, good-morning to you all. Pursue your tasks with vigour, I implore: for thus you 'll rise (perhaps) in time to come (with patience) to the post that I enjoy." Song, "How I rose to be a Shopwalker." Then Aria, Shopwalker:

But where is our champion assistant,
The pride of our drapery shop?
I trust he is not very distant,
Our ALGERNON HILDEBRAND PLOPP.

Chorus. Nay, calm, Sir, your fear, for behold! he is here,
Our ALGERNON HILDEBRAND PLOPP.

Enter hero (L.). He pauses on threshold. Then, advancing to centre of stage, sings, as follows:

A hard-worked draper I,
And dainty gloves and stockings
(Some with, some void of, clockings)
I bid the ladies buy;
If customers are male,
I 'd have them spend their dollars
On ties and shirts and collars,
And pay for them on the nail.

At the conclusion of this song there is a pause, then slow music, and my heroine, Lady MATILDA DE LA CRÈME, daughter of the Earl of BAYSWATER, enters, ushered in by Shopwalker. "PLOPP, forward," says Shopwalker. Then there is a sweetly pretty trio:

Shopwalker. A lady here you see of both
wealth and high degree
(For waiting in the street, I notice, *her* chaise is),
And I bid you, Mr. PLOPP, do the honours
of the shop,
For the lady has a wish to make some
purchases.



A GOOD REASON.

Sympathetic Cousin. "POOR BOY! I'M SO SORRY YOU DIDN'T PASS YOUR EXAM. WHAT WAS THE REASON, I WONDER?"

Poor Boy (also wondering). "I CAN'T THINK."

Plopp (gallantly). I am not the man to
shirk any quantity of work,
When a lady has a wish to make some
purchases.

Heroine. If you seek to learn my name,
'tis MATILDA DE LA CRÈME—

Plopp (to Shopwalker, *aside).* Correctly
in the Upper Ten you rank her,
chief—

Heroine. And I live with my papa,
Number Six, Belgravia,
And I 'm here because I want to buy
a handkerchief.

Plopp (indulgently). Ladies often, I have
read, lest a cold invade their head,
Find it useful to possess a pocket-
handkerchief.

Business of buying handkerchief. Then great scene. Heroine is seen by Shopwalker to purloin a yard of calico. As she is leaving after affectionate adieux to hero, Shopwalker stops her. Scena. Finale.

Hero. Unhand the lady, minion!
Shopw. This language, PLOPP to me!

Hero. How dare you seize and pinion
A lady of degree?
Heroine. Exactly, Sir! You 'll find you err
In acting thus to me.

Shopw. Nay, think me not unfeeling—
Hero. Insidious reptile, go!
Shopw. I caught the lady stealing
A yard of calico!
Heroine. Believe me, I would rather die
Than be so wicked. Oh!

Shopw. Go, fetch the nearest bobbies!
Hero. Must my entreaties fail?
Shopw. The fate of those who rob is
To languish in a gaol.
Heroine. I cannot dwell in dungeon cell!
Oh, let me out on bail!

Enter Policemen. Hero takes centre of stage.

SONG: *Hero.*

Constables, release your captive,
Do not mock her protestations;
True is every word she utters,
True are her asseverations.
She 's as innocent as you,
Honest, upright men in blue.

I can prove my statement fully;
Give me leave to speak my piece, men.
For one fleeting moment lend me
Your auriculars, policemen.
Tempted by a hope of pelf,
I purloined the stuff myself!

Then my foully-gotten booty,
Little recking what a shock it
Might occasion to her nerves, I
Placed in her receptive pocket.
There you have the sorry tale:
Up, and lead me off to gaol!

Immense sensation. Heroine, with a cry of "My preserver!" faints. Shop-walker staggers back, shocked and astounded. Assistants assume attitude of horror. Various customers, who have come in, grow tired of waiting to be served, and go out to patronise other establishments. And Act I. closes with hero being led off (R.) by policemen.

The Wand of Peace.

WE learn from the *Scotsman* that at the second Triennial Pan-Celtic Congress, which opened at Carnarvon on August 30, the Archdruid of Wales proclaimed a "Celtic peace." For its better enforcement, "at a reception given by the Mayor, Lord CASTLETOWN presented him with a shillelagh of bog oak."

THERE has been continued evidence of scare in our shipping trade. Vast quantities of stuffed sacks, apparently intended for the filling up of the moats round Port Arthur's forts, were lying idle last week on the platform of the Temple District Station.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

No narrative may be written starting with a journey on mule-back that does not recall STEVENSON. Nor may fascinating girls masquerade as boys without reminiscence of *The Heavenly Twins*. These reflections inevitably occur on reading *The Princess Passes* (METHUEN), joint work of Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAMSON. The story has, however, such strong individuality, such absorbing interest that they do not detract from the pleasure it gives. My Baronite undertakes that no one who reads the first chapter will be disposed to lay the book down before the happy end is reached. *Experientia docet.* Amongst its novelties is the most graphic description of motor-car driving that has yet appeared in print. Travel by motor-car, adjunct to the mule journey, affords one of the collaborateurs opportunity of displaying rare gifts of word-painting scenery. Those who have not driven over the St. Bernard by night should read the brilliant account of it. *The Princess Passes* is a charming love story set amid some of the most splendid scenery in the world.

Tommy & Co. (HUTCHINSON) is a collection of seven sketches chiefly illustrating a Bohemian side of London journalistic life, knowledge of which is Mr. JEROME'S monopoly. There is about the London stories a far-off flavour of HENRI MURGER'S *Vie de Bohême*. This is most notable in the final chapter where *Tommy*—who, seeing she is a girl, ought, as her employer and colleagues sadly concede, to be called *Jane*—surrenders to the fascination of a vagabond contributor to the paper she sub-edits, a gentleman who already has what the Lord Chancellor would call "a sort of" wife. This lady turns up at a critical moment, and offers *Tommy* £2000 to go away. *Tommy* declines the bribe, but magnanimously surrenders the suitor, who is apparently happy with either charmer, and in turn impartially marries both. After the fashion of Bohemia the contributor, on the verge of starvation, urgently in need of half-a-crown, when he calls with his copy carries an umbrella whose handle was "an eagle's head in gold, with two small rubies for the eyes." So like those thoughtless, heedless, generous-hearted folk who people Bohemia, whether in the Quartier Latin or Fleet Street! Of the sketches my Baronite likes best "The Babe," which is really funny.

Mr. RISK'S *Songs of the Links* (MORTON, Edinburgh), of which two of the best have appeared in these pages, are very much above the average of golf literature, and deserve, in the opinion of my Nautical Retainer, a wide recognition on this side of the Border. In many of these verses the author gives verbal or metrical parodies of standard authors, from HORACE, through SMEDLEY, to ST. ANDREWS LANG; from KIPLING to the inevitable KHAYYÁM; but he has also a note of his own at need. His technique, except in his one example of blank verse, is excellent. Perhaps he is a little inclined to iteration, but this is a common defect of collected verse, and, after all, the opportunities afforded by his subject are limited. Of golf, as an incentive to celibacy—

> "The sweetest maiden BETTY may turn to a shrew or a minx;
> And heavy the bonds of Wedlock, but light is the chain of the Links;"

or as a breaker-up of marital felicity (see his dirge of "The Golf Widows") he has some trenchant things to say.

Another modest little work, *Humours and Emotions of Golf*, by E. M. B. and G. R. T., is not quite in the same class. E. M. B., who is responsible for most of the verse, is not without literary feeling, but his lines lack the quality of fluency, and some of his rhymes, such as *lips* and *ellipse*, *adolescence* and *convalescence*, are not really rhymes at all in the English sense. G. R. T.'s prose fancies are not consistently exhilarating, but they contain much philosophy and a little pleasant humour.



"On August 30, a formidable artillery duel took place, the Russians and Japanese exchanging over 100,000 projectiles."

The above passage is from the *Daily Mail* and not *The Exchange and Mart*.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—"Artist." We have received your communication in which you say, "I beg to enclose a sketch and words, and shall be glad for you to use them. They are original (to the best of my knowledge and belief), and have not been inspired." We entirely endorse this last statement.

"HIATUS" VALDE DEFLENDUS.—The late Dean HOLE.

CHARIVARIA.

A RUMOUR of a marvellous feat of heroism at Liaoyang, proving that there are still "boys of the bull-dog breed" among us, was recorded in the *St. James's Gazette* of the 2nd inst. "It is reported," said our contemporary, "that the place has been taken by *Reuter's*, the *Chronicle's* and the *Mail's* correspondents."

"I do not agree with the critics who say that battleships are a thing of the past," says Admiral MATUSSEVITCH. Yet this is true of a great many of the Russian vessels of that type.

Many persons who are talking about the horrors of the War in the East seem to lack a sense of proportion; or else they are unaware that at Manchester a contest of brass bands has been going on.

A paper delivered at the recent congress of the Sanitary Institute has been published under the modest explanatory title of "What the people sleep upon." We presume it must be the same beds as they make.

Last week's *Answers* contained articles by Miss MARIE STUDHOLME and Major BADEN-POWELL. As BYRON might have written:

"And HARMSWORTH'S capital had gathered there
Our Beauty and our Chivalry."

A young man won a beauty prize at South Chicago, but was kissed by 200 women.

A jam exhibition will shortly be opened at Laon, and hundreds of wasps, flies, and blue-bottles have now made up their minds as to where they will spend the autumn recess.

Dr. FORBES WINSLOW has stated to an interviewer that a very large number of idiots are at large who most certainly should be in an asylum. When are these attacks on the House of Commons going to cease?

It is stated that Mr. HALL CAINE'S play, *The Prodigal Son*, will not follow closely the parable in the Bible, but will be an improvement on it.

The announcement that Mr. CAINE has rejected the fatted calf incident has caused keen disappointment in the dramatic profession, so many members of which are passionately fond of appearing with padding at the back of their shins.

"A moth four inches across the back and three inches long has been captured at Antony, Cornwall." It is understood that it required the united efforts of the local constable and the village blacksmith to effect the capture.

According to the *Express*, Londoners are suffering from a curious epidemic, of which the chief feature is a feeling of drowsiness in the daytime and a disinclination to exert themselves. The Government, yielding to a natural instinct for self-preservation, have declined to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into this insidious disease.

A painful impression has been caused by a cable from Chifu which states that Mr. MELTON PRIOR, Mr. LYNCH and Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS are all returning home from the seat of war, exasperated by the limitations imposed upon them by the authorities. Is it too late to hope that, even at this hour, a change may take place, and the war yet be carried on for the benefit of English and American newspapers? We confidently appeal to the good-nature of the belligerents.

That it is possible to wage war humanely is proved by the fact that the Indian Government has distributed a large sum of money among the poor of Lhassa. We understand that this item is to be included in the indemnity.



ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCH.

2 A.M.

Brown (who has taken a shooting-box in the Highlands, and has been "celebrating" his first appearance in a kilt). "WORSHT OF THESE OLE-FASHIONED BEDSTEADS IS, THEY TAKE SUCH A LOT OF CLIMBIN' INTO!"

A CHANNEL RECORD.

[Mr. SWINBURNE's poem, "A Channel Passage," which gives its title to his new volume, begins in a trochaic-dactylic-catalectic metre, of no fewer than eight beats, and changes with the rising of the storm to an anapæstic-iambic-acatalectic metre of seven beats. The author of the following lines has humbly ventured to go one beat better throughout. The apparent licence which permits him to scan "rapturous," "satiate," "gradual," and "livelier," as dissyllables is strictly derived from the original. He dedicates these verses in passionate admiration to the Anglo-French marvel, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAM BURGESS, of Paris, and late of Rotherham, Yorks.]

FORTH from Dover at 7 A.M. at the hour when the milk comes round for the Castle Mess,
Fared the tug that bore on her prancing poop the joy and pride of the halfpenny Press;
Gnat was the name of her, late returned from the nightlong lustre of waves at her luminous prow,
Lit for a beacon and *buffet* to him, the hero of Teuton extraction that failed, and now,
Fraughted with BURGESS for freight, or freighted with BURGESS for fraught, whichever arrangement you like,
Westward she lurched to the region of Lyddon Spout and landed the rapturous and radiant Tyke.
Then like a lioness loosed from the toils on the flat-foot track of a timorous coolie of Ind,
Bare as a babe he strided out hip-deep to the lust of battle with wave and wind;
Plunged his billow-proof mask in the main, and adopting a low side-stroke of exceptional power
Thridded the seas at the rate of two-and-a-half to three full nautical knots per hour.
Loud from the tug as he sped like a friendly torpedo aimed at the uttermost fringes of France
Cheers outbroke and the bruit of backers that asked for the odds, fifteen to eight, on his chance.
Slewed by slithering tides, that played with his strength as the blizzard plays with a young boy's kite,
Now on the Foreland trail and now in the other direction, the way to the Isle of Wight,
Ever he struck for the Calais coast with the brine in his breath and the red hope hot at his heart,
Save when he sipped boiled Bovril or crushed the juice of the wine-blue grape or a custard tart;
Till the homeward Mail with a starboard list where the clamour of plaudits clove the air
Spake from the midmost deeps of her course to say that the gallant swimmer was half-way there.

Whence came change? Were the powers that govern the moon that governs the tides that flow and ebb
Jealous that one more name should be added to those of BYRON, LEANDER, and Captain WEBB?
Can they have kicked at the last link forged in a chain designed to master a virgin pride,
Knitting adjacent lands in love, as a neighbourly bridegroom is knit to his next-door bride?
What the original reason I know not; but this at least that a mortal may know, I know,
How that the winds that had softly blown in his eyes as the breath, kiss-laden, of love may blow
Rose to the passion and wrath and rapture of half a gale or possibly even worse,
Thus necessitating a delicate change in the lilt of my semi-trochaic verse.

For the welter of waves white-winged as the flash and the flight of a squadron of migrant storks
Flew, flopped, fizzed, fluttered and burst in the face of the strenuous trier from Rotherham, Yorks,
And the tune of their sibilant surge was the tune of the mellowing ferment of malted hops,
And like to the hiss of a spluttering grill was the spume of the Channel that seethed with chops.
But livelier if aught could be livelier than he was ere yet the storm leapt out of the South
We could hear his foam-bright laughter that gurgled and mixed with the gurgling foam in his mouth,
And the jest fell light from his lips as he breasted the billow —"There 's plenty for money," he said.
In a phrase that can only die when the heart of England that beats for her best lies dead.
But a desolate waste yet sundered the sole of his foot from the haven he fain would be at,
And the sea's wide throat that would never have strained at a camel had nearly swallowed the *Gnat*.
And at length with gradual reluctance he halted and over the creaking bulwarks crept
And drank red wine, and rolled in the wallowing trough, and was sick of the sea and slept.
And the eight-and-three-quarter glad mad hours were over that won him the record for pace,
Five leagues as the swart crow flies, and an extra couple to add for the twin tide-race.
But snug in a rug we bore him back from a spot some six miles short of his goal,
Of the sand-grey dunes of the city whose fame is one with the fame of her Burgess-roll.
And the dawn of the dusk came down from a wind-swept sky as we put him on Dover pier,
Insatiate of hope, and big with a sanguine purpose to try it again next year.

O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER VII.

The White Rabbit is Puzzled.

"REALLY," said the White Rabbit, "I don't know what we 're all coming to nowadays. People do behave in the most extraordinary way, you know. *I* can't make out what they 're up to."

He sniffed with indignation, and took a turn or two in his hutch.

"Look here, *Gamp*," he continued, addressing the Cat, "you 've seen something of the world, and you 've had no end of kittens——"

"And if I have," interrupted the Cat, "what 's that to you? I 'm acting on the advice of the President of the United States. I 'm populating the Empire. The future is with the mothers of the race. And anyhow I haven't got to ask for *your* opinion. I don't want it, and I 'll trouble you not to make so free with it."

"My *dear Gamp*," said the Rabbit, alarmed at her vehemence, "I 'm sure I didn't want to offend you. I simply adore kittens myself, and I 've always said that yours are quite the prettiest and softest and liveliest I 've ever seen. Personally, I 'm dead against buckets of water and all that nonsense."

Here the Cat broke down and wept.

"You 've got a good heart, *Bunbutter*," she said in a voice choked with emotion. "Forgive this display of feeling. How can I help you? Tell me, and I 'll do my best."

"The fact is," said the Rabbit after a pause, during which he had surreptitiously wiped his eyes with his fore-feet, "the fact is, I 'm fairly puzzled. You know that tall handsome girl who 's been staying here for a week or so?"

"SYBIL?" asked the Cat.

"The same."

"Know her? I should think I did. She 's the best hand

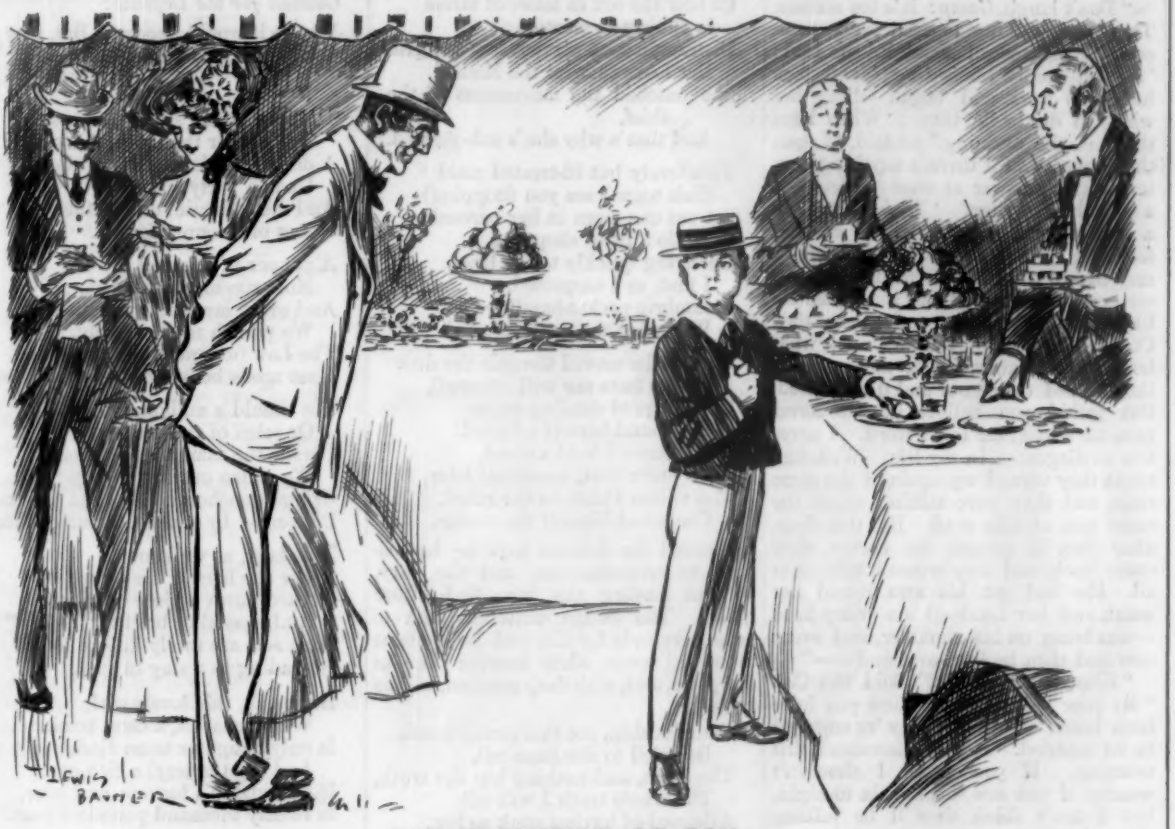


HOME RULE (NEW STYLE).

Poet . . . MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM. *Bird . . .* LORD DUNRAVEN.

QUOTH DUNRAVEN, "DEVOLUTION!"
ONLY THAT, AND NOTHING MORE.





THE EVOLUTION OF BOY.

"Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs."—*Locksley Hall.*

(Inside a Garden Party Refreshment Tent.)

Visitor (watching schoolboy busy regaling himself with anything within his reach). "WELL, MY BOY, YOU OUGHT TO FEEL VERY LUCKY BEING ALLOWED TO HELP YOURSELF AS YOU LIKE TO ALL THESE GOOD THINGS. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN I WAS A BOY. NO SUCH LUXURIES THEN!"

Boy. "I DESSAY SO. BUT THIS IS NOTHING TO WHAT IT WILL BE IN THE NEXT GENERATION."

at scratching a cat behind the ear I ever met. It 's simply ripping," and she closed her eyes luxuriously and purred at the mere recollection.

"Well," the Rabbit went on, "she 's been about here a good deal lately, paying me visits and throwing bits of cabbage into the hutch—not the outside leaves, but the juicy whitey-yellow inside ones—and I began to take quite a fancy to her. Perhaps, I thought to myself, this is the maiden who is to release me. You know, *Gamp*, I 'm not conceited——"

"Ahem," coughed the Cat discreetly.

"What 's that you said?" snapped the Rabbit tartly.

"I only coughed," said the Cat. "No, you 're not conceited."

"Well, I couldn't help noticing how partial she was to me."

"I hate that word partial," said the Cat. "It 's vulgar. Why can't you say that you observed that she had allowed her youthful fancies to linger lovingly on you?"

"That certainly does sound more romantic. I couldn't help noticing, then, that she had let her youthful fancies linger lovingly on me. It wasn't my fault. I didn't try to *make* her do it, but there it was. This girl, I said to myself, is no fool. She has pierced my melancholy disguise, and has detected the Prince through his white fur coat. Well, I laid myself out to please her after that, and I thought I 'd succeeded. Really, I shouldn't like to tell you half the absurd loving things she said to me the last time she took me up by my ears and carried me about."

"Couldn't you remember one or two of them?" said the Cat.

"No, *Gamp*—or rather, yes I could, but I shall not mention them, because, as you ought to know, no gentleman ever mentions what has passed in confidence between himself and a lady. It is not done in—ahem—good society. However, as I said before, there it was, and things were going on most swimmingly. Well, two nights ago, at about nine o'clock, I heard steps coming this way, and suddenly SYBIL appeared. She was in a sort of half-dress——"

"Half-dress? What *do* you mean?" asked the Cat.

"The sort of dress that stops short before it ought to."

"Oh, evening dress, you mean."

"Well, evening dress if you like," said the Rabbit impatiently. "I 'm no hand at describing the things women wear. Anyhow, she came along towards the hutch, but she wasn't alone. There was a man with her."

"I bet it was GUY," said the Cat. "A biggish young chap with a smooth face and curly hair?"

"That 's him," said the Rabbit.

"He," said the Cat. "He, he."

"Don't laugh, *Gamp:* it's too serious. They were talking together very earnestly. 'Tell me all about it,' she said; 'it's all deeply interesting;' and then he set to work and began telling her what he did in the City. 'When I get there in the morning,' he said, 'I open the letters, and if there's anything very important I answer at once or dictate to a short-hand writer.' 'Yes,' she said in a breathless way, as if she was craving for more. 'And then,' he went on, 'I may have a contract to consider. 'How *very very* interesting,' said she, 'I *should* like to see you at work some day. Couldn't I help?' I didn't catch what he said in answer, for at that moment they turned the corner and disappeared. But would you believe it, she never gave me a look, far less a word. I never was so disgusted in my life. Well, last night they turned up again at the same time, and they were talking about the same sort of silly stuff. But this time, after they'd turned the corner, they came back, and they weren't talking at all. He had got his arm round her waist, and her head—it's a pretty head—was lying on his shoulder, and every now and then he bent over and——"

"Kissed her, I bet," said the Cat. "My poor old *Bunbutter*, how you have been taken on. Why, they're engaged to be married. It was announced this morning. If you watch I shouldn't wonder if you saw them again to-night, but I don't think they'll be talking about the City, you know."

"They can come as much as they like," said the Rabbit sulkily, "I shan't even look at them. Bah!"

REVIVAL OF NATIVE GRAND OPERA.

MY DRAPER'S OPERA.

ACT TWO.

WE left our hero, it will be remembered, in the hands of the Law, charged on his own confession with stealing a yard of calico. The Second Act reveals the interior of the Court. Chorus of jurymen, who open the Act (here I acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. KIPLING) with:

We used to be butchers and bakers once,
Tinkers and candlestick-makers once,
Soldiers and sailors and tailors once,
And now we are Jury.

Having obtained silence by saying that he will *not* have his Court turned into a theatre, the Judge requests counsel for prosecution to open the case for the Crown.

The case proceeds. Counsel for prosecution calls heroine, and sings song:

My most important witness see;
And glean from her a notion
Of how the sex in times of stress
Is subject to emotion:
Distraught with nervousness and grief,
Her looks suggest the Mœnad.
She watched the movements of the thief,
And that's why she's sub-pœna'd.

This lovely but ill-treated maid
(Salt tears I see you dropping)
Set out one morn in her barouche
To do a little shopping.
Referring quickly to my brief,
I find, as I suspected,
A cambric pocket-handkerchief
Was what the maid selected.

But, as she moved towards the door
(These facts are well attested),
On charge of stealing calico
She found herself arrested.
Of evidence I hold a sheaf,
To prove that, somewhat later,
The villain PLOPP, to her relief,
Confessed himself the traitor.

Counsel for defence says he has no wish to cross-examine, and the jury, without leaving the box, find PLOPP guilty. The Judge sentences him to penal servitude for life, and he is about to be led away, when heroine rises in her place, and, with deep emotion, begins to sing:

Your ludship, ere this gentle youth
Be haled to dungeon cell,
The truth, and nothing but the truth,
The whole truth I will tell.
Ashamed of having sunk so low,
To make amends I'll try:
You ask who stole that calico?
Your ludship, it was I.

[*Sensation in Court.*

My dear papa's a millionaire,
And does not stint his child:
What urged me, then, this crime to dare?
Some impulse, sudden, wild.
These little hands were never made
To pick and steal, I know:
Yet from the narrow path I strayed,
And stole that calico.

And oh! there is another thing
Which I must now confess,
With difficulty conquering
My maiden bashfulness:
Though Mrs. GRUNDY might taboo
The action, I don't care;
Sir, Mr. PLOPP, a word with you:
I worship you. So there!

Plopp. Oh, rapture!

[*They fly into each other's arms.*

The Judge (*wiping away a not unmanly tear*):

Although this scene, I don't deny,
Provokes the sympathetic sigh,
Yet someone's prigged what isn't his'n,
So someone 's got to go to prison.
Which of the two I do not know,
But one or the other has got to go.

Counsel for the Defence:

Yes, so it would appear. But, stay
Your ludship, I perceive a way.

Song.

The laws which govern crimes
Are subtler than men think 'em:
A deal depends in modern times
Upon a party's income,
And much, again, on whether he
Comes of a county family.

A pauper who is bad
Must rue his error dearly;
And every law-infringing cad
We punish most severely.
The Law (except to the elect)
Must needs be harsh to earn respect.

But should a millionaire
Or scion of the peerage
Pursue the same illegal game,
We soften our severe rage:
Crimes somehow do not seem so wrong,
Performed by one whose purse is long.

This lady, as we know,
For she herself has owned it,
Marked down a piece of calico,
And, speaking briefly, "boned" it.
Such acts are rarely known to fail
In leading to a stay in gaol.

But mark, this lovely girl,
Whose charms, I own, bewitch one,
Is only daughter to an Earl,
And (by the way) a rich one.
His Lordship's fortune, so I hear,
Is twenty thousand pounds a year.

Such being her papa
(So runs the law of Britain),
Not theft, but Kleptomania
Must her offence be written.
And thus, it's needless to explain,
She leaves the Court without a stain.

Huge applause in gallery. Judge blesses hero and heroine, and all present adjourn to the nearest church for the wedding. Curtain.

There, *Mr. Punch*, Sir, you have it. And if the *Draper's Record* is not satisfied now, it ought to be.

I remain, Yours, &c.,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

TAKING THE CAKE.—In an interview in the *Daily Mail* with Captain Voss, who has made a voyage round the world in a dug-out, the gallant mariner says:

"I wished to put into the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, because an old lady in Nelson, New Zealand, had entrusted me with a fruit cake which she had made for her son, who is employed at the cable station in the Cocos. But unfortunately the wind failed, and the currents drifted me out of my course."

The last sentence is of course a mistake. It should run: "But unfortunately the currants failed, and the wind drifted me out of my course."

A CLOSE FINISH.

["A marriage is arranged between Miss DIANA DASHINGTON and Lord BROADACRES." Such announcements should occasionally be followed by the reflections of the unsuccessful lady competitor.]

THE race of the season is over;
I've lost and DIANA has won;
She 's feasting on BROADACRES' clover,
And I am right out of the fun.
Though DI was the one to begin it,
She soon found me making the pace;
I thought all along I should win it,
And only backed her for a place.

At Ascot DIANA was leading;
At Henley I spurted ahead;
At Cowes side by side we were speeding;
At Trouville I fancy I led.
Neck to neck we ran, shoulder to shoulder,
The pace was too killing to last—
(If the weather had only been colder!)—
I flagged, and DIANA shot past.

My heart 's not by any means broken;
I hope I 'm not wanting in pluck;
A tear or two, low be it spoken,
Then I kissed her and wished her good luck.
DI won the race fairly as stated;
But when her attractions are reckoned
My own must not be underrated—
I finished a very good second!

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

II.—ON THE ARMY.

ASTONISHING lot of nonsense the *Daily Wire* prints about military affairs . . . no, I do *not* waste my time reading it. Any intelligent citizen, MARY, is bound to take an interest in things of this sort. And our Army is rotten, Madam—rotten to the core. . . . What? That reminds you, shall TOMKINS be told to pick the apples? As you please—I 'm not talking about apples. Just consider these Manœuvres, and the plain common-sense lessons they teach you. First of all, a force lands in England without opposition. There 's a pretty state of things! . . . No, I didn't say they *had* interfered with us—but just think of the disgrace! Not one General, Madam, not one single General capable of defending this unhappy country. And yet it is to support these expensive frauds that I have to pay taxes! . . . Well, if he calls again, tell him that I will attend to the matter. There 's the rent and rates to be seen to first, and goodness knows, with your housekeeping and ETHEL'S dress bills—but I was talking about the Army.

Incompetent profligates, that 's what the officers are. What sort of life do they lead? Getting up late, playing polo and hunting, eating luxurious dinners, bullying respectable young men and ducking them in horse-ponds—there 's a life for you. . . . What do you know *about* it, Miss ETHEL? . . . Captain PONSONBY told you? You can tell *him* something then. Tell him that Britons of common-sense—like myself—don't mean to stand the present way of going on much longer. Drastic changes . . . No, I 'm not trying to break the table, MARY . . . drastic changes are absolutely necessary.

First of all there must be a clean sweep at the War Office. Men of brains and common-sense are wanted there. Then we must organise a great army, to guard the coast all round England. The man who will not serve his time as a militiaman or volunteer is not worthy of the name of Englishman, and the fruit . . . I told you once about those apples, I do wish you wouldn't interrupt. . . . If they 're not picked to-day they 'll have to wait for three weeks? Why? TOMKINS can pick them next time he comes. As I was saying, the militia system must be developed, and—eh? TOMKINS won't be here for three weeks? Got to go into camp for his training? Well, I call it perfectly disgraceful! Here I pay a man high wages to attend to my garden once a week, and then this miserable system takes him away, at the most inconvenient time, to play at soldiers! . . . If I have time to-night, MARY, I shall write a strongish letter to the *Daily Wire* on the subject.



Fair Visitor (to new Curate, who has lamed himself falling over a croquet hoop). "GOOD-BYE, MR. PERCIVAL, I'M *so* GLAD TO SEE YOU UP, AND NEXT TIME I CALL *I hope to find you out.*"

The War in Little.

Lady (to Gardener). Well, JOHN, have you read about the great battle between the Russians and the Japanese?

Gardener. Yes, Mum, and I 'm going to follow suit. I'm going to pot some chrysanthemums.

THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE CONSTABLE;

OR, SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Philanthropist. Recent events have shown that the police have a totally false view of their duties, and that we are on the eve of great reforms, which I hope personally to do something to assist. You seem to be a very intelligent officer—will you answer a few questions?

Constable. Talk away.

P. Well, what is it you do?

C. Sometimes I 'm on point duty.

P. What is that?

C. Controlling the traffic.

P. Ah, yes, I 've seen you. You hold up your hand and stop the horses.

C. That 's it.

P. Poor things!

C. Who?

P. The horses. Stopped like that by the arbitrary hand of petty officialdom, when they want to be trotting along in their free, happy way. It is the same thing wherever one looks—hard unsympathetic power, repressing and coercing.

C. But I say——

P. And what other duties have you?

C. Why, I keep the peace. If anyone does wrong I arrest him.

P. Arrest him? What, before he has been tried?

C. Well, he can't be tried until he gets to the Court; and it isn't likely he 'll go to the Court of his own free will.

P. And yet he is innocent until he is proved guilty. What right have you to submit an innocent man to the indignity of public arrest and a public procession through the streets?

C. I don't know where I am! Suppose someone saw him do it?

P. It doesn't matter. The man is innocent until he 's proved guilty.

C. Everyone 's guilty of something—if we only knew.

P. Perhaps, but that mustn't be the police view. The world, in the police view, should be peopled by white souls.

C. Well, I give it up. But how is he to be proved guilty if he 's not taken to the Court?

P. I 'm afraid that I must compromise with you there. He must be taken to the Court, but it must be done with scrupulous delicacy and consideration.

C. Scrupulous what?

P. Scrupulous delicacy and consideration. You should be rather the friend than the enemy. I wish some less formal and repelling uniform could be found for you.

C. It 's all right, isn't it?

P. I don't like it. I don't like your boots. They suggest Juggernaut to me.

C. Jugger——?

P. Juggernaut. A huge car that crushes its victims beneath it.

C. I say——

P. I don't like your helmet. It 's perhaps the least winning, the least ingratiating type of all English head-gear. Can you make soup in it?

C. I never tried.

P. Do try. If it could be used to make soup in, or beef-tea to administer to your clients on the way to the Police Station, it would be transformed from an emblem of coercion to a utensil of charity.

C. I never thought of that before.

P. And your tunic, with that forbidding belt, and that unsympathetic band round your sleeve—couldn't we alter that?

C. It 's rather admired.

P. Oh yes, by the unsuspected; not by the suspected.

C. Well, why should they admire it?

P. Why should they not?

C. It 's not usual, it 's not natural.

P. Let us make it usual and natural. My object is to make the policeman the suspected man's courteous friend, the suspected woman's chivalrous protector.

C. Great Scotland Yard!

P. Let me see, what 's that thing like a stick?

C. That 's my truncheon.

P. Let me feel it. Why, it 's hard!

C. Of course; it 's for hitting people, when they 're obstinate.

P. Hitting! But that won't do. How very retrograde! We must have new ones, made of something soft, in case they were used by accident. They must be emblems of authority, portents of what might happen; they must not be used.

C. Couldn't they be made hollow to hold chocolate creams for the poor lady prisoners?

P. There, that 's better. You 're quite catching the spirit. But I fear that chocolate creams are going too far. There is a hint of pampering there. No, let us have an umbrella instead of a truncheon (just as swords were made into ploughshares, you know) to shelter the suspected in the wet.

C. Just as you like.

P. And what are those things in your pocket?

C. These are handcuffs.

P. Handcuffs! Worse and worse. When do you use them?

C. Oh, some of your innocents now and then have to be looked after, to prevent their innocence doing any one harm.

P. No wonder, poor fellows! How would you like to be misunderstood like that?

C. But, look here, don't you think anyone ever did anything?

P. I don't say that, but I think that to know all is to forgive all.

C. Do you mind saying that very slowly?

P. Certainly. To know all is to forgive all.

C. I see what you mean. But isn't that asking a good lot from a constable?

P. There you put your finger on the chief flaw. Our constables are not sufficiently advanced. They are chosen now for their size and muscle. They ought to be chosen for their qualities of head and heart.

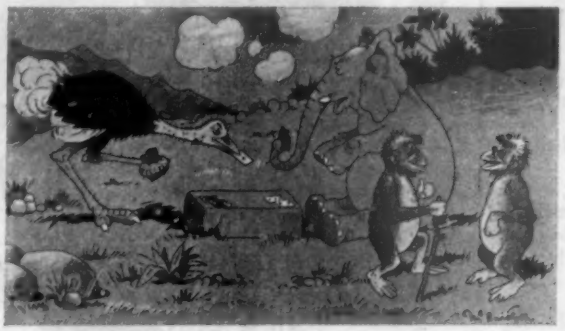
C. And what do you want me to do if I find a burglar in your house?

P. Oh, every inquiry should be made, and he should be given a fresh start in life.

C. Suppose he has murdered you before I get there?

P. It would have been done, I am sure, in a momentary aberration.

C. I 'm not so sure. [*Exit.*



First Monkey. "OSTRICH IS GOING TOO STRONG FOR ELEPHANT. HE SEEMS FULL OF LUCK."

Second Monkey. "YES; I UNDERSTAND HE SWALLOWED FOUR HORSE-SHOES BEFORE THE GAME STARTED!"

TO FREE TRADERS AND MATRIMONIAL AGENTS.—Attention is called to a cheap line in matches (four boxes a penny), made in Sweden. The following notice rather strikes one on the box: "These matches are specially prepared so that the ends do not drop off, and the match grows gold immediately after the flame is extinguished." All of course is not gold that splutters; but if matrimonial agents could undertake that the matches they arrange should "grow gold immediately after the flame is extinguished" we should hear less of disillusions sequent upon the damping of early enthusiasm.



Mother of unprepossessing Youngster. "YES, WE HAD A LOT OF TROUBLE WITH HIM WHEN HE WAS A BABY!"
Visitor. "AND NOW, I'M SURE, THE LITTLE MAN HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A BLESSING IN DISGUISE!"

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE spread of motoring amongst the musical profession was agreeably manifested at the Gloucester Musical Festival which was held with great *éclat* last week. The beautiful town of Gloucester was not only gay with bunting but fragrant with petrol, and every species of self-propelled vehicle, from the dwarf jinrickshawette to the motor-caravan, might be seen speeding through the quaint streets of the sleepy old Cathedral town. Perhaps the most general attention was attracted by Sir EDWARD ELGAR'S sumptuous 45-h.p. Mors omnibus with enamelled chunking-knobs and sliding bandolier. The interior of the car was beautifully upholstered in limp lamb-skin, and the chauffeur, a stalwart jäger from the Bavarian Highlands, was much admired.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD rode over every day from Malvern on his dainty little Flamingo auto-pram. By a happy thought he had fixed a gramophone attachment to his horn, with the result that as he went along he was able to snort out tasteful selections from the best composers. We cannot but think that this method of combining education with safety is destined to a great future. Probably the fastest and certainly the most vivacious car at Gloucester last week was Sir HUBERT PARRY'S 60-h.p. Frasquita, in which he is reported to have negotiated the road to his country seat at the rate of ninety miles an hour. Last Wednesday, owing to the unclamping of the bonzoline ball bearings, the gusset-winch became jammed in the divot-spandril, and Sir HUBERT was unable to apply the brake, with the result that his Frasquita burst into a preserve manufactory in College Street, and was literally smothered in plum jam. The occupants of the car were extricated with considerable difficulty, but without any serious casualties, and a salvo of cheers greeted the intrepid composer as he entered the Shire Hall in a sticky but otherwise undefeated condition.

Amongst other tasteful turn-outs we noticed the Dean's 3-cylinder 15-min. Sermonette, Miss MURIEL FOSTER'S low C-spring Humberdinck Landaulette, Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK'S Fafner-Bols Carriole, driven by the new rectified "Time-spirit," and Mr. COATES'S Plasmon Droschky with corrugated bascules. Amongst the foreign visitors Professor KRUMBASCHER was conspicuous by the size of his butterfly tie, and the diameter of his sombrero. Professor KRUMBASCHER, it may be mentioned, is the youngest of ten brothers, none of whom weighs less than nine stone.

A Whimsical Alternative.

FROM the *Exchange and Mart*, Sept. 2: "Wanted Harmonium or 12-bore gun."

Sons of Harmony.

"THE following resolution," says the *Northern Echo*, in its report of a meeting of the North-East Council of the Postmen's Federation, 'was carried thwinu matiiny hichw shrlu cmfw carried with unanimity." AS SHERIDAN says, in *The Critic*, "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful."

A CORRESPONDENT complains that being on a bicycle he passed an L.C.C. notice-board which said, THIS ROAD IS CLOSED. Almost immediately afterwards he found that it was really OPEN, and fell into the aperture.



THE RETORT CURTEOUS.

Motorist (cheerfully—to fellow-guest in house party). "WHAT LUCK? KILLED ANYTHING?"
Angler (bitterly). "NO. HAVE YOU?"

NEW HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

BY OUR OWN UN-BEETON DOMESTIC ECONOMIST.

I.—*How to make several pots of Marmalade out of a few kind words.*

TAKE any inexperienced and recently married young woman. Draw her gently and casually into conversation on the subject of *preserves*. Then drop a few hints, not too many, to the effect that you cannot understand the common aversion to "shop" marmalade. If this appears to produce slight irritation, then force the topic lightly, without causing her to boil over. If she throws in something about "carrots" and "street-sweepings," don't give it time to settle, but keep gently stirring. When all is ready, say quite pleasantly that you yourself prefer the manufactures of Messrs. P—— or K—— to "any household marmalade you ever ate." Then leave the whole to simmer. *In a few days she will send you several pots of her own make.*

II.—*How to get a new hat gratis.*

Choose an old and well-worn "topper" and brush with greatest care, so as to make quite presentable. Then take some stout, short-sighted and well-to-do friend to a cheap concert, carefully selecting seats in a rather dark corner.

At a convenient interval, while you are both standing, *slip your hat carefully onto his seat.* Then begin telling him an amusing anecdote, and before you reach the point (stifling a burst of laughter as if the thing were too good to tell) *sit down suddenly.* He will probably do the same.

Having made sure the hat is completely smashed, be careful (i.) to exclaim, and with some heat, at the loss of it; and then (ii.) to recover yourself quickly and say, "Never mind, it is only an old one."

Note.—The above two recipes cannot be used twice on the same person.

III.—*How to dine cheaply (with an alternative).*

Choose an evening when there is a certain prospect of heavy rain. Then, carefully leaving behind your mackintosh and umbrella, walk some little distance to the house of any not *very* intimate friends. You should be *late for tea* (as this will leave an initial impression of purity of motive on your part, and defective hospitality on theirs), and decline, at all risks, to have it recalled. Make yourself as pleasant as possible for some time, keeping a careful but surreptitious eye on the weather.

As soon as it is pouring heavily, rise and make a demonstration of going. Then look out of the window, and ostentatiously simulating surprise lament that you have no protection against the rain. They will probably press you with apparent heartiness to stay to dinner.

If there is any hesitation about this (but you must give it a few minutes to mature) ask, simply and apologetically, *the loan of an umbrella.*

They will probably prefer the other alternative. If not, *take the best.*

THE ASCENT OF ANIMALS.—"Housekeeper (middle-aged) wanted, in a farmhouse, for an elderly gentleman, two in family (two cows), must be a good cook."—*From the "Taunton Gazette."*

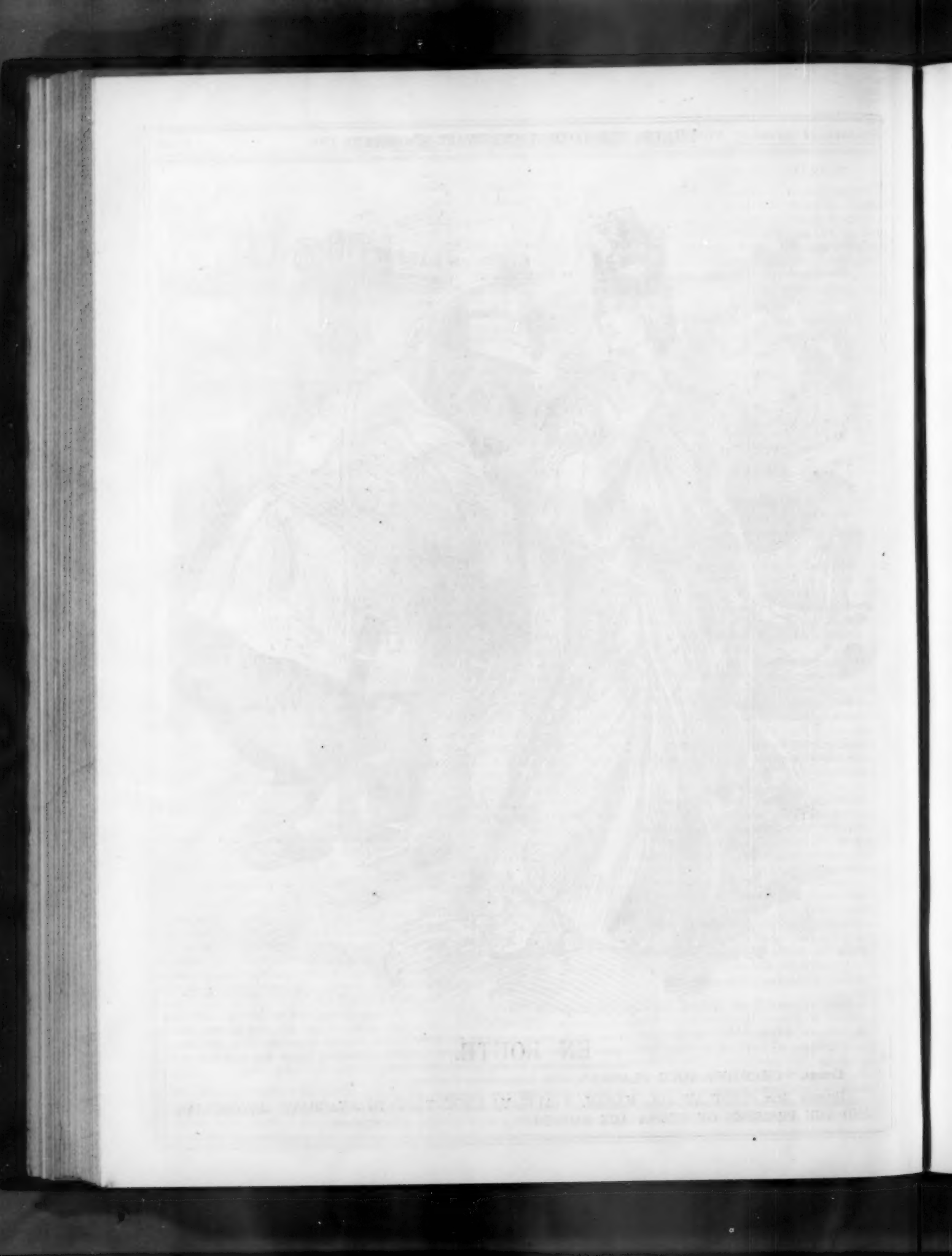
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.—"Kent Coast. Home-killed butcher's business; rent £35, &c."—*Daily Mail.*



EN ROUTE.

EUROPA. "CHANGING YOUR PLANS?"

RUSSIAN BEAR. "NOT AT ALL, MADAM. I ALWAYS UNDERTOOK TO EVACUATE MANCHURIA; AND THE PROMISES OF RUSSIA ARE SACRED!"



THE ART OF SLEEP.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 7, there is shortly to be opened in Paris a school to teach persons how to sleep well and gracefully. A branch establishment will simultaneously be inaugurated in London. *Mr. Punch* takes leave to make the following extracts from the Prospectus:—

VISITOR.

His Grace the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

PRINCIPAL.

The Rector of Little Snoring, Norfolk.

HUSHERS.

The HOME SECRETARY (Legal Department).

Mr. MASKELYNE (Hypnotic Course).

Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN (Editor of "Baby").

Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM (Theatrical Lectures).

Sir J. W. SLUMBER (Sleeping Partnership).

Registered Telegraphic Address: "Sleep-walker, London."

SUBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION INCLUDED IN THE REGULAR COURSE.

Pyjamas and their Construction.

Behaviour in a Sleeping-car.

How not to Snore through sermons.

The Treatment of Twins during Teething-time.

Nightcaps and other Sleeping-draughts.

Warming-pans, Etiquette of.

Four-posters, how to make with a Pocket-knife.

Sleeping Beauty-culture.

Somnambulism for Ladies, First Steps in.

Appropriate Costume for the same.

Apple-pie Beds, how to lay, enter, and avenge them.

Cold Pig and its application.

Nightmares, their Origin, Development and Classification.

Curtain Lectures for all, with Selected Repartees.

Auto-hypnotism, or Lullabies for the Lonesome.

Sheep-counting and like Soporifics.

Management of Lighted Candle before, and after, Falling Asleep.

Expeditious Modes of Escape from Fire in Bedrooms.

Getting out of Bed the Wrong Side in the Morning, How to Avoid.

Sleeping round the Clock, when Permissible.

The Early Worm, Moral Reflections on.

Pulex irritans, Advice with Regard to. Forms of Protest to Landlady concerning the same.

Park-benches, Use of, in Emergencies.

The Plank-bed, Best Positions on.

The Hammock as an Aid to Flirtation.

Ditto, Simple Way to Fall out of.

Object-lessons in illustration of the above Syllabus of Lectures will be given by competent instructors at the Central Sleep-Depôt, but pupils, who may be of any age, size, or sex, will be required to pursue their studies in the new Art at their own private residences, dormitories, Rowton Houses, or opium dens.



Wife. "I HOPE YOU TALKED PLAINLY TO HIM."
Husband. "I DID INDEED. I TOLD HIM HE WAS A FOOL, A PERFECT FOOL!"
Wife (approvingly). "DEAR JOHN! HOW EXACTLY LIKE YOU!"

IN return for a rise in wages, the messenger boys of Newark (N.J.) have all signed an agreement not to smoke or read sensational novels during working-hours. The authorities were at a loss to know why the lads signed so readily, and it was only discovered afterwards that nothing had been said about watching dog-fights.

Embarras de Richesse.

Mr. Punch had always understood that "*the* profession" was overcrowded, but had no idea that its case was as bad as the following advertisement from a provincial paper would seem to indicate:

ACTORS and ACTRESSES of Note; 200,000 in Stock: plain, hand-coloured, jewelled and luminous . . .

Of these descriptive epithets, all but the last have an air of genuineness, and No. 1 reveals an astonishing candour; but "luminous" is so doubtful that one is inclined to suspect a hoax.

NEW NAME FOR THE JAPANESE.—The Eikonoclasts.

THOUGHT FORCES.

BETTY always says that thoughts are things, and BETTY knows, for she has been to twelve lectures on the subject. Mr. HOBBS, the lecturer, says that each thought we think is an electric current or powerful magnetic force which attracts to it everything corresponding to its expression. I tried to explain this to EMILY, my sister-in-law.

"EMILY," I said, "I hear your father's indigestion is no better, and it never will be if he is always concentrating on its imperfections."

She replied that his digestive pills had come.

"My dear EMILY," I cried, "a pill cannot alter the balance of a consciousness. I wish you could attend Mr. HOBBS's lectures. He is such a nice man, with a dimple in his chin." I was glad EMILY did not seem to care for further explanations, as Mr. HOBBS, though very interesting, is often a little confusing.

BETTY's letters, too, on the subject of Mental Science are often very puzzling. She writes:—

"DEAR MEG,—You say you sometimes find your thoughts are growing beyond your control. Remember what Mr. HOBBS said in his last lecture, that to acknowledge an unreality was a sure way of making it a reality. I have been thinking a good deal about what you said concerning your thought-currents. They are too strong if they oblige you to hold on to the furniture or catch at the arm of your nearest neighbour. I should say the desire for physical support shows great want of mental ballast and too much thought-expansion. It would be well to *poise on a contraction*. Think of the cause of the expansion, if there be one, as half its original size. Your affectionate BETTY.

"P.S.—If you have your copy of *What are your Atoms?* I think you will find Chapter II. very helpful—'How to balance on nothing.'"

It took me a long time to understand the meaning of poising on a contraction, but it came to me when I was staying with my mother-in-law, for when I am with her my consciousness expands with nervous irritation like a sponge which is filled with water. As she is only five feet one, it was difficult to poise on a contraction by thinking of her as half her original size, but I persevered and was rewarded by my thought-currents settling comfortably down round my mother-in-law.

Towards the end of our visit she was taken ill. "Lady WORLEY is suffering from mental strain and nervous contraction," I heard Dr. TYMS say to my father-in-law. His words made me so uncomfortable that I wrote at once to BETTY.

This was her reply:—

"DEAR MEG,—You want to know if it is possible to reduce the human body by poising on a contraction. It can be done. Mr. HOBBS told me he took four stone off his mother, her original weight being seventeen, simply by applying the law of contraction. I don't quite know how you begin, and I have no books with me, so cannot attempt an explanation.

"It would be the making of your sisters-in-law to attend a five-guinea course of lectures Mr. HOBBS is giving on 'How to vibrate at a moment's notice.'

"If they were to join, you need not have them to stay; an early morning train would get them up in heaps of time."

This letter gave me very little real assistance.

"The dreadful part is," I replied, "that I cannot get off the poise however much I try. I still see my mother-in-law in the form of a contraction and as she ought not to be—half her original size."

Two mornings after our return home I sought the assistance of Mr. HOBBS. His wife was present, and this I found rather embarrassing.

Mr. HOBBS, too, kept smiling all over his broad, red face when I was talking, which was very disconcerting, but when I told him that I was afraid my mother-in-law's illness was entirely my fault he looked delightfully sympathetic.

"If only I hadn't poised on a contraction it wouldn't have mattered so much, would it?" I said. "Or do you think everything matters, and she will shrink away to nothing, if I keep on seeing her like that, and how am I to prevent myself from doing so?"

Mrs. HOBBS remarked it was a providential coincidence they hadn't sailed for New York last week, as they had intended doing.

"Look here, dear," said Mr. HOBBS, "there's no good mincing matters. I guess you'd be happier to know the truth, which is the mainspring of this universe. I reckon you've been having a dip into my little book," he continued, laying his hand on a copy of *What are your Atoms?*

I nodded.

"Just so," he returned, "and by misapplying its directions you've got your mother-in-law revolving round such a small circle, so to speak, that it will take Mrs. HOBBS and myself a very considerable time to get your relation fixed up to the right rate of vibration."

I looked at him aghast.

"A very considerable time," Mr. HOBBS repeated. "No one can continually imbibe a powerful suggestion without feeling its effects."

Mrs. HOBBS was more encouraging.

"I don't say as how you haven't got things in a jumble," she said, "by pushing the old lady out of her course, and that it won't take time and money to get her back again, but there isn't any reason why she shouldn't be brought safe round to her original starting-point by me and Mr. HOBBS. Why, it's just lovely to help them who can't help themselves, and it makes us just wild to be obliged to charge a small fee for so doing."

"I should think," I said, "that helping people to manage their thought powers must make you very busy, as they seem so dangerous."

"It's this way, dear," returned Mr. HOBBS. "We begin here," and he pointed to the middle of his bald head, "and we end here," and he glanced down at his boots.

"It's real lovely," interposed Mrs. HOBBS, "to hear them talk, and it's real lovely to help them to understand what does belong to them, that they've each got a great big consciousness that will vibrate and respond to any mood they like to suggest."

"Your consciousness is in such a sensitive condition," said Mr. HOBBS, "that the thoughts it throws off are charged with a perfect battery of electric force. If it weren't so do you think your mother-in-law would have lost power at such a rate?"

"Why don't you warn people?" I groaned; "how was I to know that by trying to reduce my thought expansion by thinking of the object of its expansion in the form of a contraction, I should hurt it physically—no, her, I mean, or is it it?" I looked helplessly at Mr. HOBBS.

He smiled encouragingly.

"Seems to me what you want is to have things put before you clear and simple," he said. "Why not take one or two preliminary lessons from me or Mrs. HOBBS? Single lessons one guinea, five guineas for the course of six."

"I'd just love to have you coming around of a morning," said that lady, "and we'd have a real cosy talk, beginning with how to know your atoms, and working up gradual till you felt free and friendly with all your own, and any other thought currents around."

As it appeared that the fees were payable in advance, I thought I would put Mr. HOBBS's system to a fresh test, and poise on a contraction, in the hope of seeing them at half-price. The failure of this test made me so suspicious of the whole methods that I left without paying, and must now reluctantly leave the restoration of my mother-in-law in the hands of Providence.



"THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH FOR THE STAR."

Mistress. "AND YOU DARE TO TELL ME, BELINDA, THAT YOU HAVE ACTUALLY ANSWERED A *THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENT*? HOW *COULD* YOU BE SUCH A *WICKED* GIRL?"

Belinda (*whimpering*). "WELL, MUM,—*OTHER* YOUNG LIDIES—GOW ON THE—STIGE—WHY SHOULDN'T *I* GOW?"

RAILWAY REFRESHMENTS;

OR, NONE BUT THE BRAVE CAN STAND THE FARE.

A CONFERENCE of Railway Refreshments was recently held at the Crystal Palace, and was attended by a large number of delegates who fairly represented a wide-spread community.

A VETERAN HAM SANDWICH

from Stafford, unanimously voted into the chair by reason of seniority, said he was proud to occupy this position, as he had seen many years' service, and although he was now doing duty as a foundation sandwich at the bottom of a pile, he had no reason to doubt that he had still a long and useful career before him, and might some day even reach the top again. He went on to say that the meeting was convened to discuss the important question, How is the travelling public to obtain reasonably decent refreshments at fair prices and at seasonable times? He would now invite the delegates to give their views, and would ask them not all to speak at once.

A BATH BUN

from Rugby, who said he was very tired, having been on night duty for three weeks, remarked that he thought the public were themselves to blame, and he would suggest a severe boycott on their part. He ventured to guarantee that such a course would soon induce a better state of things.

A MEAT PIE

from Norwich, looking rather battered, said he did not agree with that; the public was caught in a trap as it were. They struggled manfully against imposition. He himself had been refused three times during the last week by as many commercial travellers, but even they had been compelled by hunger to eat something at last—a sawdust biscuit. No, he thought that the better feelings of the Railway Companies should be appealed to. Here a general chorus broke in to the effect that Railway Companies had no better feelings; during which the Meat Pie sat down.

A BANBURY CAKE

on decoy duty at Liverpool Street apologised for his youth, being only just turned a week old, and suggested that a little wholesome competition would be useful. This juvenile, however, was called to order by the Chairman, who said that the time of the meeting could not be wasted by talking of impossibilities. Whereupon a

LUNCHEON BASKET

from Euston rose. After stating that he had travelled a great deal, he said that he had noticed that wherever the catering at the various stations was let out to private local concerns the refreshments were vastly superior to those provided by the Railway Companies, and he therefore suggested that the catering should be universally put out to tender.

He was followed by someone in the bottom of a tumbler who said he was

"SCOTCH."

This speaker declared that he had to suffer a great deal of contumely and abuse; in fact had actually been accused of poisoning people. It was bad enough to be scorned on account of meagre dimensions, but when the Companies sought to make unwarrantable profit out of his quality and laid him open to criminal charges he thought it time to open his mouth.

A GLASS OF BITTER

endorsed the last speaker's remarks, and said he was sorry to say that he also was sniffed and sneered at on account of his size.

AN ATTENUATED SAUSAGE,

looking rather lonely on his plate, notwithstanding a brave garnish of parsley, announced that he had heard several ungentlemanly remarks as to the apathy and indifference of the young ladies who ornamented the official side of the counters. He hoped, he sincerely hoped, that these were as a rule uncalled for. He himself was sufficiently well bred (*laughter*) not to make any comment, but he might say the matter required looking to.

A CUP OF BOVRIL

(Warrington), who looked very pale, and was so weak that he could scarcely stand, said with some difficulty that he must protest. He vowed that all the "countesses" with whom he had the honour to have dealings were most obliging; he could say of his own knowledge that, when a passenger required a cup of Bovril, they would immediately put the kettle on to boil, and serve him if possible in twenty minutes. He would mention that

A CUP OF TEA,

who was to have accompanied him, would have endorsed his remarks had he not been so strong that he stopped on the way to give some navvies a good tannin'.

A SEGMENT OF PORK PIE,

who had been travelling all night from Bristol, and looked rather dishevelled in consequence, proposed, and a venerable grey-bearded SARDINE (Preston) seconded, that a report of this meeting be forwarded to the Railway Companies of the kingdom.

The resolution was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks accorded to the Chairman, who, in dismissing the several delegates to their homes, impressed upon them the importance of conducting themselves soberly and staidly as befitting their age, and exhorted them to keep their freshness of appearance as long as possible.



Historian. "BOY, IS THIS THE FIELD UPON WHICH THE GREAT BATTLE WAS FOUGHT?"

Native Boy. "NO, ZUR, THAT BE IT AT THE TOP OF THAT HILL."

Historian. "DEAR, DEAR! THAT HILL MUST BE QUITE A MILE AWAY!" (*Playfully*) "WHY EVER DIDN'T THEY FIGHT IT IN THIS FIELD?"

Boy. "I ZUPPOSE BECAUSE THIS HERE VIELD BELONGS TO VARMER JONSON. HE NEVER WILL LEND HIS VIELDS FOR ANYTHING, NOT EVEN FOR T' VILLAGE SPORTS!"

WAS OMAR KHAYYÁM A GOLFER?

[Space does not permit the publication of more than a selection from our Correspondent's lengthy letter.]

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—I was astounded at an article in a recent issue of your organ, evidently from the pen of a Scotsman, claiming OMAR KHAYYÁM as a devotee of golf.

Sir! O. K. was a cricketer, a professional who probably began his career as a groundsman. It would be his duty to erect the marquees, hence he is known as "OMAR the Tent-Maker."

It was contended even then that the distinction between amateur and professional was invidious; he

> "Heard great argument
> About it, and about; but evermore
> *Came out by the same door as in I went.*"

Then, too, existed the slogger and the stonewaller. "Let Rustum lay about him as he will," is a distinct reference to the JESSOP of his time. As he philosophically observes, you can but get a blob at the worst:

> "Thou shalt be nothing—*Thou shalt not be less.*"

His mention of the potterer "thumping the wet clay" is a succinct allusion to the old Scotton type of player patting the worn patches on a sticky wicket while "time is slipping underneath our feet."

Your contributor cites for his golf argument the celebrated stanza beginning, "The ball no question makes——"

There could be no more convincing evidence of the blindness that comes of preconceived opinion. As well might one attempt to deduce from it OMAR'S participation in football under the Rugby code. "The ball no question makes of Eyes and Nose," might indeed, on a cursory observation, seem to point to this conclusion.

But the real key to the quatrain is found when one looks at it as a record of OMAR'S having been given "run out," much to his dissatisfaction.

"The ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes." Either OMAR or his partner had called "Yes" while the other had said "No."

The last line is said to be "a very mysterious line." It is only so in conjunction with the third line: "he that threw thee down into the field." If this be corrected to "he that threw thee out from the longfield," then "he knows about it all, he knows, he knows!" becomes simply the expression of OMAR'S opinion that, although he was given out, the fieldsman who, presumably, appealed must have known that OMAR was a yard past the wickets when the ball hit them.

OMAR'S "benefit" would appear to have not been a success; he speaks of having "sold my reputation for a song." The last quatrain of the Rubaiyát alludes to his final innings in which he unfortunately failed. It would seem that the match was played on the home ground, as he alludes to the visiting team ("The Guests") as being "scattered on the grass," no doubt while waiting for the next batsman. His score of one, probably one of a series of small scores, makes him conscious of failing powers, and he thus addresses one of the younger members of the team:

> And then thyself with shining foot shalt pass
> Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
> And in thy joyous errand reach the spot
> Where I made one.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
SEEBEE PHIL.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

The Ram (stentoriously, just as Brown has missed a two-pounder at least). "BAH!"

HOW THEY GOT THERE.

[According to a correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, Sir WILLIAM GRANTHAM attributes his elevation to the Bench to an amusing misunderstanding. It appears that the late QUEEN heard only the first part of the remark made by a high authority, who described Sir WILLIAM as "a good judge of a horse."]

DURING one of Mr. BALFOUR'S visits to Windsor, the conversation turned on the beauty of our English cathedrals, and one of the company, referring to York, but chancing to point at that moment to Mr. BALFOUR, observed, "That's a prime minster." Her late MAJESTY, who had followed the speaker's gesture, seemed much impressed. The sequel we all know.

"My appointment as Poet Laureate," said Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, "was, I believe, entirely due to my early addiction to musical comedy. I had the benefit of close association with the Great VANCE, and he was good enough to say that I was 'the greatest singer of a comic song of any amateur he knew.' Some years afterwards, when the post of Poet Laureate was vacant, Lord SALISBURY made inquiries and the remark of VANCE was repeated to him. He only heard, however, the first three words, and supposed that I was described as a poet. That, I believe, is how I qualified for the annual butt of sherry."

Lord ROSEBERY'S selection to succeed Mr. GLADSTONE as Leader of the Liberal Party is generally ascribed to the recommendation of his predecessor, but the details of the decision have never been made public before. It now transpires that Mr. GLADSTONE, alluding to the literary gifts of Lord ROSEBERY, once observed, "What a splendid leader writer he would make." The remark was overheard by several influential members of the Party, who, however, failed to catch the fifth word in the sentence we have quoted, with results which are already ancient history.

Latest concerning the War.

WHAT is the difference between an English soldier and a Russian soldier?

One is TOMMY ATKINS and the other KUROP-ATKIN'S.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS' NEW ADDRESS.—Tooting Beck.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"HERE'S another GUY"—which his surname be BOOTHBY, novelist, who, in his latest work entitled *A Bride from the Sea* (JOHN LONG), gives us a tale of romantic adventure such as, it may be hoped, will be ever dear to the heart, and welcome to the intelligence, of the readily appreciative Baron. Is it a book for youth? Then is the Baron young enough to welcome it. Is it a book for boys? Let it be so; *maxima debetur pueris*, and, *pro hâc vice*, the boyish Baron is all agog for the very best incidents of adventure and "deeds of derring do." The older the boy the greater the treat, and the more fervently does he cherish his juvenescence. Here we have another "story of *Elizabeth*." But this *Elizabeth*, the charming heroine of GUY BOOTHBY'S tale, is a young, beautiful and fascinating Spanish maiden of noble family, wrecked, and left for dead upon the horrid rocks of a wild Devonian coast. She is christened *Elizabeth, faute de mieux*, in honour of the Bounding British Bess, who happened to be the occupant of the English throne when this lovely waif was cast upon the shores of our hospitable island. Fortunately this fair flotsam of Spanish extraction is found, all alive O, by *Master Gilbert Peniston*, son and heir of *Sir Matthew Peniston*, knight, lord of this particularly rocky manor. *Sir Gilbert*, in his very youthful days, had been a gallant at the court of Bluff King HAL, whence, having a curious instinct as to self-preservation, he had fled, while yet his head remained to him, in order to settle down quietly as a fine old country gentleman, with a considerable estate and a devoted tenantry. How this excellent old knight's son, *Master Gilbert*, falls in love with the Spanish waif; how the Spanish waif, about to become his wife, is rudely snatched from him; how he pursues the captors and the captured, and what comes of the pursuit,—all this, and more, in wholesale and detail, forms the plot of as varied a series of stirring adventures as any peaceful lover of genuine melodrama could possibly desire. Of course the narrative is given in the language of the Elizabethan gadzooks period, which has more or less to be adapted to the ease and comfort of a twentieth-century rapid reader. But, all due allowance having been made, the Baron feels sure that in recommending this story to the not too fastidious in literary matters, and generally to those who seek in a novel relaxation and recreation, he will earn the gratitude of the majority. It is not DUMAS, neither is it SCOTT, of the past, nor is it GILBERT PARKER, nor QUILLER-COUCH, nor ANTHONY HOPE of the present; nor is it GUY BOOTHBY at his best; but it is very nearly one of his best, and it may suffice for some hours' interest and amusement during the hard-worker's well-earned vacation.

The Last Hope (SMITH, ELDER) is the last work of HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, who, before Death came all too early, enriched literature with some notable novels. In his final effort he has done what a succession of sixty-six Kings of France failed to accomplish. He has created a Bourbon chivalrous, brave, unselfish, almost honest. The plot of the story is worked out with all Mr. MERRIMAN'S ingenuity, patience and skill. The scene is laid chiefly in Paris on the eve of the *coup d'état*. Here and there we get a glimpse of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and of his methods of underhand work. Mr. MERRIMAN, improving on more prosaic history, imagines that the little son of LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH escaped from the Temple after the guillotining of his parents, was conveyed to England, settled down in an obscure Suffolk hamlet, married into village life, and had a son—the Last Hope of Royalist France. How he was discovered by a legitimist Marquis, and how he re-visited France, instantly capturing the allegiance of the Royalists, is told in some stirring chapters. Kidnapped by order of the PRINCE PRESIDENT, his escape from the French fishing lugger is one of the best told episodes my Baronite remembers in modern fiction. The adventures of *Loo Barebone* are embroidered with a double-edged love story, touching in its progress, tragic in its end.



With *Kenilworth* on his bookshelves, he is a bold man who would sit down to write a novel whose plot centres round Queen ELIZABETH and LEICESTER. Sir GILBERT PARKER, as becomes the Member for Gravesend, is a bold man, and is undefeated. In *A Ladder of Swords* (HEINEMANN) he brings both QUEEN and lover on the stage. My Baronite does not particularly care about LEICESTER, who is a little brown-papery. ELIZABETH is excellent. Sir GILBERT'S realisation of the historic character in her imperiousness, her vanity, her ugliness, her jealousy, her woman's heart beating true under manly mien, is satisfying. The opening of the eleventh chapter presents a masterly picture of the QUEEN that needs not shrink from comparison with the work of the great Master. Another excellent characterisation is that of the *Seigneur of Rozel*, a rugged, coarse-mannered, right-hearted Jersey man, who bears the proud title of Butler to the QUEEN, and under picturesque circumstances does his liege lady service. The book is a new departure for the author of *The Right of Way* and a dozen other popular novels. Here and there one fancies it was the work of earlier youth. Like good wine, it is none the worse for being kept to the last.

It surely must have occurred to the late Mr. JAMES MACLAREN COBBAN that he would have a fair chance of adding to his success as a novelist by taking up the Tommy Atkins line in dialogue, and so far enlisting under the Kipling flag. Inspired, probably, by this idea, he wrote *A Soldier and a Gentleman* (JOHN LONG), which is a story of adventures rather roughly sketched than described with anything like artistic finish. The root of the plot is the close resemblance in features of two individuals, utter strangers to one another. The simple-minded reader may probably observe that such a notion is neither absolutely new nor strikingly original, and he may remember certain popular stories and successful dramas dealing with a similar complication. In such romances and melodramas it is not unusual for the hero, who is a victim of circumstances over which he has no control, to lose his heart to the very lady with whom, of all others in the world, he ought not to fall in love. "Do you follow me, WATSON?" inquires the Baron in *Sherlock Holmes*-like fashion. Whereupon WATSON, representing the unsophisticated novel-reader, answers, "Ay!" Quoth the Baron, "That being the case, you know aforehand what you have to expect. So take and read this story, if you will. Yet, blame not the Baron, should——" But here comes a break, and the Baron departs for a drive.



EXCEPTIONAL FRANKNESS.—Notices have been posted in certain carriages on the Mersey Railway:—"Spaces are now available for transparent advertisements."

FROM A PUBLIC LIBRARY'S SUGGESTION BOOK.—"Plese will you take the paper cald the lady."



IN ANOTHER CAPACITY.

Lady Violet. "AND WHERE DO YOU GO WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE, PROFESSOR?"
The Professor. "I'M GOING TO JOIN A SHOOTING PARTY IN NORFOLK."
Lady V. "INDEED! I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE A SPORTSMAN!"
The Professor. "OH, I'M NOT A GUN, LADY VIOLET; I'M A KNIFE AND FORK!"

GILDED HUMOUR.

(*"You find the laughter: we'll do the rest."—Chorus of Millionaires.*)

[In Montreal the Primate's party, including the American millionaire (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN), visited a horticultural exhibition held in the Windsor Hall of that city, and in course of the inspection of exhibits the following dialogue was overheard and reported:

"Fine melon that," he (Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN) remarked, pointing to a remarkably large musk melon at hand. "Very fine melon. Ate a melon for breakfast this morning."

"Surely not a whole melon, Mr. MORGAN?" remarked Mrs. DAVIDSON with surprise.

"Oh, not the outside," replied the millionaire roguishly, "but I do eat one every morning."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

LATER in the day, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, whose wit seems to be as inexhaustible as his resources, delivered himself of another delicious sally. The party, on its return to the cars, was regaled with tea. As the hissing urn was placed upon the table by a smiling coloured gentleman, Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN remarked, "What a life of contrasts we lead! Boiling water with our tea, iced water with our lunch." No words could convey the extraordinarily *recherchée diablerie* with which his eye glittered as he uttered this memorable *mot*.

As Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE and a party of friends were being shown over Bourneville, Mr. CADBURY'S private New Republic in the environs of Birmingham, the genial literary knight was struck by the fact that their cicerone was the only member of the party who carried no walking-stick. In reply to an observation concerning this solecism, Mr. CADBURY replied with a look of infinite drollery, "I prefer a stick of chocolate."

During a recent visit paid to Skibo Castle by Archdeacon SINCLAIR, while the dignitary and millionaire were promenading the grounds, the former drew his host's attention to an elegant building near the ramparts and asked what it was. "That," replied the plutocrat, "is my new Roman Bath," adding, with a *moue* of adorable archness, "I take a bath every morning."

When the Rev. JOHN WATSON—"IAN MACLAREN"—was touring in the States he lunched with Mr. ROCKEFELLER at his sumptuous residence in New York. Observing that his host was engaged in personally preparing the salad, "IAN MACLAREN" asked, "Have you any special recipe of your own?" The impassive face of the great millionaire relaxed for a moment, and with an *espièglerie* perfectly overwhelming in its rich and unctuous intensity, he replied, "You may be sure that *I* won't spare the oil." It is stated that Bishop POTTER, of New York, who was also present, broke into such uncontrolled convulsions of laughter that he has never been quite the same man since.

When the Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS last crossed the Atlantic, he made a point of breakfasting with Mr. JOHN WANAMAKER. The genial magnate pressed his guest to take a second boiled egg, and, when he declined, observed, "Oh, you needn't be afraid of it. I never poach my eggs." The sauciness which Mr. WANAMAKER threw into this marvellously witty impromptu is said to have been quite bewitching.

SALT OF THE EARTH AND SALT OF THE SEA.

I.—"MERELY MARY ANN."

THE instant success of Miss ELEANOR ROBSON must have been a severe shock to many enterprising managements. Not a drum had been heard, not a warning boom; no flaming poster had screamed from the hoarding, no preliminary portrait from the front page of the illustrated weeklies; no unctuous interviewer had been invited to come and report on *How I created the title-rôle in "Merely Mary Ann."* Her previous triumphs in America may have given her a certain quiet confidence; but, for the rest, she had the modest courage to dispense, of her own choice, with the stage-thunder of rolling logs, and leave the judgment of her merits to the uninstructed intelligence of the house.

Those who assumed that the part of *Mary Ann* would be interpreted in the manner of Miss LOUIE FREEAR were doomed to disillusion. From her first entrance Miss ROBSON showed the nicest sense of artistic restraint. Here and there in the play were hints of low comedy, but in these she had no share. Her humour and, more important still, her pathos were never underlined. And so easily did she, in the tedious slang of the profession, "get her personality over the footlights," that the audience, immediately in touch with her moods, escaped the hysterical misunderstandings which occurred in *O, Susannah!* and did not laugh lustily at passages which were designed to make them weep. This is no reflection on Miss FREEAR's methods; it is rather a tribute to Miss ROBSON's reserve, and also to the absence in Mr. ZANGWILL's work—at least in as far as this character and the first three Acts are concerned—of loud extremes.

Possibly Miss ROBSON's own genius, helped by familiarity with her *rôle*, made her task appear simpler than it was. Certainly on the first night the part assigned to Mr. AINLEY as *Lancelot*, the long-haired unappreciated composer, seemed vastly more difficult. Following upon the episodic performances of Mr. WILLIS, as the gay-hearted Irish journalist, and of Mr. MANSFIELD, as his fellow-lodger, a drunken medical student (it would seem that inebriation is just now in the dramatic air like the *Musketeers* and *Nell Gwynnes* of a few seasons ago), and strongly contrasted with the *bonhomie* and shallowness of *Peter* (Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER), the exalted attitude, the romantic appearance, and the rather throaty enunciation of Mr. AINLEY appeared at first to belong to another and somewhat stagey order of things. In the character of *Lancelot*, a type with which but few of the audience could have been conversant in private life, there were many elements of antipathy that required to be lived down. There was his egoism, his affected pedantry, his superior aloofness, his divine and irritating discontent, and the damning fact that he was partially made in Germany and had a superb contempt for British tunes and British standards. But Mr. AINLEY set himself with a brave and very handsome face to conquer these disabilities and, at the same time, to overcome a natural prejudice on the part of the audience for seeing him in mediæval or other fancy costume.

His earnestness for his art found an admirable foil in the easy cynicism of his old fellow-student *Peter*, who had declined upon commerce in tea, and retained, of all his early musical promise, only the knack of making popular songs for drawing-room consumption. The spasmodic earnestness of *Lancelot's* passion, which ranked third in importance to his love of himself and of his art, had also its foil in the unselfish devotion of the girl, whose bitterest pang at parting was the thought of his loneliness.

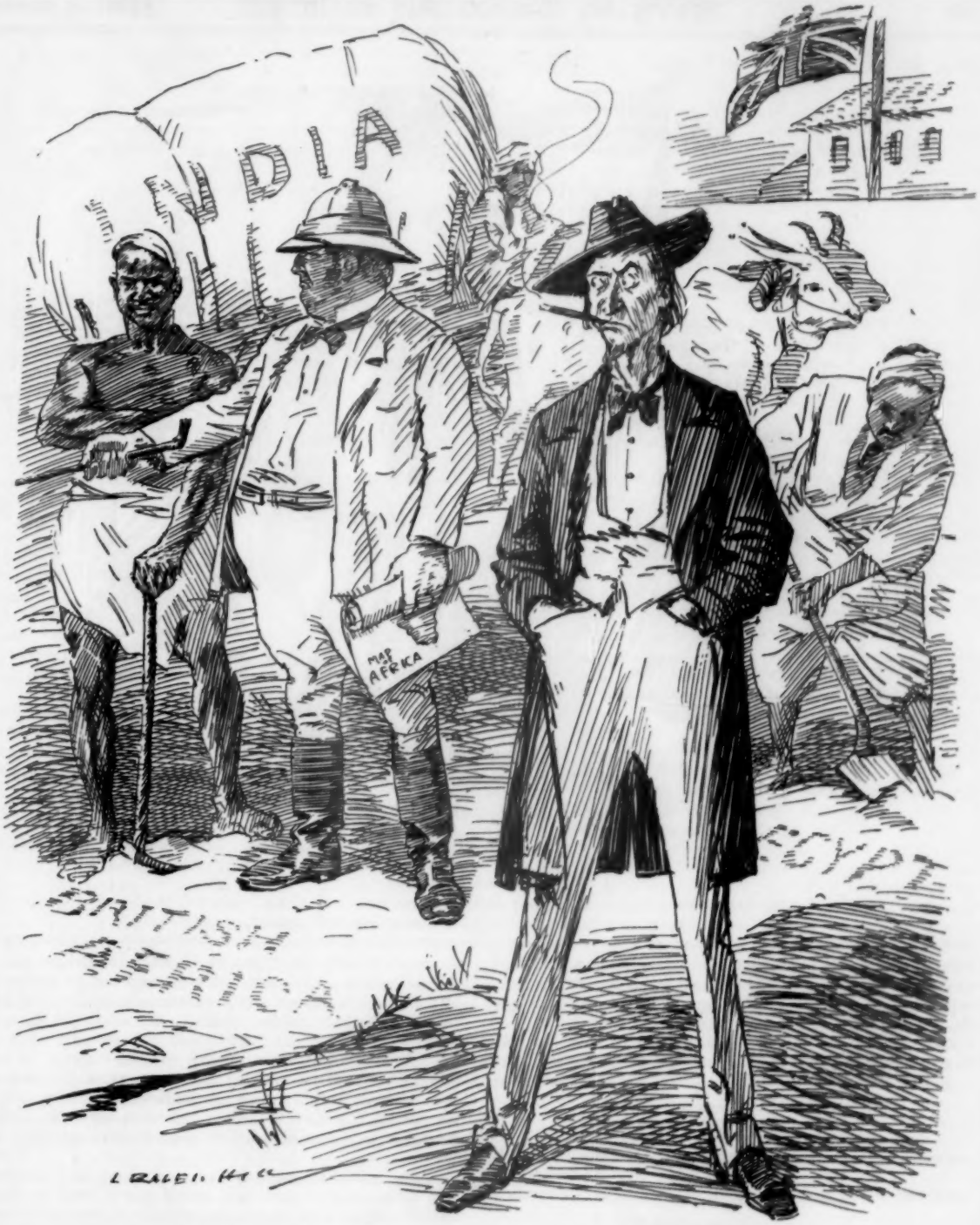
I could have wished, by the way, that her *cri du cœur* at the ending of the Third Act had not been addressed to a canary in a cage. I willingly recognise the dramatic uses of a bird like that, regarded as a minor dramatic property. It affords an excuse, and a target, for soliloquy; it delights an audience by the almost human intelligence with which it takes up its cue and warbles in the very nick of time; and it is always a strong domestic "note." Yet it has its moments of detachment; and during one of these it makes a poor recipient of the larger kinds of confidence. I confess that I liked better the far less obvious pathos that preceded, and was lost in, this outburst of grief. As a last favour the girl had asked her lover to play to her the popular "Goodbye" song, whose banality, always nauseous to him, had become intolerable by much whistling. For once he allows his art to give way to love and pity, and sits down to play the detested air with a gentleness that only just conquers the physical revolt, while the girl listens in rapt adoration. In a play remarkable for its freshness this was the best-inspired touch of all.

Mr. DU MAURIER was admirably himself in his worldly and more prosaic phases; but when he was overtaken by romantic memories of his ambitious student-days I did not find that he conveyed any very penetrating suggestion of the musical atmosphere of Leipzig. Miss DWYER's lodging-house-keeper was a character-study above the common; and I hope that Miss MAUD WYNTER, who played the exiguous part of one of the *Sisters Trippet* with much vivacity and discernment, will soon have a better opportunity of proving her talent.

For three-quarters of its length the play deserves to be rechristened *Merum Sal*. But in the Fourth Act we are introduced to a fresh set of characters in a new world of stage-convention. Here *Mary Ann*, having sustained a windfall of half-a-million sterling, has turned into *Marian*, and lives expensively in a Moated Grange. In the drawing-rooms of real life, as I understand, the after-dinner interval is seldom notable, as with the ruder sex, for its coruscations of wit; and the conversation at Mead Manor Hall is not much better for its improbability. Even Miss ROBSON can hardly cope with her change of *milieu*, and has become merely charming in the manner formerly established by Miss MAUD MILLETT. I can only suppose that Mr. ZANGWILL, the novelist of invention, had been writing so far to please his fastidious self, and that in the Fourth Act he is making contemptuous concessions to what was expected of him as a playwright. In any case, the existence of this Finale, like the existence of certain members of our peerage, is only to be tolerated on the strength of its antecedents. But they are easily strong enough to assure the deserved success of the play; and indeed I almost cherish the hope that our Actor-Managers, in observing yet another triumph secured by a profession which from time to time devotes its hours of relaxation to the by-play of stagecraft, may be induced to revise their estimate of literature as the "Merely Mary Ann" of Dramatic Art. Anyhow, we may congratulate the poor drudging handmaid on coming in for a fortune.

II.—"THE TEMPEST."

Though I have no less an authority than the Dramatic Critic of a great Evening Paper for the view that "in no play bequeathed us by the Bard of Avon are the dramatic possibilities so great as in *The Tempest*," I must still believe that SHAKSPEARE (for he it is to whom reference is made under this fresh and picturesque designation) produced better stuff in his time, and that the performance at His Majesty's will do smaller things for the poet's reputation than for that of his generous patron. The Tempest proper began at 8.35, and was over by about 8.40; after which a long silent pause ensued while the sea was being made into dry land. In several other cases the intervals required for spectacle-shifting were filled in with dialogue from the original text; and it is just possible that the actors, struggling bravely against the hurtling of carpentry and the importunity of the incidental music, were vaguely conscious of their mission as stop-gaps, or, at best, as a foreground to something of more value than themselves.



TOUCHED ON THE RAW—MATERIAL.

JONATHAN. "HELLO! STARTIN' OUT TO GROW COTTON, IS HE? GUESS I MUST HAVE 'CORNERED' HIM ONCE TOO OFTEN!"

[The recurrent shortage in the American cotton crops and the forcing-up of prices by American speculators have produced so serious a depression among Lancashire manufacturers and operatives that steps have been taken to secure a Royal Charter for an Association formed to extend and promote the cultivation of cotton in our Colonies and Protectorates.]





SCENE—*Tenants' Ball.*

Lady Patricia. "I MUST REST A LITTLE. I FEEL SO TIRED. I'M GETTING QUITE DANCED OUT."

Giles Junior (gallantly). "OH, NOT DARNED STOUT, M'LADY. ONLY PLEASANTLY SO!"

This may explain why Mr. HAVILAND, in the part of *Prospero*, was not seen at his best, and Mr. BASIL GILL, as *Ferdinand*, showed little of the charm that so distinguished him in *The Darling of the Gods*. It seemed indeed that the Drama, wearing an unwonted modesty, was, for once, the willing servant of another art, in which Messrs. TELBIN, MCCLEARY, DOUGLAS and HEMSLEY more than vindicated the compliments showered upon their craft at the recent dinner given to the fraternity of scene-painters. Mr. DOUGLAS'S "A Barren Waste" was an exceptionally delicate harmony of subdued colours.

When one has paid due acknowledgments to the graceful *Miranda* of Miss NORAH KERIN, the vinous humours of Mr. CALVERT'S *Stephano*, the facile garrulity of *Gonzalo* (Mr. FISHER WHITE), the delightful antics of a most precocious *Cupid* (unnamed in the cast) and the charm and sweet singing of Miss VIOLA TREE as the longest and lithest *Ariel* on record, it remains to say that the one memorable feature of the play was "merely" *Caliban*. Even so, I think that Mr. TREE might have been yet more effective if his energies had been confined to dumb show and not dissipated over a deal of excellent blank verse far beyond the mental range of this half-witted monster.

Finally, I must urge all loyal friends of *Mr. Punch* to walk up and see the animated Pre-historic Peep-show in *Prospero's* Cave, if only to remark the poet's gift of intelligent anticipation. And let me warn Drury Lane and its suburban offspring to look to their laurels in case, as one may safely predict, the run of this revival should overlap the season of legitimate Pantomime. O. S.

An Application for Indoor Relief.

MRS. —— wishes to thoroughly recommend her Cook, Housekeeper, and Husband as Coachman.—*Advt. in "Irish Times."*

There seems to be something worse here than a split infinitive.

FROM "EMPLOYMENT FACTS" IN "HOME CHAT."—"There is a quick return of profit and a steady income, as cows yield their milk for eleven months in the year, and hens for eight months out of the twelve."

THE winner of Queen Anne's Welter Handicap at Windsor last week was Mr. W. F. FOY'S *Tariff*, by *Undecided—Disruption*. Prime Minister please note.

"JEMMY" LOWTHER.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE death of the Member for Thanet, who forty years ago came to Westminster *vid* York, removes from the House of Commons a notable personality. Famed in story were the Last of the Mohicans and the Last of the Barons. "JEMMY" LOWTHER was the Last of the Tories, who lived, even flourished, in days when PALMERSTON was classed as a Liberal.

His very speech bewrayed him. In this twentieth century, Borough Members, catching the SPEAKER'S eye, jump up and invest debate with the flavour of a Borough Council or a Vestry. "JEMMY" LOWTHER brought to the duty of speech-making a solemnity of manner that verged on ponderosity. His sentences were each a miniature sermon. His utterance of the common phrase, "The Right Hon. Gentleman," elevated the tone of the House to cathedral pitch.

With all the solemnity of manner, the almost reverential woodenness of countenance which ancient tradition required as appropriate to the function of Parliamentary speech, there lurked round "JEMMY'S" lips a smile broadly reflected on the countenance of his audience. Even when speaking on such sacred themes as Property or the Church, there was visible in brief pauses in the slowly uttered speech a slight protuberance of the cheek as if the tongue had thither strayed.

In these later days it was most delightful to watch him on his legs by the corner bench below the Gangway, taking a fatherly interest in PRINCE ARTHUR. A ruggedly honest, straightforward man, he never liked the coalition of the Conservative party with a wing of the Liberals strongly tainted with Radicalism. He admitted it was worth the price—the defeat of GLADSTONE'S Home Rule scheme. But he did not like the companionship. A Protectionist from boyhood, he was not to be drawn within DON JOSÉ'S personal circle even when that statesman began to hammer into the foundations of Free Trade the wedge of Preferential Tariffs. He mistrusted the Greeks when they brought presents.

The exigencies of political strategy leading DON JOSÉ into close alliance with the Dissentient Liberals, "JEMMY" looked on the Treasury Bench with unconcealed distaste. The stars in their courses at the polling booth fought against him at critical times. When in 1886 his party came in for what proved a long term of office, "JEMMY" found himself without a seat. When he won one in the Isle of Thanet it was too late. The loaves and fishes were divided, the larger proportion, as "JEMMY" growled, going to the gentlemen who had come to be known as Liberal Unionists.

Some men of meaner mould would have seized the opportunity to turn against their old political friends. With his personal popularity, his long-established Parliamentary position, DIZZY'S Chief Secretary for Ireland might have made things uncomfortable for a hybrid Ministry. On rare occasions, when circumstances thrust PRINCE ARTHUR into a position not consonant with the traditions of a Conservative Premier, "JEMMY" was constrained to utter rebuke. But he spoke more in sorrow than in anger, his emotion leading him into a rotundity of phrase that blunted what otherwise might have been a damagingly sharp point.

Of late years, feeling less and less inclined to take part in what he regarded as political controversy unworthy of old Parliamentary days, he devoted himself almost exclusively to the task of denouncing the Standing Order which forbids Peers of the realm to take part in Parliamentary elections. His soul, which hated humbug in any shape, was vexed by the farce enacted at the opening of every Session, prohibiting Peers from indulgence in practices to which some were notoriously addicted.

One of his annual excursions in this field is remembered by reason of the trotting out of what experts regard as one of the best "bulls" that have had birth at Westminster. By way of showing how utterly disregarded is the injunction of the Standing Order, "JEMMY" cited the case of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who had, during the Recess, prominently concerned himself on behalf of a Conservative candidate at a bye-election. Sir WILLIAM HART DYKE, who followed in debate with intention of pooh-poohing the whole business, was evidently struck by this example of indiscretion in high places.

"The Right Hon. Gentleman," he said, reflectively gazing on the back of "JEMMY'S" head, on view two benches below, "has certainly made a telling point. He has gone to the top of the tree and has caught a very big fish."

Stricken in health but brave at heart, "JEMMY" came down at the beginning of last Session to reproduce his hardy annual. Old friends who had not seen him during the Recess were shocked at the alteration in his appearance. Even after he had passed his sixtieth year he retained an appearance of almost boyish jollity that belied, whilst it added charm to, the gravity of his ordered speech. Content with moving to rescind the Standing Order, he shrank from challenging a division, doubtful whether his wrecked frame could stand the stress of taking part in it.

That was his last appearance on a scene where, as long as his contemporaries live, his memory will be kept green.

IMPOSSIBLE OPENINGS.

For a Railway Novelette:—

"SPRINGING lightly into the train at Charing Cross, to reach Cannon Street was the work of a moment."

For a Society Novel:—

"'Then you insist on your revenge?'

"'*Quoi, certainement*,' replied Count CZARNIKOW, negligently twirling his glossy moustache.

"'So be it, then,' rejoined Lord BULLINGHAM, and, hailing a passing hansom, he ushered his companion into the vehicle with his wonted courtesy, and cried to the driver, 'To the National Liberal Club!'"

For a Sporting Novel:—

"It was a lovely morning on the Devonshire moors, and ROLAND MONTGOMERY, negligently reclining in his butt, awaited the onset of the driven grouse with his Mauser rifle at half cock."

For a Theological Romance:—

"The dawn was breaking coldly in the East ere the vigil of ROBERT CLAVERS came to an end. All night he had striven with the spectre of a dead Calvinism. Child of a new era, deeply read in the works of the greatest exponents of the *Zeitgeist* — RENAN, SCHOPENHAUER, BENJAMIN KIDD—he yet felt, stirring in the fibres of his being, the mysterious sap of an inherited antinomy. 'Save us,' he wrote in his diary, 'from the dualism of the relative!' The works of ANATOLE FRANCE and FEUERBACH lay scattered over the floor. Above, on the study walls, gleamed the calm proud faces of LUTHER, MAHOMET, CONFUCIUS and the BUDDH—men who each in his own way had fought the selfsame struggle, and ROBERT'S face was turned often to them as if to interrogate them on their spiritual vicissitudes. At last he pushed his hair from his eyes, moved wearily to the window, and, pulling up the blind, looked out over the kailyard to the Eastern sky. A revelation seemed to come to him with the dawn. 'Predestination,' he cried suddenly, 'Free will—I see it. *O si sic omnes*.' A great light shone in his face. In the solemn silence the bells of the Wee Free Kirk began to ring for early Service."

EDITORIAL BURGLARS.—According to the *Times*, a journalist living at Teddington was burgled on the 27th ult., and lost several articles, together worth £4. This sounds less than a penny a line.

GOSSIP FROM THE HALLS.—It is reported that the Fat Girl of Bethnal Green is taking the keenest interest in the *Lena* incident.



PREHISTORIC SHAKSPEARE.—No. 2. "TWELFTH NIGHT."

MR. TREE MIGHT SURELY ALSO HAVE SOMETHING OUT OF A PRIMEVAL "MALVOLIO." THE CROSS-GARTERING HERE WOULD INFALLIBLY HAVE A WEIRD FASCINATION OF ITS OWN.

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

III.—ON WRITING TO THE PAPERS.

So you see, my dear, that KUROPATKIN has had the wisdom to act precisely as I suggested. Now I will just give you a bird's-eye view of Manchuria, so to speak, and show you how the Japs will sweep . . . well, then, it *shouldn't* remind you of anything of the kind, and I do wish you wouldn't talk about the kitchen chimney when we are discussing these important matters. If you would only read the *Daily Wire*, as I've said before . . . nobody supposed you *did* take an interest in them, MARY; that's just my complaint. . . . What do you mean by saying, "It is indeed"? But even if you don't take an interest in politics—and I'm aware that it isn't everyone that has the head for them—there are plenty of other things in the *Wire* which you and ETHEL might read. For instance, there's a most interesting correspondence going on just now about "What Mars Marriages"—you might get some useful warnings out of *that*, my love. And all the letters are uncommonly well-written and to the point, mind you; nobody without brains can get printed in the *Daily Wire;* indeed, I've often thought of sending them a letter or two myself. . . . Very well, then, I shall just read them to you, to show you how sensible they are.

Let's see what the correspondents have to say this morning. Here is one signed by "A Bullied Wife." Makes one's blood boil—yes, boil, MARY, to know that there are such men in the world, and you may thank your stars that *I* 'm not made on those lines. The next is by "A Worried Husband." . . . Ha! Perfectly true. He says . . . Oh, very well, I'll read you the wife's letter, if you want to hear it . . . the—er—gist of her complaints seems to be that her husband takes no interest in domestic matters. "He will talk about nothing except public affairs, of which he knows absolutely nothing" . . . which is very different, mark you, from the talk of an—ah—exceptionally well-informed man. Of course if a man knows nothing he had better *say* nothing. . . . What comes next? "Only two days ago, when we had fish for breakfast that was unfit to eat" . . . TOM, what are you choking like that for? Leave the room, Sir, if you can't behave yourself . . . but, MARY, this is really a rather remarkable coincidence . . . *we* had bad fish—at least I think you complained about it—only a few days ago. Can these people deal at the same fishmonger's? . . . "when we had fish for breakfast that was unfit to eat, I asked him to call and complain at the shop on his way to the station. A simple request, Mr. Editor" . . . yes, reasonable enough, that. "But what did he say? Taking absolutely no notice of the wish of her whom once he promised to love, he went on with his gibberish about German imports" . . . the very thing I was studying quite lately. . . . "As for our simple home in Wandsworth" . . . hullo! Eh? . . . "new curtains wanted in the drawing-room" . . . it *is!* So *you* are the author of this outrageous nonsense! MARY, *you* cast vile aspersions on your husband in the public press, do you? You fritter away your hours in reading this gutter publication instead of attending to your domestic duties! Oh, perfidious viper that I have nourished . . . *What?* You've been looking at "A Worried Husband's" letter, and are positive that I wrote it? . . . I can't stay to discuss the matter. There's only just time to catch the train . . . You might as well—er—destroy to-day's *Daily Wire*, my love. There's—there's nothing in it worth keeping.

LINES TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Queer helpmeet, who so oft hast saved
A thankless comrade from perdition,
So many a toil and peril braved,
Yet never shared his joy's fruition,
From motives I can scarcely guess,
I must regret that now and then
Your conduct causes real distress
To—quite the kindliest of men.

How oft as valet, porter, clerk,
The simpler tasks 'tis yours to ply
(You brush my hair, I may remark,
Quite as efficiently as I).
Nay, prompt decisions you affect
Sometimes where I should pause and doubt
(Though often shrewdly I suspect
You scarcely know what you're about).

Small duties *I* should find a bore,
I note, you never seem to shirk,
Thus when I ope my bookcase door,
Get out some literary work,
Just lay it down, and stop to think—
What tidy instincts you retain!
Before a man has time to wink
You take and put it back again!

Last night, in spirit far away,
I bade you pack my Gladstone bag—
I had no notion, till to-day,
That you were such a festive wag.
You don't suppose that I can wear
Odd stockings and a *single shoe?*
White ties are useful, too—but there!
It is no use to swear at you.

Indeed the world will rarely see
(A paradox that sounds absurd)
Such intimate allies as we
Who never yet exchanged a word—
Or I perchance should have to own
(In case you took a captious line)
That while your gifts are yours alone
Your weaker points are largely mine!

For if, when all is said, your name
Some curiosity should rouse,
You're not my first and only flame,
You're not my fond and faithful spouse,
No mother, brother, servant, friend—
Ah! no, you simple artless elf,
You are and will be to the end
My only own *subconscious self.*

A NEW NUANCE.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mirror* of September 16 "Scorched Onion" is among the latest brown tints for fashionable autumn hats and costumes. This is undeniably graphic, and suggests a world of possibilities, especially to those domesticated ladies who are in the habit of handling this emphatic edible. Is the hitherto humble onion at last about to come into its own, and to appear in various guises, scorched, baked, boiled, or deodorised, upon feminine head-gear? Where the *nuance* leads the way, we shall soon have the real thing, scent and all. The very prospect brings tears of qualified joy to each masculine admirer's eye. There will be rejoicings, too, among the adventurous Breton boys who circulate through our southern sea-port towns with *chapelets d'oignons* for sale.

The poetic person who is responsible for the introduction of this latest novelty in shades has evidently exhausted the ordinary tint-creator's gamut, and gone to Nature or to an East-End eating-house for inspiration. It is as well to have it in blunt Anglo-Saxon, as there are pitfalls in the French, whether of Paris or Bond Street. As *oignon* may mean a bunion or a "turnip" watch, there might be misunderstandings. We pause breathlessly for further developments of the modiste's colour-riot. Fashion does not stand still, and so an addition may shortly be expected to the menu in the shape of varying shades of steak, especially as we note that the high authority above quoted states that "coxcomb-red" will also be the vogue. A *chapeau biftek* would be very appetising. The expression, "I'll eat my hat," would then be resuscitated by reckless young women without fear of perjury, and the "no-hatters" would go empty away. Having thrown out this suggestion, we beg leave to retire from the fray. Tint-nomenclature needs a special education, and the common but not garden writer is speedily lost in its intricacies.

THE crown of King PETER of Servia is, after all, to be made of bronze and not of brass. It was felt that the latter metal would have been unpleasantly emblematic.

"LOVE, BEE-YUTIFUL LOVE."

THE NEW REVIEWING.

How Literature Touches Life.

The retiring authoress of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love*, although prefacing to her new masterpiece an invocation to the reviewer, does not permit her publishers to send out review copies. We are therefore unable to print a review, but understanding that there are facts concerning the work the publication of which is not seriously deplored by the authoress, we have pleasure in putting several on record.

The Readers of the First Edition, although of extraordinary size, have been exhausted. A Second Edition is, however, in active preparation.

No copies being sent out for review, the offices of Messrs. M. were besieged by reviewers on the morning of publication, waiting to buy copies. Some had waited on camp stools all night, sustained only by spirits and previous works from the same hand.

No fewer than eighty tons of paper were used for this book.

The rags from which this paper was made would clothe the Japanese army.

The extraordinary fortitude displayed by Miss Louie Freear's dramatic company when weatherbound for thirty-one hours off the Isle of Man is explained by the fact that several copies of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* had been laid in before starting. At one moment a panic was averted by the Captain reading portions of the great love scene from the bridge.

If the copies that have already been sold were placed end to end in a line they would reach from Stratford-on-Avon to the Isle of Man.

If the copies that may yet be sold were placed end to end in a line they would extend right round the earth.

If the copies of the First and Second Editions were placed flat, one upon the other, in the form of a column, its height would exceed that of the topmost pinnacle of fame.

Simultaneous translations of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* were published in American, Arabian, Armenian, Pali, Romansch, High Dutch, Low Dutch, Volapük, Esperanto, Yiddish, and Manx. The Manx version was "languaged" (to use the author's word) by Mr. Hall Caine.

Since *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* appeared, all the Crowned Heads of Europe have absolutely refused to attend to State affairs. The German Emperor is, we understand, engaged in preparing an operatic version of the story, which is to be set to music by the composer of *Hiawatha*.

There is nothing like *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* in all the belauded works of the authoress's fellow townsman Shakspeare.

The failure of General Kuroki's great turning movement at Liaoyang is attributed to the fact that the Japanese commander had received a set of advance sheets of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* just before going into battle, and was so engrossed in the story that he could not give undivided attention to the military operations.

The true reason of the cigarette girls' strike in the East End is their determination to let no duties interfere with the perusal of the new classic.

Not a single drawing-room ornament has been dusted in Balham since *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* appeared.

At the Athenæum Club, on the evening of the day on which six copies of *Love, Bee-yutiful Love* were delivered, three Bishops, a Judge, a Field-Marshal, and an R.A. entirely forgot their dinners, and had to be supplied with sandwiches in the library at 11 P.M.

Upon the morning after publication the authoress received 183 offers of marriage, or 182 in excess of her daily average.



HOPEFUL.

Uncle Mark. "I'm certain, May, that boy of yours is going to be a genius."

Proud Mother. "Oh, I should be so glad! But why do you think so?"

Uncle Mark. "Well, he's evidently got the main qualification—an infinite capacity for *taking pains!*"



"PER SALTUM."

Cabby (observing Fare looking at his old Screw). "ONE OF THE OLD SORT, HE IS. MANY 'S THE TIME, AFORE HE TOOK TO CABBIN', 'E 'S BIN OVER THE STICKS, I WARRANT."

Fare. "QUITE BELIEVE IT. HE 'S OVER FOUR PRETTY CROOKED ONES NOW."

CHARIVARIA.

IT is announced that the CZAR will personally say Good-bye to his Baltic Fleet. This pessimism in high quarters is considered a bad sign.

There is a report that the VICEROY of the Far East has resigned. Marshal OYAMA is mentioned as a likely successor.

A plea has been put forward for the establishment in this country of special Police Courts for the Young, as in America. It is hoped that a sufficient number of youthful criminals will be forthcoming to warrant the experiment being made.

Those who are continually crying out that the British Drama is in a state of stagnation have again been made to look foolish. A REAL PUDDING is now made in full view of the audience in the second edition of *The Earl and the Girl*.

Yet another new penny journal will shortly be issued. It will, it is announced, contain "Stories, Articles, Reviews, &c." This strikes us as a good idea.

The Canadian Minister of Militia states that arrangements are being made with the British War Office to exchange Imperial officers for Canadian officers. We understand that the only hitch is caused by the Canadians insisting on the matter being carried through on a business basis —two Imperial officers for one Canadian.

Those who held it to be mistaken policy to invite the foreign *Attachés* to view the landing operations in Essex will be relieved to hear that such as were present learnt nothing of any value.

According to *Footwear*, spats are to be the correct thing this autumn and winter. There is even a rumour that, in order to be in the movement, the name of His Majesty's Regiment of Footguards will be changed to that of His Majesty's Spats.

Sir JOHN MADDEN, Chief Justice of Victoria, who is famous for his prolixity, recently delivered a judgment of 105,000 words, the reading of which occupied him seven hours. Sir JOHN kept awake during the whole recital.

The burglars who broke into a publisher's warehouse last week were captured. They had filled two portmanteaux with novels, which then proved too heavy to get away with.

We read in an article entitled "The most interesting facts about Miss CORELLI's new book," that, when all the lines in the volume have been read, the reader's eyes will have travelled "125,000 miles, five times round the globe!" There is a horrible rumour abroad to the effect that several persons are only going round once.



ANOTHER RUINED INDUSTRY.

Othello (*Special War Correspondent*)—

"FAREWELL THE NEIGHING STEED AND THE SHRILL TRUMP, . . .
PRIDE, POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE OF GLORIOUS WAR!
AND O YOU MORTAL ENGINES, WHOSE RUDE THROATS
THE IMMORTAL JOVE'S DREAD CLAMOURS COUNTERFEIT,
FAREWELL! OTHELLO'S OCCUPATION 'S GONE!"—*Act III., Sc. 3.*

DRAMA BY INSTALMENTS.

ENCOURAGED by the example of Messrs. R. N. STEPHENS and E. LYALL SWETE in adding a prologue to *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner*, after that play had enjoyed a successful run of several months, we have reason to believe that a similar instalment-system is shortly to be applied to other pieces of established reputation. The following paragraphs are anticipated from a "Drama of the Day" article which has not yet appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Additional interest was lent last evening to the superb revival of *Hamlet*, now occupying the stage of the Upper Tooting Theatre, by the fact that it was preceded, for the first time, by a new prologue, the scene of which is laid at Elsinore about three months before the commencement of the actual play, and which, as a medium for the display of some excellent acting, proved greatly to the taste of the audience. As *Hamlet, Sen.*, reigning King of Denmark, Mr. JONES fully confirmed the good impression he had already made when confined to the spectral appearances of that unfortunate monarch. His delivery of a fine passage, in which the crime of *Gertrude* and her accomplice is foreshadowed, beginning:

"Methought a spider pricked mine ear last night,
So sharp it ached i' the morning——"

reached a high level of dramatic suggestiveness. A further happy inspiration was the introduction of *Yorick*, who, it will be remembered, is unfortunately deceased at the date of the tragedy as usually performed, thus sacrificing some much needed comic relief. It is pleasant to record that Mr. D. LENO, as the "fellow of infinite jest," fully sustained his reputation for keeping his hearers "on a roar," and scored last night a pronounced success. It is a fairly safe prediction that its new prologue will give the play a fresh lease of life.

We are in a position to state that, when the latest of London's playhouses opens its hospitable doors with *Macbeth*, first-nighters will be called upon to pronounce judgment on an important addition to that familiar work. If report speaks truly the novelty should add greatly to the interest and value of the piece, as it promises to elucidate a point which has hitherto been wrapped in some obscurity, namely, how it was that an individual with the temperament of the timorous Thane came to marry such a fire-eating spouse. The diverting comedy episode which depicts his capture by that strong-minded lady has been entrusted to the pen of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, and the many admirers of *The Manœuvres of Jane* will not need to be reminded of the suitability of the choice.



ON EXMOOR.

Gent (very excited after his first gallop with Staghounds). "HI, MISTER, DON'T LET THE DOGS MAUL 'IM, AND I'LL TAKE THE 'AUNCH AT A BOB A POUND!"

With reference to the forthcoming production of a play by Mr. HALL CAINE, which the management of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, announce amongst their arrangements for next season, we learn that the author is preparing a whole series of attachable prologues, by which, should popular support justify such a proceeding, the development of his characters can be traced backwards to their remote ancestors, ADAM and EVE, while it incidentally furnishes (in such episodes as the Fire of London, the Sack of Rome, and the Deluge) those spectacular opportunities of which the directors of the National Theatre will assuredly not be slow to take advantage. In order, however, to confine the action of the piece within the three hours' traffic of the stage, arrangements are also being made whereby, as each successive prologue is produced, the last Act of the current version will simultaneously be dropped, an innovation in dramatic art to which the style of the author is fortunately well adapted. The piece will be awaited with considerable interest.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

A HIGHLY virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever; but don't let them be it at your expense.

True nobility is invulnerable, and still worth something in the City.

Nothing wounds a feeling mind more than praise unjustly bestowed — on another.

Melodrama may be out of fashion; but touch the balance at the bank and everyone has his Surrey-side.

EVANESCIT!

ASSIGNED by Fortune to a social sphere
Where luxury is not profoundly chronic;
Where men affect a taste for bottled beer,
And wine is taken merely as a tonic;
Though early taught that those who spend unduly are
Condemned in time to taste penurious woes,
I still observe, as something quite peculiar,
The fatuous ease with which one's money goes.

Not mine the pampered arrogance that robes
Its fleshly bulk in satin or in sable;
The licence that habitually probes
The fatted flesh-pots of Egyptian fable.
I do not as a practice hire vehicular
Conveyances, or keep my private car;
Nor do I favour any one particular
Brand of champagne, or ninepenny cigar.

I have no small but well-appointed niche
Adjoining Piccadilly or St. James's;
I shun the sports peculiar to the rich,
(Polo the first but costliest of games is).
In short, all tastes correctly deemed luxurious
Are foreign to my unpretentious sphere;
But still the money goes! It 's really curious
How fast the lucre seems to disappear.

A summer suit, a new bandana tie,
A hansom (taken to avoid a wetting),
A mild debauch at "Simpson's" or the "Cri,"
A day at Ascot (undefiled by betting);
A round of golf; *Aida* (from the gallery);
A short week-end beside the silver sea—
And lo! the balance of a quarter's salary
Is vanished like a dream of faërie.

You start the morning with a sovereign, say,
And buy some matches going to the station;
You get your hair cut later in the day,
And eat a cheap though well-deserved collation.
On going home you buy a periodical,
Or get some trifles at the chemist's store,
And then you count your change, if you 're methodical,
And find the total sum is two-and-four.

O ye whose honorarium (or screw)
Is one of merely moderate dimensions;
Whose lives are cheered by looking forward to
The ultimate receipt of old-age pensions,
Ye too have noticed how extremely odd it is
That wages stand in an exact inverse
Proportion to the price of those commodities
That day by day deplete the toiler's purse.

Dress-ties, tobacco, papers, postage-stamps,
Umbrellas, soap—the cost of them is grievous,
And yet without them we would be as tramps;
Our friends would be unwilling to receive us;
So we proceed to tap our tenuous treasuries
For carnal trinkets of a worthless kind,
And some appear to like it, but the pleasure is
Not too apparent to the reasoning mind.

O for a land where milky pastures ooze,
Dispersed about with tranquil streams of honey,
Where men can do exactly as they choose,
Nor feel the base necessity of money.
Your pampered peers might languish in their Dukeries,
Were there some isle on whose alluring soil
A simple life unvexed by thoughts of lucre is
The lot of him who has no taste for toil.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mabel.

"*Bunbutter, Bunbutter, Bunbutter!*"

It was MABEL'S voice, and she was shouting as she skipped along the gravel path leading to the White Rabbit's hutch. She had a juicy lettuce in one hand and a Japanese paper-fan in the other, and she was going to have a morning talk with her little furry friend. At her heels trotted *Rob*, the sedate and wary guardian of her footsteps, and not very far off the black-and-white Cat was pacing along in a disengaged sort of way, as though she didn't really belong to the party, but had business of her own to attend to somewhere in the neighbourhood.

The White Rabbit heard his name shouted and his heart leapt within him for joy. In spite of his dashing words and all the stories of his gallantry with which he used to regale *Rob* and *Gamp* he was really rather a timid little fellow, especially in the presence of grown-up ladies. While they were talking to him he seemed *gauche* and embarrassed, but when they had gone his spirits rose and he began to imagine that he had scored a triumph and secured another victim by means of his cleverness and his beauty—that, in fact, he was a devil of a fellow against whom no girl that was ever born could possibly make any resistance. With MABEL, however, he always felt quite differently. To be sure the fact that she was only ten years old may have had something to do with it, but it was not altogether that either. There was something about MABEL that made all animals (and all human beings, too, for the matter of that) feel joyful and contented. If *Rob* had been splashing about on the reedy banks of the river, and, having got himself well plastered with mud, had then come in and laid himself down on the drawing-room carpet, and had been discovered in that sacred room and ignominiously thrashed, he knew that he had only got to find MABEL and she would forgive him directly and beg him back into the favour of the offended authorities. So he was her very faithful and devoted hench-dog, and attended her wherever she went. As to *Gamp*, the Cat, she had made a habit of bringing a first-offering of a kitten from every new family into MABEL'S room as a proof of her loyal affection, and, whenever MABEL called her, she would give a short *tremolo* purr and dash off up the stairs or down the stairs or across the lawn to find her beloved little mistress. So, you see, *Bunbutter* was not singular in his love for MABEL.

"*Bunbutter,*" she said reproachfully, as she reached the hutch, "you really are a naughty rabbit. Oh, it 's not a bit of good looking so innocent and asking me what you 've done. You know quite well, for I 've told you a thousand times that I don't like you to scrabble all your hay into one little corner of your hutch. What would you say if I treated my mattress like that? You wouldn't know it, you say, because you never come into my room? That doesn't matter; *Gamp* would know it, wouldn't you, *Gamp*, and so would *Rob*, and they 'd be very severe with me. Now don't you dare to sulk, *Bunbutter*. *Some* day, if you are *very, very* good, you shall come into my room. It 's a promise, a faithful solemn promise, so there. And now, here 's your lunch, *Bunbutter*—a beautiful lettuce. Catch," and she threw it into the hutch.

The White Rabbit didn't require much urging: he set to work at once and nibbled away at the crisp leaves as if his life depended on it. "I know," he thought to himself, "that she realises well enough that I 'm not an ordinary sort of animal like *Rob* and *Gamp*. She wants to try me, of course, but at least I know I shall be promoted to the front place in her favour, and then we shall see what we shall see."

"*Bunbutter,*" continued MABEL, "I 'm afraid you 're a



CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION.

Old Gentleman. "I'M CERTAINLY NOT SO DEAF AS PEOPLE MAKE OUT. I HEAR A LITTLE BEE HUMMING QUITE PLAINLY!"

greedy little Rabbit, too, but of course you can't help that. Still, you mustn't be too greedy, or I shall have to take some of your lunch away from you."

She shook her golden curls at him and pretended to frown in a most determined way, but *Bunbutter* knew it was a joke and went on nibbling at a furious rate.

"*Bunbutter*, do you see this fan? What? You dare to say it's only a common paper fan? I tell you it's a most beautiful fan, and it once belonged to a Prince. Do you see the picture on it? There's a big old man sitting on a cloud and he's pouring water from a garden can on to a young man and a girl down below. I don't know how he managed to get there or how he got the can, so it's no use asking me, but there he is, you see. It makes quite a lovely poem, Daddy says, and this is how it goes:—

> There's a funny old fellow lives up in the sky,
> Up in the sky, ever so high;
> And he's pouring a can-full of very cold water
> On the green man who married his beautiful daughter.
> But the green man has put up his paper umbrella,
> And he laughs 'I don't mind you, don't mind you, old fellah.'

There, *Bunbutter*, that's poetry. You're not a poet, I know, but you're very pretty, and some day, if you're good, I shall love you very much."

When the White Rabbit heard this he was so much overcome that he actually left his lettuce and hopped to the front of his hutch, but at that moment somebody called out "MABEL," and his little mistress shouted "Coming," and disappeared.

An Arboreal Atavism.

A GARDENER at Hertford has been advertising himself as "well up in all branches, . . . three years in last situation, seven years previous." No definite statistics have been kept of the prehensile endurance of our remote ancestors, but we should say that seven years on one branch must be somewhere near the record.

AT a meeting of the Cranleigh Cricket Club, Mr. BRODRICK "advocated the raising of the stumps one inch to give the bowlers a chance." But the enemies of Great Britain must not rashly conclude that a similar change will be recommended in the case of our Little Brodricks.

BITTER feeling has often been provoked by a misprint; and it will be interesting to see what they say at Chicago when they find, in the *Manchester Evening News*, that their chief industrial rival is referred to as Greater New Pork.

A LESSON IN GOLF.

"You won't dare!" said I.

"There is nothing else for it," said AMANDA sternly. "You know perfectly well that we must practise every minute of the time, if we expect to have the least chance of winning. If she *will* come just now—well!" AMANDA cocked her pretty chin in the air, and looked defiant.

"But—*Aunt Susannah!*" said I.

"It's quite time for you to go and meet her," said AMANDA, cutting short my remonstrances; and she rose with an air of finality.

My wife, within her limitations, is a very clever woman. She is prompt: she is resolute: she has the utmost confidence in her own generalship. Yet, looking at Aunt SUSANNAH, as she sat—gaunt, upright, and formidable—beside me in the dog-cart, I did not believe even AMANDA capable of the stupendous task which she had undertaken. She would never dare——

I misjudged her. Aunt SUSANNAH had barely sat down—was, in fact, only just embarking on her first scone—when AMANDA rushed incontinently in where I, for one, should have feared to tread.

"Dear Aunt SUSANNAH," she said, beaming hospitably, "I'm sure you will never guess how we mean to amuse you while you are here!"

"Nothing very formidable, I hope?" said Aunt SUSANNAH grimly.

"You'll never, never guess!" said AMANDA; and her manner was so unnaturally sprightly that I knew she was inwardly quaking. "We want to teach you—what do you think?"

"I think that I'm a trifle old to learn anything new, my dear," said Aunt SUSANNAH.

I should have been stricken dumb by such a snub. Not so, however, my courageous wife.

"Well—golf!" she cried, with overdone cheerfulness.

Aunt SUSANNAH started. Recovering herself, she eyed us with a stony glare which froze me where I sat.

"There is really nothing else to do in these wilds, you know," AMANDA pursued gallantly, though even she was beginning to look frightened. "And it is such a lovely game. You'll like it immensely!"

"*What* do you say it is called?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH in awful tones.

"Golf," AMANDA repeated meekly; and for the first time her voice shook.

"Spell it!" commanded Aunt SUSANNAH.

AMANDA obeyed, with increasing meekness.

"Why do you call it 'goff' if there's an 'I' in it?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH.

"I—I'm afraid I don't know," said AMANDA faintly.

Aunt SUSANNAH sniffed disparagingly. She condescended, however, to inquire into the nature of the game, and AMANDA gave an elaborate explanation in faltering accents. She glanced imploringly at me; but I would not meet her eye.



OUR NURSERY MELODRAMA.

Mildred (aged eight, aside). "AND TO THINK THAT THIS IS THE MAN THAT I HAVE GIVEN UP EVERYTHING FOR! IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR THE DEAR CHILD, I SHOULD HAVE GONE AWAY AND LEFT HIM YEARS AND YEARS AGO!"

"Then you just try to get a little ball into a little hole?" inquired my relative.

"In the fewest possible strokes," AMANDA reminded her, gasping.

"And—is that all?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH.

"Y—yes," said AMANDA.

"Oh!" said Aunt SUSANNAH.

A game described in cold blood sounds singularly insignificant. We both fell into sudden silence and depression.

"Well, it doesn't sound *difficult*," said Aunt SUSANNAH. "Oh, yes, I'll come and play at ball with you if you like, my dears."

"*Dear* Auntie!" said AMANDA affectionately. She did not seem so much overjoyed at her success, however, as might have been expected. As for me, I saw a whole sea of breakers ahead; but then I had seen them all the time.

We drove out to the Links next day. We were both very silent. Aunt SUSANNAH, however, was in good spirits, and deeply interested in our clubs.

"What in the world do you want so many sticks for, child?" she inquired of AMANDA.

"Oh, they are for—for different sorts of ground," AMANDA explained feebly; and she cast an agonised glance at our driver, who had obviously overheard, and was chuckling in an offensive manner.

We both looked hastily and furtively round us when we arrived. We were early, however, and fortune was kind to us; there was no one else there.

"Perhaps you would like to watch us a little first, just to see how the game goes?" AMANDA suggested sweetly.

"Not at all!" was Aunt SUSANNAH's brisk rejoinder. "I've come here to play, not to look on. Which stick——?"

"*Club*—they are called clubs," said AMANDA.

"Why?" inquired Aunt SUSANNAH.

"I—I don't know," faltered AMANDA. "Do you, LAURENCE?"

I did not know, and said so.

"Then I shall certainly call them sticks," said Aunt SUSANNAH decisively. "They are not in the least like clubs."

"Shall I drive off?" I inquired desperately of AMANDA.

"Drive off? Where to? Why are you going away?" asked Aunt SUSANNAH. "Besides, you can't go—the carriage is out of sight."

"The way you begin is called driving off," I explained laboriously. "Like this." I drove nervously, because I felt her eye upon me. The ball went some dozen yards.

"That seems easy enough," said Aunt SUSANNAH. "Give me a stick, child."

"Not that end—the *other* end!" cried AMANDA, as our relative prepared to make her stroke with the butt-end.

"Dear me! Isn't that the handle?" she remarked cheerfully; and she reversed her club, swung it, and chopped a large piece out of the links. "Where is it gone? Where is it gone?" she exclaimed, looking wildly round.

"It—it isn't gone," said AMANDA nervously, and pointed to the ball still lying at her feet.

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Aunt SUSANNAH; and she made another attempt, with a precisely similar result. "Give me another stick!" she

demanded. "Here, let me choose for myself—this one doesn't suit me. I'll have that flat thing."

"But that's a putter," AMANDA explained agonisedly.

"What's a putter? You said just now that they were all clubs," said Aunt SUSANNAH, pausing.

"They are all clubs," I explained patiently. "But each has a different name."

"You don't mean to say you give them names like a little girl with her dolls?" cried Aunt SUSANNAH. "Why, what a babyish game it is!" She laughed very heartily. "At any rate," she continued, with that determination which some of her friends call by another name, "I am sure that this will be easier to play with!" She grasped the putter, and in some miraculous way drove the ball to a considerable distance.

"Oh, splendid!" cried AMANDA. Her troubled brow cleared a little, and she followed suit, with mediocre success. Aunt SUSANNAH pointed out that her ball had gone farther than either of ours, and grasped her putter tenaciously.

"It's a better game than I expected from your description," she conceded. "Oh, I daresay I shall get to like it. I must come and practise every day." We glanced at each other in a silent horror of despair; and Aunt SUSANNAH, after a few quite decent strokes, triumphantly holed out. "What next?" said she.

I hastily arranged her ball on the second tee: but the luck of golf is proverbially capricious, She swung her club, and hit nothing. She swung it again, and hit the ground.

"*Why* can't I do it?" she demanded, turning fiercely upon me.

"You keep losing your feet," I explained deferentially.

"Spare me your detestable slang terms, LAURENCE, at least!" she cried, turning on me again like a whirlwind. "If you think I have lost my temper—which is absurd!—you might have the courage to say so in plain English!"

"Oh, no, Aunt SUSANNAH!" I said. "You don't understand——"

"Or want to," she snapped. "Of all silly games——"

"I mean you misunderstood me," I pursued, trembling. "Your foot slipped, and that spoilt your stroke. You should have nails in your boots, as we have."

"Oh!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, only half pacified. But she succeeded in dislodging her ball at last, and driving it into a bunker. At the same moment, AMANDA suddenly clutched me by the arm. "Oh, LAURENCE!" she said in a blood-curdling whisper. "*What* shall we do? Here is Colonel BARTLEMY!"

The worst had happened. The hottest-tempered man in the Club, the oldest member, the best player, the greatest stickler for etiquette, was hard upon our track; and Aunt SUSANNAH, with a red and determined countenance, was urging her ball up the bunker, and watching it roll back again.

"Dear Auntie," said AMANDA, in her sweetest voice, "you had much better take it out."

"Is that allowed?" inquired our relative suspiciously.

"Oh, you may always do that and lose a stroke!" I assured her eagerly.



"I shan't dream of losing a stroke!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, with decision. "I'll get it out of this ditch by fair means, if I have to spend all day over it!"

"Then do you mind waiting one moment?" I said, with the calmness of despair. "There is a player behind us——"

"Let him stay behind us! I was here first," said Aunt SUSANNAH; and she returned to her bunker.

The Links rose up in a hillock immediately behind us, so that our successor could not see us until he had reached the first hole. I stood with my eye glued to the spot where he might be expected to appear. I saw, as in a nightmare, the scathing remarks that would find their way into the Suggestion Book. I longed for a sudden and easy death.

At the moment when Colonel BARTLEMY's rubicund face appeared over the horizon, Aunt SUSANNAH, flushed but unconquered, drew herself up for a moment's rest from toil. He had seen her. AMANDA shut her eyes. For myself, I would have run away shamelessly, if there had been any place to run to. The Colonel and Aunt SUSANNAH looked hard at each other. Then he began to hurry down the slope, while she started briskly up it.

"Miss CADWALADER!" said the Colonel.

"Colonel BARTLEMY!" cried Aunt SUSANNAH; and they met with effusion. I saw AMANDA's eyes open, and grow round with amazed interest. I knew perfectly well that she had scented a bygone love affair, and was already planning the most suitable wedding-garb for Aunt SUSANNAH. A frantic hope came to me that in that case the Colonel's affection might prove stronger than his zeal for golf. They were strolling down to us in a leisurely manner, and the subject of their conversation broke upon my astonished ears.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of these Links, after yours," Colonel BARTLEMY was saying anxiously. "They are rather new——"

"Oh, I've played on many worse!" said Aunt SUSANNAH, looking round her with a critical eye. "Let me see—I haven't seen you since your victory at Craigmory. Congratulations!"

"'Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY!'" purred the Colonel, evidently much gratified. "You will be here for the twenty-seventh, I hope?"

"Exactly what I came for," said Aunt SUSANNAH calmly.

"Though I don't know what our ladies will say to playing against the Cranford Champion!" chuckled the Colonel; and then they condescended to become aware of our existence. We had never known before how exceedingly small it is possible to feel.

"Aunt SUSANNAH, what am I to say? What fools you must think us!" I murmured miserably to her, when the Colonel was out of earshot looking for his ball. "We are such raw players ourselves—and of course we never dreamt——"

Aunt SUSANNAH twinkled at me in a friendly manner. "There's an ancient proverb about eggs and grandmothers," she remarked cheerfully. "There should be a modern form for golf-balls and aunts—hey, LAURENCE?"

AMANDA did not win the prize brooch; but Aunt SUSANNAH did, in spite of an overwhelming handicap, and gave it to her. She does not often wear it—possibly because rubies are not becoming to her: possibly because its associations are too painful.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Double Harness* (HUTCHINSON) Mr. ANTHONY HOPE breaks fresh ground and deals with the stern realities of riven households. Whether the change be pleasant or otherwise the reader will judge for himself. My Baronite has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this is the strongest work the author has yet accomplished. There is something courageous in the monotony of misadventure that attends the daily life of the several households whose roof ANTHONY HOPE with magic wand uplifts. They are not what is described by that blessed word Respectable—no, not one. To mention three of the leading ladies: one in a fit of passion nearly murders her child by way of reprisal upon the husband, who consoles himself with other female society; number two admits a liaison with a man from whom her husband, though really annoyed with her, consents to borrow £15,000; number three loves her husband so passionately that she elopes with another man, who professes himself in sore need of being comforted. The husband stalks the guilty couple, and comes upon them whilst waiting for subsidence of storm to enable them to reach the Uncomforted One's yacht. Viewing the situation with well-bred imperturbability, he invites his wife to come back with him, threatening as an alternative to go home alone, where he will first kill their only child and then shoot himself. Under this gentle compulsion the wife consents to retrace her steps, to the undisguised relief of her fellow sinner, who does not see any prospect of being comforted by becoming an accessory before the fact to murder and suicide. Here be promising materials for a homely fireside book.



Mr. HOPE, revelling in their exuberance, plays his puppets with the ease and skill of the conjurer who keeps four or six balls tossing in the air with regular rotation. When ANTHONY HOPE said he would die a bachelor he never thought he would live to be married, and within the term of two years write a book like *Double Harness*. Amid his reflections his experienced eye is not likely to miss the opportunity of making a stirring play out of the main episode of the novel—the story of *Grantly* and *Sybella*. There is more than one actor-manager would make a great hit with *Grantly*, a masterful character even in the printed page.

In *An Impossible Husband* (JOHN LONG) FLORENCE WARDEN has wasted time and opportunity. Imagine an American *Dora Spenlow* determined to be fast and flattering herself upon being fearfully vicious; give her a physically strong husband, of a character as ordinary as a *David Copperfield*, with just a spice of *Mr. Murdstone* in his composition; then let an ordinary sentimental passion for her be developed by a long-haired, musically-artistic adventurer, and there are the familiar materials of Mrs. WARDEN'S novel. The best dramatic situation in the story somewhat reminds the Baron of the riverside hotel scene in *The Liars*. "Pity so much cleverness should be thrown away on such work by the author of *The House on the Marsh*," sighs the Baron; "for, truth to tell, 'tis a very irritating book."



A Dictionary of the Drama (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is a guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and of America, from the earliest times to the present. Its compilation was evidently a labour of love with Mr. DAVENPORT ADAMS. He brought to it wide information and tireless industry. His avowed aim was to provide the student and the general reader with a handy means of reference to leading facts in the history of the theatre at home and in the United States. This design is fully achieved. My Baronite, glancing over the closely-printed pages, finds information about playhouses and their designers, plays and the writers thereof, performers and their critics, scenic and musical illustrators, the aggregate being a comprehensive digest of stage literature. Indispensable to all professionally connected with the stage, the general reader will find in it abounding interest.

In one of his latest works that has reached its fifth edition, a clever French novelist of a certain acknowledged eminence among the freest and easiest of his contemporaries in this line contrasts the habits and manners of his compatriots, where strangers and foreigners are concerned, with those of "*le gentleman de Londres ou de Liverpool qui repugne donc à s'acoquiner avec des inconnus.*" His summing up is decidedly in favour of the Londoner or Liverpudlian. But reserved as either of these types of our English gentry may be, yet when a stranger, being also a foreigner, shall have been once properly introduced to him, he, the Londoner or Liverpudlian, the type of course of all other Englishmen, will welcome him with open arms to his clubs and to the bosom of his family, and will with pleasure give him introductions wherever they may be serviceable to him. In short, according to this friendly and evidently very grateful Frenchman, there would appear to be no limit to the exercise of this true spirit of hospitality on the part of the "gentleman" of London or Liverpool. This is delightful. But is this change of tone a sign of the times, or is it quite exceptional and peculiar only to this author? He writes, "*Je reviens de Londres. Pour avoir été introduit dans un club de Piccadilly, sur la recommandation d'un peintre de portraits, j'ai été successivement l'invité des membres les mieux estimés dans ce club. Commensal de leurs familles j'ai été hébergé chez tout leur parentage, lequel m'a fait admettre par les cousins et amis de sa société.*" He then had such a good time of it with "*parties de tennis, de mail coach, de canotage, les excursions, les déjeuners aux innombrables cottages, et les dîners priés à West End et à Chelsea,*" that to obtain a spare moment for the literary work he had in hand was quite impossible. Then he frankly and boldly asks, "*Quel Anglais, en France, recevrait un tel accueil dans notre aristocratie fermée, sauf aux millionaires, Sémites et Yankees, dans notre bourgeoisie avare et qui suppute en grognant ce que coûte la reception d'un vieil ami.*" Of course he has a set-off against this in the shape of "racial defects," but this burst of generosity, the Baron considers, may be worth recording, and so records it for what it may be worth.



THERE is said to be trouble between Lord KITCHENER and the Defence Committee. We understand that Lord KITCHENER wishes to place all the regular troops of India on the frontier so as to be ready for war, while the Defence Committee holds that recruits are now so difficult to get that the risk of their loss in war should not be incurred.

CLASSIC NOTE (*from our Special Correspondent at Ping-Pong-chukanoutan*)—A "PAR" FOR MA.—Was not Goddess Ceres, *alias* Demeter, the "Universal Mother?"

Does it not seem that the title is once more revived by the Chinese in that of "General MA"?

THE POLITE PILFERER.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—If you have an eye to spare from the other affairs of the world, will you kindly run it over the following extract from the *Express*:

"A boy who wanted apples and stole them had an interesting theory propounded for him at Brentford. 'Why,' said the magistrate, 'didn't you go to the owner and say, "I have an idea of getting into your orchard during the night. I don't want to do so. I like the look of your apples. Give me two or three!" You would probably have been successful. Now you will have to pay 5*s*.'"

I see an opening here for a work I have long contemplated, "Every Criminal's Guide to Courtesy," with the sub-title, "Tips for Thieves and Deportment for Desperados." The book will be made up of specimen conversations to suit every occasion. The criminal who buys the volume need never fear those awkward pauses which so frequently occur when one is caught in the act of a burglary or murder.

I append a sample. We will suppose, for instance, that a burglar wishes to abstract some plate from a house. He enters the owner's bedroom-window and the following dialogue takes place:—

Burglar. (*Coughs.*)

Owner. Wha's matter? A' right. Leave it on the mat.

[Burglar *coughs again.* Owner *sits up.*

Burglar (*insinuatingly*). A thousand apologies, my dear Sir, for having broken in upon that sleep which, as the poet happily remarks, knits up the ravelled sleave of care. But business is business, and in these days of hustle and American competition it behoves a man to be first in the field. Thus, knowing that "BLINKY BILL" SMITH (a professional rival of mine) has his eye on your plate, I hastened to call on you before he could do so.

Owner. Help! Thieves! Murder!

Burglar. I hate to talk shop, but I feel it my duty to tell you that this revolver is loaded. Shall we allow it to remain so? Precisely. To proceed, then. The fame of your plate, my dear Sir, has rung through London. Every burglar in the profession is after it. When I tell you that I have had to bring myself to enter the bedroom of a perfect stranger through the window, I need scarcely add further evidence of my eagerness to possess the treasure I have mentioned. You can spare a little of it? A silver spoon? A fork, perhaps? A salver, maybe? Come, this is niggardly, my dear Sir. I need it far more than you. To you it is a luxury. To me it is a necessity. I have my living to earn. How do you suppose I could keep my wife in the style to which she has been accustomed, if everybody were as unreasonable as you? Now, some people keep their plate-basket under the—— No? In the chest of drawers? Foiled again. Now, my very dear Sir, joking apart, where *is* it? Did I mention that this revolver was loaded? Thank you. Thank you. Under the dressing-table? A thousand thanks. *May* I trouble you to make a small selection for me and put it up in a neat parcel? One million thanks. Good-night, Sir, good-night, good-night. [*Exit through window.*

This is but one specimen. The rest of the book will be of equal merit, for I shall spare no pains. If after next publishing season there remains one criminal who is not the Perfect Gentleman, it will be because he is too impecunious or too stingy to spend two and sixpence (net) on the work prepared for his benefit by

Yours, &c.,
HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.



"A SOFT ANSWER" &c.

Mrs. Busybody. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. WINSOM. BEFORE I GO, I THINK IT IS MY DUTY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR HUSBAND WAS SEEN IN A VERY QUESTIONABLE PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT LAST NIGHT."

Mrs. Winsom. "REALLY! SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I SUPPOSE THAT IS WHERE THEY WENT WHEN YOUR HUSBAND CALLED FOR HIM!"

The White Slave Traffic once more.

A HERTFORD lady advertises "APARTMENTS TO LET, also Two Young Gentlemen boarders, terms moderate."

IT is reported that, in view of the success of the *Daily Mirror* Fête at the Crystal Palace, the Management has arranged with the Proprietors of that Journal to repeat daily, during the autumn season, their remarkable entertainment known as "Circling the Circulation."

IT is officially announced that, until further notice, the Russian Baltic Squadron will continue to sail to the Far East thrice weekly, weather and other circumstances permitting.

A SURPLUS STOCK OF OLD CARTRIDGES.

(Being a protest politely offered to Lord Rosebery.)

WHILE the Earth a little slumbers
Ere she dons her dædal dress,
And the coloured Christmas Numbers
Seize the hour to go to Press;
While, as on the nut of NEWTON,
Still the mellowing apples fall,
And the fiscalites of Luton
Raise aloft their ducal hall
To accommodate the myriads who will come at JOSEPH'S call;—

While the last of lingering wopses
Whets his devastating foil,
And alone the ampelopsis,
First of Autumn's leafy spoil,
Wears the *nuance* of the *Pink 'Un*,
Like a chaste and conscious bride—
Must you needs have gone to Lincoln
And disturbed the country-side,
Ere the harvest-moon was rounded and the roses all had died?

While the matutinal horseman
Tracks afield the furtive cub,
And the hardier kind of Norseman
In the open takes his tub;
While on wood and wold and champaign
Lingers yet the Summer's spell—
Were you bound to start the campaign
Ere the proper season fell,
When the middle of November would have suited just as well?

While the bird whose earthly cycle
Closes with the quarter's bills
Mocked the menace of St. Michael,
Plumed her undefeated quills;
While at large the lordly pheasant
Moved about his bosky maze,
Would you go and wing the peasant
In his dykes and water-ways
Long before the other sportsmen set the big preserves ablaze?

Seething in your cerebellum
Was there some prophetic word,
Something really new to tell 'em,
Something not to be deferred?
Did you want to warn the nation
Where the Moorish peril lurks,
Or that Radical salvation
Comes by faith, in lieu of works,
Or that England's hope (and Lincoln's) rests upon the local PERKS?

No! We caught the old old wheezes
Worn by custom, conned by rote,
Which lament the State's diseases
And suppress the antidote;
We had looked to see you pendent
Like a god inside his car,
Clothed with promise and resplendent
As a newly-furbished star,
And you never even told us who the Liberal Leaders are!

No, my Lord! by your permission
Let me put the case in short:
Yours was last year's ammunition,
Only good for groundling sport;
And it seems a growing habit
Not to go for higher game,
But to plug the obvious rabbit
And prefer it fat and tame,
All to spare a little effort in the art of taking aim. O. S.

QUID PRO QUO!

(Being the remarkable experience of an Art Collector.)

IT was the afternoon of my arrival at Domstadt—how many days ago, I really forget. I only intended to stay a night there, on my way to take the waters at Bad Schoppenegg—but I am still at Domstadt. Why, will appear later on. I was strolling through one of the narrow and winding thoroughfares of this ancient city, which (though I am beginning to know it fairly well by this time) I had never visited before, when I chanced to see a small antiquity shop. I went in, of course. No *bric-à-brac* hunter ever can resist entering an Antiquity Shop. It is not an expensive amusement: you go in, and potter about for a few minutes, asking the prices of various objects you have no intention of purchasing. Then you say "Adieu" or "*Guten Tag*" politely, and walk out. The proprietor is perfectly contented—he never expects any other result. After all, it is the way in which he makes his living.

So I walked in. It was quite the usual sort of shop, with the usual bald, bearded, and spectacled proprietor inside it. Simply to play the game, I asked the price of something which I should have been sorry to take as a gift. He said it was twenty marks, and, having satisfied my curiosity, I was preparing to go—when, rather to cover my retreat than with any genuine desire for information, I asked if he had any really old pieces of stained glass. He said he had one in the back shop, if I would care to see it, and I said I would.

He was so evidently shy about showing it that I felt convinced it would turn out to be some amusingly audacious "fake." I followed him into his back parlour, disregarding his entreaties that I should stay where I was, and then he reluctantly fished out a panel in a wooden frame, which he handed me with a grunt.

The first sight of it almost took away my breath. Old stained glass has a peculiar fascination for me, and this was absolutely as fine an example as I ever remember having seen of sixteenth-century Swiss work—heraldic in character, bold in design, and rich in colouring. I examined it carefully. I happen to have some knowledge of glass, and I could discover no new pieces—it was in perfect condition, with scarcely a crack. "How much do you want for this?" I said, with the sad foreknowledge that the lowest sum he was likely to ask would be far beyond my limited means. He was silent for a moment, as if he were speculating how much I could stand, and then he said "Twendy mark."

Considering that this particular panel would easily fetch £150, if not more, in any saleroom, I did *not* think a sovereign was at all out of the way for it. "I'll have that panel," I said, with all the calm I could command, and he said, "Very well," and seemed anxious to get me back into the front shop again.

But I had begun to look about me, and I speedily discovered that this back shop contained a variety of objects of sufficient beauty and rarity to delight the heart of any connoisseur. There was a Limoges enamel *plaque*, for instance, by the younger PENICAUD, which was almost priceless; a boxwood medallion, about the size of a draught, with a carved and painted relief of a female in a Holbein headdress, similar, though far superior, to one I had been offered at Frankfort for sixty pounds; an engraved goblet of rock crystal; a tiny fifteenth-century group (German, I think) of St. Hubert and the miraculous stag, exquisitely carved in pearwood; a small ivory cabinet, inlaid with lapis lazuli; and a seventeenth-century portrait in coloured wax with miniature jewellery, which was equal to the best specimens of the kind in the Wallace Collection.

And not a single one of all these things could by any possibility be other than genuine; no person with the slightest experience and judgment could have doubted that for a moment!



A BENEVOLENT CURIOSITY.

DR. PRIMROSE. "NOW I WANT TO KNOW THE FACTS. THIS FELLOW JOSEPH GOES ABOUT TELLING EVERYBODY THAT YOU'VE PROPOSED TO HIM."
MISS CORNSTALK. "OH, WHAT A STORY! WHY, HE'S BEEN MAKING UP TO ME ALL THE TIME, AND I'VE GIVEN HIM NO ENCOURAGEMENT!"





URBS IN RURE.

Huntsman (to young Snobley, who has got on his new "Tops," and means to make the most of them). "NOW THEN, SIR, DO YOU MIND TURNING IN YOUR FEET, AND LETTING *ME* GO BY?"

I inquired the price of each, and I invariably got the same answer—"Twendy mark." I bought them all. I felt it was a justifiable piece of extravagance under the circumstances. When one does come across a dealer whose prices are so extremely reasonable, he deserves to be encouraged. I scorned to haggle or beat him down—and yet, although in the short time I was there I must have laid out at least as much as fifty pounds (which was considerably more than I anticipated when I first went in), if he felt any gratification at the briskness of the business he was doing, he certainly suppressed it.

And I must confess that, without pretending to any higher code of ethics than my brother collectors, I was not wholly free from misgivings. *Why* was he selling these things so much under ordinary trade prices? He must know their value—and if he did not, it was not *my* business to teach him—I couldn't be buyer and seller, too! But had he some pressing reason for wanting to get rid of them at any cost? They hadn't the sinister look of objects to which a curse was attached—and even in that case I thought I would risk it. But suppose they were stolen goods—should I not be exposing myself to rather awkward consequences? Might not my proceedings be capable of misconstruction?

My expression must have betrayed something of my mental state, for this paragon of dealers hastened to reassure me.

"Don't be sorry," he said (meaning, I think, "Don't be uneasy"). "I haf not robbered dese tings. I led you haf dem so cheap, begause—ach, I gannot dell it to you in English"—and he proceeded to explain in his own tongue.

I did not follow him as perfectly as I could wish—but I gathered that, either as a penance for something he had done, or in gratitude for some danger he had escaped, he had made a solemn vow that, between sunrise and sunset on a certain anniversary, he would ask no more than twenty marks for any article, no matter what its intrinsic value might be. I had happened to look in on that particular day—that was all.

I *now* began to understand his desire to keep me in the front shop, where the rubbish was.

While applauding his piety, I felt (for even a collector may have a conscience) that I oughtn't to take *too* great an advantage of it.

"Perhaps," I said, "I could manage to do without one or two of the things."

I felt it would be a hard matter to decide which. But he said a vow was a vow, and he must hold himself bound by it; though he considered it lucky that I had not looked in till the sun was so near setting.

I never interfere between a man and his conscience, so I let him have his way. It only remained to pay, and it was a convenience to me when he said he would take a cheque—for to part with fifty pounds in hard cash would have obliged me to remain at Domstadt till I could obtain fresh supplies. That being settled, I left him to pack up my purchases, while, in a state of excitement and exultation that will perhaps be only comprehensible to a fellow-collector, I hurried back to my hotel to get out my cheque-book. I tore out a cheque without waiting to fill it in—indeed I did not

yet know to whom to make it payable, but I should soon find *that* out from the man himself.

I had no difficulty in regaining the little street—but what rather puzzled me was that there didn't seem to be any antiquity shop in it. The trade was entirely restricted to boots, sausages, and pictorial post-cards. Evidently, since antiquity shops are not in the habit of disappearing in so abrupt a manner, I must have struck the wrong street—the right one could not be *very* far off.

And eventually, after a few failures, I found it, to my unspeakable relief. There was the board with "Antiquitäten" painted on it in red letters, and there was the stout, bald, bearded and spectacled proprietor inside. I entered and told him, laughingly, that I had begun to fear he had vanished. He appeared puzzled. I produced my cheque; and he imagined (or affected to imagine) that I was asking him to cash it. I have such a wretched memory for faces that I could not be positive he was *my* man. If he *was*, he pretended to have no recollection whatever of any business transaction between us. He allowed me to look into his back-parlour, and I am bound to say it contained no treasures of any sort, packed or unpacked.

At last I staggered out, feeling that I must have made a mistake. The real shop must be farther from my hotel than I had fancied—but I was bound to come upon it sooner or later. The annoying thing was that I had absolutely nothing to identify it by. I had scarcely glanced at the window—and, if I had, I have never practised memorising the contents of shop windows, as HOUDIN did. I only wish I had. It had the kind of articles in it that most antiquity shops do exhibit—that was all *I* knew. I did not know the name of the street (does anyone ever look at the name of any street he is strolling through?—*I* don't)—it might be a "strasse," or a "gasse," or a "gässchen," or even "unter"-something, or "am"-something else, for anything I could tell. After a time I completely lost my bearings, and began to feel really worried. . . . Still I persevered. I went into one Antiquitäten shop after another—and every proprietor looked more like the man I wanted than the last—but I never could convince him that he was. Our interviews began by being ridiculous, and ended in scenes that almost approached violence.

Not till long past my dinner-hour, when every curiosity dealer in Domstadt had put his shutters up, did I crawl back to my hotel, more dead than alive. But I was not going to be beaten. I got a Domstadt directory, made out a complete list of every *Alterthümershandlung* in the city, and marked them down with red crosses on a big map, and early next morning I began all over again. I worked through most of those establishments, likely or not, more than once. Some of the dealers were unknown at their registered addresses, some of their addresses did not seem to exist at all—but, whether I found them in or not, it was all the same—they were unanimous in repudiating all knowledge of me and my purchases. In fact, they ended by threatening to have me taken off to the *Polizeiwache*, if I would not go away quietly. So I gave up calling on them at last. But I am still at Domstadt. I haven't abandoned all hope, even yet. There may still be a street somewhere in the city which I haven't searched—though I doubt it. I have also inserted guarded advertisements in the local papers, imploring my dealer to communicate with me. So far as I can remember, he hardly gave me the impression of a man who was likely to take in *Punch*—but if this *should* meet his eye, he can have his money the moment he delivers the goods to me at the Hotel Domhof, No. 707. I feel quite sure there has merely been some unfortunate misunderstanding. Meanwhile, I warn all rival collectors that if they should purchase any of the articles above described they will do so at their peril. Morally, if not legally, they are *mine*—and I intend to have them.

F. A.

AN INSURANCE POLICY.

My dear and only love, before
The very solemn hour arrives
When we must join for evermore
Our tastes, our tempers, and our lives,
Let us insure a constant flow
Of rapture at its highest pitch
By settling down, through weal or woe,
To win the Dunmow Flitch.

Let that romantic trophy be
A shining beacon and a star
To keep us going strong, and free
From all demoralising jar,
And with benign, effulgent ray,
Set clear our cordial intent
From clouds on either side—we 'll say,
On yours, for argument.

If ever, through the coming year,
You feel a mood of dull distress,
The cause whereof may not appear
(Maybe the cook, or cussedness);
If there should come the moment when
You seem to lose your self-control,
And counting slowly up to ten
Fails to relieve your soul;

If you should feel insanely prone
To controversial debate
Till reason totters on her throne
From pure desire to aggravate;
If you would madly say, you *will*,
Merely because I hope you *won't*,
Dear, though it almost makes you ill,
Think of the Flitch, and don't.

Think of the prize which none can win
Save they can take their solemn oath
(And stick to it through thick and thin)
That, from the hour that sealed their troth,
Their life has passed serenely by
Without a pang in either heart—
A word disqualifies; a sigh
Upsets the apple-cart.

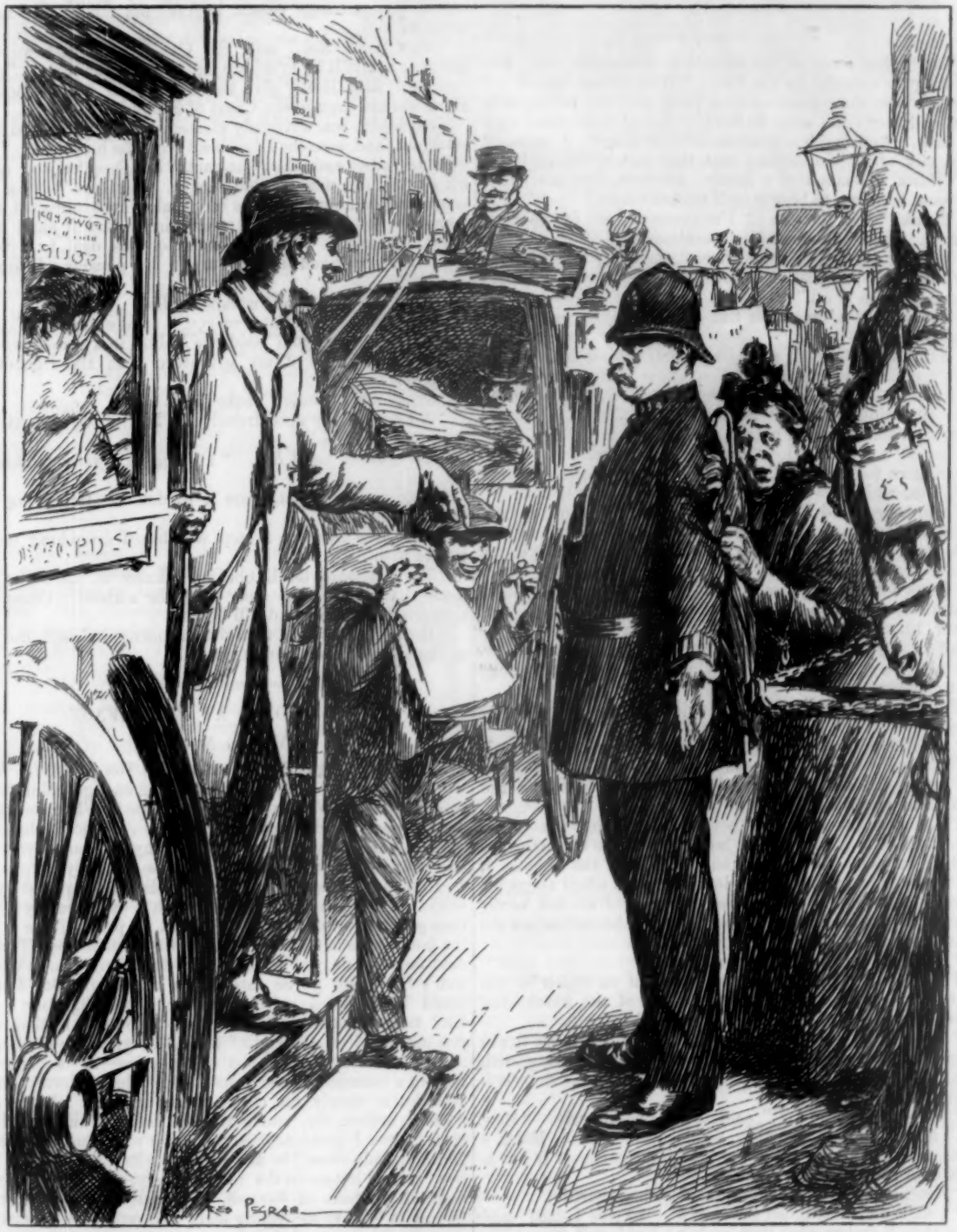
Let never discord pass our doors,
Nor temper mar our perfect bliss
By fault of mine—or, maybe, yours—
(Yours, darling, by hypothesis!)
Let the bright Flitch dissolve your heat,
And keep you, by our early vow,
Always as nice as—oh, my sweet,
As nice as you are now.

So shall our days be wholly fair;
And, when the year is safely through,
Down we will go to Dunmow's Mayor,
And take our oaths till all is blue;
Then will our praise be fitly psalmed
By men and maidens, far and nigh,
And we will have the Flitch embalmed,
To witness if we lie.

DUM-DUM.

Enthusiastic Motorist (*to Perfect Stranger*). *I* swear by petrol, Sir; always use it myself. Now what, may I ask, do *you* use? *Perfect Stranger.* Oats!

WE understand that Messrs. ADOLF BECK and G. R. SIMS are preparing a stage version of *The Forrest Lovers*.



SANCTUARY.

Conductor. "D'YER WANT A REFUGE, LIDY? STAND ON 'IS FEET!"

THE WHITE RABBIT.

CHAPTER IX.

The Boredom of Rob.

"THIS going away to the seaside is a mistake," said *Rob* one August evening to the Cat. "What's the use of it? They all lose their tempers over their packing before they start, and they don't seem to have recovered them when they get back. And besides, what do they do there? I've heard them talk about sea-bathing and that sort of thing, but I can't think it's much of a game. Anyhow, they never take me—just leave me to bore myself to death here."

"Thanks," said the Cat. "I'm much obliged for the compliment. Your politeness is extraordinary."

"My dear *Gamp*," protested *Rob*, "you really mustn't take everything as personal to yourself. I assure you I wasn't thinking of you at all."

"Thanks again," said the Cat. "Oh, pray go on. Don't mind me."

"Hang it all, *Gamp*," said *Rob*, fairly losing his temper, "you are most unreasonable. You know perfectly well that your society is about the only alleviation I have. It's even more charming when the family is away than it is at other times, and that's saying a good deal."

The Cat was mollified. "I think I know what you mean. I sometimes feel it myself, though, of course, I have resources within me which are not within the reach of everybody."

"You have," said *Rob*, anxious to repair his failure in tact, "you certainly have. Many's the time I've looked at you making circles after your own tail or scampering after leaves or bits of paper, and envied you."

"I was not alluding," said the Cat coldly, "to these slight relaxations in which I confess I occasionally indulge, but rather to those internal resources which are—ahem—the result of a good education and a wide experience of affairs. *I'm* never bored, my poor *Rob*; I'm not bored *now*, strange as it may appear."

She blinked blandly, but not without malice, at her companion.

"Look here, *Gamp*," said he. "I'm tired of talking rot."

"I hoped you would be, sooner or later," put in the Cat.

"I vote," he continued, "we look up young *Bunbutter*, and make him tell us a story."

The Cat acquiesced, and they proceeded together to the Rabbit's hutch. They found him in a morose and most unrabbity temper. He too was suffering from the absence of the family, and was not at all inclined to be silent about his grievances. The Cat felt there was need of all her *savoir faire*. She motioned *Rob* to be silent, and herself began the conversation:—

"Your Royal Highness," she said.

The Rabbit dropped a dry cabbage leaf on which he was pretending to feed, loped to the front of the hutch, and actually smirked.

"Your Royal Highness," she proceeded, "will no doubt agree with us when we observe that we are meeting with but small consideration at the hands of those whose duty it is to protect our interests."

"My sentiments to a T," said the Rabbit sharply. "Here am I left to myself day after day. SYBIL'S gone, MABEL'S gone, and only a coarse and unsympathetic gardener is left to look after me. I detest gardeners."

"Hear, hear!" said the Cat and *Rob* very heartily.

"I shall die," continued the Rabbit, "I know I shall; and then they'll realise what they've lost; but it will be too late then."

"And serve them right too," said the Cat. "If you die I shall die too."

"I shan't," said *Rob*.

"You're too fat," said the Cat.

"I may be," said *Rob*, "but I'm not going to die just before the partridge season begins—not much; and as for being fat—"

"That'll do, *Rob*," said the Cat, "you forget we were going to ask H.R.H. to relieve our tedium with a story."

"Yes," said *Rob*, "give us one of your best, something about the old days at the Court of Sablonia."

The Rabbit was obviously pleased, but he pretended to be reluctant, and scratched his head with his hind-foot. "You take me rather suddenly," he said, "and, besides, you revive my sorrow, my unspeakable sorrow, when you bid me discourse to you about the days of my glory now vanished, as it seems, for ever. Still, you mean kindly, and it shall never be said that the Prince of Sablonia was deaf to a polite request, even when it was urged by persons of humble station."

"He's fairly off now," whispered *Rob*.

"Hush!" said the Cat, "or you'll spoil everything."

"I will relate to you," said the Rabbit in a pompous voice, "the moving tale of my adventure with the Duchess of BANDUSIA."

"What's a Duchess?" asked *Rob*.

"A Duchess, my good friend, is a lady of the highest rank next to a Princess."

"Good lord!" said *Rob*. "I thought it was something to eat."

"*Rob*," said the Cat, "you'll pardon me for saying that you're a fool."

But at this moment a step was heard crunching on the gravel path.

"There!" said the Rabbit. "I knew it. It's the gardener. I can't tell the story when he's about. Come back to-morrow morning, and I'll begin."

"He'll lie awake all to-night inventing it," said the Cat, as she and *Rob* moved off together.

MR. BROWN AT BREAKFAST.

IV.—ON ATHLETICS.

So you're going back to school to-day, TOM, are you? Well, you can't say that you've not had long enough holidays *this* time. And at the end of the term I hope you'll have a prize or some sort of distinction to show . . . . good chance of getting your *what?* Your *cap?* Why, of course you will, and your tall hat, too—absurd nonsense for a boy of your age, *I* call it, but all necessary articles of clothing required by the school rules I'm most careful to—what's that you say? Ah, they *give* it to you, do they? A sort of prize, I take it, like the laurel-wreath they used to give the ancient—er—Trojans. And for what do you hope to earn this distinction? Well, it won't be if you go on eating jam like that. But I never heard before of a prize given for a good digestion . . . . Eh? then perhaps you'll have the goodness to explain what you mean by "inside right," instead of grinning like an owl . . . . And *that's* what you call a prize—to be chosen to play in a miserable game of football! This modern craze for athletics is simply the curse of the age . . . . I play it by doctor's orders, Sir, and golf is an *entirely* different thing. Never have I given anyone the right to include me among your "muddy elves," as Mr. KIPLING calls them. There have been several letters in the papers lately, showing plainly the degrading effects of football. Thousands of loafers congregate, I'm told, to see young men, who ought to be shooting air-guns for the good of their country, kick a wretched football over a bar . . . . why not? . . . . call it "soccer" or whatever other silly name you like, you said just now it was football . . . . ah, a paltry quibble, as I thought. Just let me read you a letter which I cut out of this week's *Rushlight*

. . . . yes, this is the part applying to you: "a rabble of schoolboys, each striving with brutalised vigour against his fellows" . . . . very likely, as you say, you wouldn't win a *foreign* match in that way, but I'm talking about England . . . . but I thought that was a grown-up men's club. You don't mean to say you play *them*? . . . . *Beat 'em to smithereens last year*? . . . . Tell us about it . . . . *Did* he? . . . . Splendid, by gad! . . . . three seconds before time, was it? . . . . Capital, capit—ahem. Ahem. You must *not* think that I approve of football, TOM. Far from it. Quite far from it . . . . Well, I must be off to town, so goodbye, my boy . . . . and you might just let me know the date of that match. I shall run down to see you in the course of the term, and that day might suit as well as another . . . . and, TOM . . . . there's what you call . . . . er, a "quid" waiting for you if you get made a . . . . a right inside. You needn't mention it to your mother. Good-bye.

CHARIVARIA.

BOTH the Russians and the Japanese have given promises that no fighting shall take place at the Royal tombs at Mukden. The Chinese Government is stated to have furnished each belligerent, in return, with a list of alternative sites for battles.

Mr. BALFOUR has gallantly helped to save some boys from drowning at Craigielaw. It will be interesting to see what the Liberal counter-stroke to this will be. It is rumoured that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has been seen intently watching the bathers at Brighton.

It is announced that there is every prospect of this being a plentiful champagne year. This is gratifying news for lovers of gooseberry wine, who have lately had to pay enhanced prices for their favourite drink.

A correspondent to the *Express* asks that the monkeys at the Zoo shall wear clothing. The writer of the letter has to be dressed. Why not the monkeys?

The City Corporation now issues certificates of excellence to such restaurants as comply with certain sanitary requirements, and it is said that one eating-house, anxious to qualify for the diploma, is advertising a sale of old chops and steaks at ridiculous prices for immediate clearance.

The Trades Unions have pronounced against the premium bonus system as pernicious and degrading, and calculated to place the British Workman on the same level as the Dirty Foreigner who filches the contracts from him.

Messrs. PUTNAM have published *A Defence of Bridge*. MACAULAY, it will be remembered, dealt with a similar subject in the *Lay of Ancient Rome* referring to one HORATIUS COCLES.

The iron discipline of the German Army shows no signs of relaxing. In the recent manœuvres, whichever side the EMPEROR commanded was invariably successful.

For cool impertinence, commend us to the Chinese Government. It is stated that missions are to be sent to St. Petersburg and Tokio to ask for Manchuria!



"THE PETTY DONE, THE UNDONE VAST."

Wife (quoting). "A MAN'S WORK'S FINISHED WITH THE SETTING SUN;
A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

Husband (brute). "QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR. I'VE OFTEN REMARKED THE OMISSION."

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

TRUTH is more of a stranger than fiction.

White lies may be charming when they are new, but they soon get black in London.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile, but the friend is often a fool; then where are you?

Very Frank and Accommodating.

COUNTRY Rector's son desires EMPLOYMENT; just left public school; fond of outdoor life and work (but this not essential).
Advt. in "Field."



GUILDERSTEIN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Guilderstein. "MISSED AGAIN! AND DAT FELLOW, HOGGENHEIMER, COMIN' ON MONDAY, TOO! WHY DID NOT I WIRE TO LEADENHALL FOR AN 'AUNCH, AS BETTY TOLD ME!"

TO THE MEMORY OF CHLOE.

[CHLOE, the young gorilla, late of the Zoo, has fallen a victim to our inhospitable climate. Readers will remember that her companion, VENUS, died only a few weeks ago.]

DEAR CHLOE, when I muse apart
On my delight in thee,
'Twas not thy looks that won my heart,
Thy matchless symmetrie;
These earned the just acclaims of Art,
But they were nought to me.

Perchance the rude exterior rind
Retained the public eye;
Such antics as the monkey kind
Consistently supply;
For me the beauties of the mind
Alone could signify.

To me thy small pathetic face,
Thy meditative air,
Revealed a soul replete with grace
And innocently fair;
And ah! methinks I marked a trace
Of prescient sorrow there!

And thou art dead! and gone, alas,
Where good gorillas go;
Fate (which removed young LYCIDAS)
Has likewise laid thee low:
He must possess a heart of brass
Who does not feel the blow.

Thee too disease's fatal scourge
Enveloped like a flame,
And I, who once had hoped to urge
Thy private claims to fame,
Now pen a melancholy dirge
Beneath thy luckless name.

Farewell, poor beast! no more thou 'lt win
The popular applause
By snatching bonnets placed within
The reach of agile paws,
And making off amid the din
Of underbred guffaws.

No more the errant flea thou 'lt seek
Amid the alien fur,
Or pouch within the ample cheek
Such foodstuffs as occur,
Or grab at some young babe and tweak
The nose of him (or her).

Thee matrons shall no more insult
With hard umbrella ends;
No more shall thy dear face exult
In nuts of various blends,
As once, before the sixteenth ult.
Dawned on thy stricken friends.

For thou hast sought the shadow land
Where no chill airs assail;
Dost gambol with a brother-band
About some ghostly vale;
And VENUS holds thee by the hand;
(She cannot hold thy tail!)

And thou, like others of thy race,
Dost sadly question why
Thy captors haled thee to a place
Where thou wast doomed to die;
And thou dost deem their conduct base,
And, CHLOE, so do I!

THE coming theatrical season at Harbin is expected to be a brilliant success. Meanwhile, the Russians are rather tired of playing K'ROKI.

THE THANET ELECTION.—To those in doubt, *vide re*-Marks in *The Times*.



ONE WHO KNOWS.

HEIR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS (*to* HEIR OF ITALY). "I SAY, YOUNG PIEDMONT, IF YOU 'LL TAKE AN OLDER MAN'S ADVICE, KEEP CLEAR OF THESE NASTY JUMPY TOYS. THEY GET ON YOUR NERVES."



PAT AND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE Ancient Order of Hibernians at Paterson, New Jersey, having unanimously resolved "to boycott all theatres, concerts, and music-halls where the Irishman is caricatured," a mass Meeting of eminent Irishmen was convened in London to determine whether or not to follow suit.

The Meeting was held in the Rotunda, Turnham Green, the chair being taken by the Drum-Major of the Kilties (height 7 feet, weight 275 lbs.). Among those present were Col. SAUNDERSON, M.P., Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. I. ZANGWILL, Mr. A. W. PINERO, Mr. GEORGE MOORE, and Mr. W. B. YEATS.

The CHAIRMAN, before making his introductory speech, proceeded to read in rich Canadian Doric several letters from absent sympathisers.

Mr. KIPLING, writing from the Canary Islands, said that *Terence Mulvaney* was drawn faithfully from life. Rather than hear him called a caricature, the writer was prepared to listen to the music of OFFENBACH. He did not know who it was who said that he preferred BACH often to OFFENBACH, but, whoever it was, he deserved a statue.

Lord ROSEBERY wrote as follows:—"I am entirely of opinion that the most delicate consideration should be shown by the predominant partner to the racial susceptibilities of the Celtic fringe. This I hope I have made sufficiently clear in my brief history of the Epsom Celts. I trust, however, that in view of the deplorable possibilities in Morocco opened up by the Anglo-French Agreement our dramatists will do their utmost to enlighten the public as to the true character of our neighbours across the Channel."

Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES wrote to say that in spite of all that had happened he did not despair of the British stage. If a National Theatre were established he was prepared to write a play in which every portion of the United Kingdom should be represented in the *dramatis personæ*. He was all for the *entente cordiale*, but he would never deviate from the vernacular in his dialogue. Though a Buckinghamshire man, he was proud of his Welsh descent, while his second name linked him with the hero of Tintagel and Camelot.

Mr. DOOLEY cabled: "Glad I cannot be with you to-night."

The CHAIRMAN (height 7 feet 3, weight 280 lbs.) then addressed the Meeting. They were assembled, he said, to ask themselves whether or not (1) the Irishman on the English stage was a caricature; and (2), whether or not they would stay away if he were. He might point out he had been invited to the chair as the most impartial person available, being a Scotch Canadian of unimpeachable longitude and avoirdupois. (*Loud cheers.*) With these words the Drum-Major resumed the chair and broke it.

[*Sensation.*

Mr. PINERO said that the Irishmen in his plays were invariably drawn from life. He had been to Ireland for the purpose; indeed, he was himself of Irish extraction (*Hear, hear*), his name being really O'PINER, but the O had in the course of years rolled round to the other end. (*Shame!*) He had serious thoughts of restoring it to its right place. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, M.P., said that he was not surprised that Irishmen were unfairly treated on the stage. They were unfairly treated everywhere. In the whole pageant of time there was nothing to compare with the brutalities of the Saxon to the Celt. Personally he never entered a theatre, for he knew that he would set foot there only to receive another stab in the heart, and lose his head in the struggle. But his advice to the Meeting was, whenever they saw a head to hit it, irrespective of age, quality, or condition.

The CHAIRMAN (height, 7 feet 6, weight, 285 lbs.) interpolated the remark that the Meeting was intended to be of a peaceable non-polemical character. If, however, on a show of hands a majority declared itself for fun, he was prepared to take his part. (*Furore.*)



THE MILITARY PERIL.

Old Lady (to member of Signaling Section, who has just commenced to reply to a message). "YOUNG MAN, IF YOU THINK TO ALARM ME BY WAGGING THOSE FLAGS ABOUT, YOU ARE VERY MUCH MISTAKEN!"

Mr. GEORGE MOORE at this point rose to make a few remarks in Erse, which were translated by Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE amid the enthusiastic silence of the company.

A return to business was made by Mr. W. B. YEATS, who said that, speaking as the modern St. Patrick, he would ask the Meeting to be lenient towards stage representatives of Irishmen. His own plays were full of them. If they seemed exaggerated to the audience it was the fault of the actors. No Irishman would caricature a brother. The actors, however, were often Saxons, incapable of the finer feelings. Yet, happy the man, no matter of what nationality, who had the privilege now and then of impersonating an Irishman. [*Cheers.*

The CHAIRMAN remarked that it was not only the representation of Irishmen that conferred distinction on an actor. What about Scotch-Canadians? Eh? But no actor had dared to attempt to impersonate the speaker. [*A voice,* "LITTLE TICH!"

Mr. GEORGE MOORE again spoke at this point, during his remarks the refreshment interval being taken.

Mr. I. ZANGWILL said that the Jews had some right to complain of their treatment on the stage. From *Shylock* downwards they had been depicted as conscienceless vampires. But the stage Irishman was a jovial person, whose only fault—if he had one—was exuberance. If he demanded new treatment he would be bound to suffer. Take away his brogue, his dhudeen and his shillelagh, and you would leave him as eligible for villainy as any other man. Leave him these insignia and he would remain genial and comic.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW said that no one had a better right than he to speak of stage Irishmen, for he was one himself. (*Sensation.*) It was necessary for dramatists to be caricaturists, otherwise the British public would never pay any attention. His own plays consisted always of two versions, one for England with all the stupid exaggerations left in, and one for Ireland with everything unnecessary taken out. If an Irishman did not say "Begorra!" no English audience would stand him.

Col. SAUNDERSON, M.P., said that he was not aware that Irishmen were unfairly treated on the stage. His own belief was that it was impossible to caricature an Irishman. You could not caricature a caricature. [Riot lasting for ten minutes, necessitating the interference of the Chairman (height 8 feet, weight 300 lbs.)]

During these proceedings Mr. GEORGE MOORE again addressed the company in Erse, assisted by pantomime. Dr. DOUGLAS HYDE again translated.

On the return of the Chairman to the platform Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., rose to make what he called a sporting offer. If Ireland, he said, was aggrieved he would make the playwright a present of Wales. Wales wanted advertisement. Let comic Welshmen, or wicked Welshmen, he did not mind which, be the new popular character. Let the Irishman have a rest. (*Chorus of audience:* "Never. We would rather be caricatured than be ignored.")

Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW, rising again, pointed out that here, as elsewhere, SHAKSPEARE had been the arch offender, heaping ridicule impartially on Welshmen, Jews, and Italians. He, the speaker, had done what he could to redress the balance, but many old scores still remained to be wiped out. He intended to go on until the scandal was removed. [*Great enthusiasm.*

The Meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, who under its influence was observed to increase his height to 8 feet 6, and his weight to 310 lbs.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(*With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.*)

No. I.—WHY MR. CHAMBERLAIN TAKES NO EXERCISE.

By way of preliminary I may briefly state that I am a citizen of the Argentine Republic, the son of a Russian Buriat and a Mæso-Gothic dolichocephalic Princess, that I was born in Tipperusalem on the same day of the same month—though not the same year—as Prince BISMARCK, and that after successively and successfully embracing the callings of cowboy, hairdresser, pianotuner, artificial eye-maker, and calves'-foot-jelly-manufacturer, I entered the service of the International Detective Agency at the age of twenty-eight with an equipment of seventeen languages, an iron constitution, and a Brasenose fellowship. I may add that from early childhood I had been consumed with a passion for criminal investigation, and that my favourite authors are Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX and Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

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No one who has seen Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN and noticed the extraordinary elasticity—if I may say so, the corkiness—of his gait can have failed to wonder at the strange but notorious fact that he is a total abstainer from every form of active or athletic exercise.

The true reason of this unusual but not life-long abstinence is only known to three persons. One of them perished in an attempt to cross the Channel in a bath-chair on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; the second is the Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P.; the third is the present writer.

Some thirty years ago, when Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was already a leader of the municipal life of Birmingham, and was occupying the mayoral office with unparalleled lustre, the athletic world was greatly excited by the wonderful achievements of a mysterious runner known as "the masked sprinter." He could give the best amateurs ten yards in a hundred, and invariably swept the board at the Midland handicap meetings. A slim spare man, with rather sloping shoulders, he had a turn of speed that was simply miraculous. But what lent their chief mystery to his performances was the fact that he ran in a mask and anonymously. No one knew what his name was or where he lived. He had no trainer, and always smoked a large cigar as he went to the starting-post. After the race was over he seemed to vanish away, leaving behind him an exquisite aroma of the finest *magnifico Pomposos* mingled with the fragrance of the rarest orchids.

Simultaneously with the excitement aroused by this astounding athlete, great anxiety was created amongst the friends of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN by his frequent and inexplicable disappearances from Birmingham. Political opponents ascribed them to dealings with Nihilists; rumour was rife; and at last Mr. JESSE COLLINGS could bear the strain no longer, and telegraphed to the International Detective Agency, "Send Best Man immediately." In half-an-hour from the receipt of the telegram I was speeding from Euston in a faultless frock-coat and lavender kid gloves. My powers of prescience have seldom been at fault, but here it was impossible for me to anticipate the actual nature of the task that awaited me.

On reaching Birmingham I chartered a private brougham, bought two pounds of rice at the nearest grocer's, provided the driver with a wreath of orange blossoms, and tore off to Edgbaston. But the moment I set eyes on Mr. COLLINGS I was convinced that the business I had come about was of no matrimonial kind. He was greatly distressed, his eyes were red with weeping, and his whiskers so dishevelled as to make the resemblance to Dr. IBSEN—another of my clients—more striking than ever.

"Do not sit down," he gasped. "Time presses." And then he told me of the strange disappearances of his beloved friend, and the growth of a powerful cabal to deprive him of the insignia of office and hurl him from public life. "It will kill me," moaned Mr. COLLINGS, "unless we can find some way out."

Keeping my eye fixed on him I observed nonchalantly, "I suppose you would like to know where he goes and what he does on these occasions?"

The bait took at once.

"Yes," cried the eminent statesman, "you must follow him, track him down at all hazards and all costs, and save him from danger, possibly disgrace."

He blew his nose noisily to hide his emotion, thrust a great *rouleau* of notes into my hand, lit a choice Borneo cigar, and rushed hastily from the breakfast parlour.

At 11 P.M. that night, disguised in the corduroys of the assistant gardener, whom I had drugged and safely deposited in the melon frame, I was ensconced in the inner orchid house at Highbury, waiting for the dawn. There was a great athletic meeting at Wolverhampton the next day, and I had drawn my own deductions.

Two and then three chimed from the neighbouring church tower before I heard the sound of a key grating in the lock, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stole into the orchid house. He was simply clad in a suit of purple pyjamas, with the mayoral chain gracefully slung round his neck. In one hand he carried a suit-case, and in the other a dark lantern. He had come to take a glimpse at his beloved flowers before starting for Wolverhampton.

"What are you doing in my orchid house?" he asked, with a dangerous gleam in his eye.

Before I had time to reply he suddenly uttered a smothered ejaculation, fell on his knees, and, seizing my right hand, respectfully kissed a ring on my little finger.

The ornament which excited this extraordinary demonstration was one given me thirteen years previously by a Georgian Countess at Tiflis, whom I had saved from the *bastinado* at some personal inconvenience. She begged me never to remove it from my finger, as it was a talisman which would one day save my life. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like the KAISER, is a great connoisseur of gems, and the lustre of the stone—a splendid Trebizond sapphire—drove all homicidal thoughts out of his head.

Without paying any further attention to his question I observed quietly, "That was a fine finish of yours at Hanley last Friday in the open 100 yards, when you smothered TREPPLIN on the tape."

He staggered like a man who had been stung by a centipede, and sat down heavily on a large flower-pot.

"How did you find me out?" he queried in a sharp, pained voice.

"I am TOSCHER—TOSCHER the detective," I answered simply.

"Well," he rejoined, "it is at least some consolation to me to have been discovered by you and you alone. But what would you of me?"

The strong man was as wax in my hands.

"Drop the running path," I said, in a low, thrilling whisper. "I know the fascination, the sense of triumph as you breast the tape a winner. But you are cut out for greater things. *Majora canamus. Hic labor, hoc opus est. Quousque tandem?*"

He wavered; then, with a sudden gesture of acquiescence, hissed out, "Then it must be all or nothing. If I give up running, I must give up dancing, lawn-tennis, water-polo — everything. Oh, 'tis hard," he broke out with a sudden flash of prophetic instinct, "that I of all people should live to lead a Seddontory existence."

"Give them up," I insisted. "Go the whole hog. Cement the Empire, and save JESSE COLLINGS's life."

That last appeal went home. He clutched my hand, and murmuring brokenly, "I promise," handed me the suit-case, which contained his running kit, shoes and mask, and set out with me then and there, in the chill grey dawn, to enlighten and reassure his lifelong and devoted friend.

So much fuss about *Hans*, the learned horse, is quite disproportionate. Have we so soon forgotten the Spelling Bee?



PREHISTORIC SHAKSPEARE.—No. 3. "MACBETH."

"INFIRM OF PURPOSE!
GIVE ME THE DAGGERS."—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

"ANOTHER PAIR OF SLEEVES."

TIME was, not very long ago,
When MABEL's walking-skirt
Trailed half-a-yard behind to show
How well she swept the dirt.
But "short and sweet" are in again;
No more the grievance rankles,
For MABEL's now curtailed her train
And shows her dainty ankles.

But MABEL has a thrifty mind.
To supplement her charms,
The frills that once she wore behind
She fastens on her arms.
Her sleeves are made in open bags
Like trousers in the Navy;
No more she sweeps the streets, but drags
Her sleeve across the gravy.

AT Lincoln Lord ROSEBERY said:—"Had the Government manfully chosen to declare themselves either Free-traders or Protectionists they might have fallen, but they would have fallen with honour. But now, how will they fall?"

On inquiry at the offices of the Tariff Reform League, Our Representative was informed that the correct answer to this riddle is, "On their feet."

A DIFFERENCE OF CLASS.

I AM glad to get up on deck once more after a combined tea and supper, of which I could have partaken quite heartily had not each of its items (except the watercress, which claimed attention for other reasons) been so obtrusive a memento of the engine-room. I thread my way across the crowded deck past where the gentleman in the grey yachting-cap, whose party joined the boat on the way down at Gravesend, still stands with his eyes half shut and a glass of whiskey in one hand, addressing to the passengers in general the same song about his mother. Not without some difficulty I secure a seat by the rail, a young lady of a highly scented presence accommodatingly squeezing a little closer to her escort in order to make room for me.

Southend has been left far behind, and level banks have closed in upon us on either side. Singularly desolate looks the long black line of the Essex shore, with a small round sun hanging low over it and casting a narrow red pathway across the water. Lighting a cigarette I sit and idly watch the shining pathway sliding obliquely along in pace with the boat as we steam on towards Gravesend. Behind me our friend of the grey yachting-cap continues to assure us of his love for his grey-haired mother.

"I say, old man——"

I look up. Standing before me is a large young man with a very flabby white face and a very spiky black moustache. He is dressed in a double-breasted serge suit, white boots, a brown hat of the variety known as "Trilby," and an immense white satin Ascot tie splashed with red and pierced by a large pin, which gives the whole affair the look of a surgical operation. With a much-bejewelled hand he points in the direction of the seated figure of the scented young lady.

"I say, old man, you might just keep an eye on *that* while I go an' get a tiddley, will you?"

I must confess to showing some confusion at this embarrassing invitation, whereupon the young lady, glancing from me to her escort, murmurs deprecatingly, "What a cheek!" adding that the seat won't run away. Awaking to my mistake I hasten to assure him of my good offices, and he retires towards the saloon-stairs with a jocose injunction to the young lady to "Be good," which leaves me the prey of a renewed embarrassment.

The gentleman in the grey yachting-cap has been joined from below by the rest of his party, and has deserted the theme of his mother in favour of a more congenial chorus about a lodger who, we are given to understand, is a fair caution at mopping up the sherbet. I turn my attention to the river once more and watch a little fleet of red-sailed barges drift one by one across the shining pathway, the figures upon their decks blurred and mysterious against the setting sun. As the last of them disappears in our wake, the young lady by my side gives presage of original powers of conversation by observing that it is getting mild.

I admit this and at the same time notice our friend of the grey yachting-cap approaching us, glass in hand, plainly with a design upon the vacant seat. True to my trust I explain to him the situation.

"Seat engaged?" he repeats.—"Just squeeze a little nearer your young lady. Room for a little one."



"DOES YOUR MOTOR KNOW YOU 'RE OUT?"

Fortunately I am here relieved of an arduous task by the return of the flabby young man, who seats himself in his old place and, addressing me as "old boy," remarks that there are a queer lot of outsiders on board to-day.

"Common lot," assents the lady. "They used to be so select too, these boats."

"I really don't know what things are coming to nowadays——" begins the young man, but is here suddenly interrupted by the gentleman in the yachting-cap, who for the past moment or two has been standing contemplating him with an expression of hazy meditation.

"Wodder you reckon your weight is?" he inquires irrelevantly.

The young man looks up and regards him with indignant astonishment.

"Wodder you reckon your weight is?" repeats Yachting Cap. "Where do I come in on that there seat, eh?"

"There 's no room here," returns the young man shortly.

Yachting Cap regards him for a moment or two contemplatively.

"Keep ter the point," he says slowly. "The point is—wodder you reckon your weight is?"

The young man makes no reply.

"There 's the sorterfeller," muses Yachting Cap, addressing nobody in particular, "wot takes up all the room an' don't leave none fer respectable people."

Meanwhile the rest of the convivial party have ceased a shuffling sort of dance and gathered round, mopping the perspiration from their faces.

"Sorterfeller," continues Yachting Cap, supplying fuel to his grievance, "oughter pay extra. I ask 'im civil question wot 'is weight is. Why don't the authorities do somethin'? Becos they don' want to. Lookatheweightofim. They connive at it. Sorterfeller oughtn't ter be allowed take seats."

Here one of his party, a shaggy-looking personage with a bottle sticking out of his pocket, is moved to put in his word.

"There 'e is in the seat though, ain't 'e?" he remarks thoughtfully. "*You* couldn't put 'im out of it, ole man."

By this time conversation has been hushed all round, and the indignant young man is the focus of everybody's attention. Yachting Cap surveys him with a calculating eye. After a moment or two he speaks.

"P'raps not," he replies guardedly. "But my ole woman could."

"*You* couldn't," repeats the shaggy man triumphantly.

Again Yachting Cap slowly appraises the uncomfortable young man with his eye.

"Look at the muscle on 'im," he remarks hesitatingly.

"Go orn!" exclaims the shaggy man. "That ain't muscle. It 's fat."

"It 's muscle, I tell yer," returns Yachting Cap. "Look at it on 'is calves there. Like whipcord."

The young man, who has just crossed his legs with an assumption of ease, uncrosses them hastily—then, thinking better of it, crosses them again with an attempt at nonchalance.

"Like whipcord," repeats Yachting Cap. "You feel it."

By a sudden involuntary movement the young man uncrosses his legs again, and draws the white boots uneasily under the seat.

"It 's fat, I tell yer," repeats the shaggy man. "Just look at it on 'is cheeks!"

The outraged young man has begun a sickly pretence of a conversation with his companion, thus drawing upon her a good deal of attention, for which she

does not seem to be at all grateful. Yachting Cap turns to the shaggy man with a change of front.

"Look 'ere," he observes, "you say I won't put 'im out of 'is seat?"

"I say yer *can't*," replies the other.

"Woddyer *bet* I can't?" demands Yachting Cap.

The young man suddenly stops short in some disconnected remarks, and regards the shaggy man apprehensively.

"I 'll 'ave a tanner on it," says the shaggy man with enthusiasm.

"Let 's see yer money," says Yachting Cap cautiously.

Here a cadaverous-looking man in cracked patent leather boots obligingly offers to act as stake-holder, and the two sixpences are deposited in his keeping. Yachting Cap drains his glass and places it carefully upon the deck. The young man gazes wildly about him.

"Fair an' square now," observes the shaggy man. "You 've got ter put 'im out of 'is seat proper. No persuading of 'im ter come quiet. It 's got ter be done by *force*. Otherwise it don't count. That 's right enough, CHARLIE, ain't it?"

The cadaverous man nods resourcefully.

Yachting Cap is engaged with much deliberation in removing his coat and waistcoat.

"WILL!" exclaims the scented young lady, rising and addressing her escort in a hurried whisper. "WILL! Come away!"

The young man rises and looks round him.

"If I hadn't got a lady with me——" he remarks.

"Come away, WILL!" repeats his companion.

"If you'd care to wait for me up the other end——" he begins, but the lady is already walking off forward. The young man turns promptly and follows her, pausing to inform a little group of strangers that it is a difficult thing to know what to do when you 've got a girl with you. Yachting Cap has paused, with his waistcoat half off, and is watching his opponent's retreat in a bewildered sort of way. Suddenly he turns to the shaggy man.

"'E 's left 'is seat!" he exclaims triumphantly.

"Yes, but you didn't *put* 'im out of it," returns the other punctiliously. "That was the bet. You 'ad ter put 'im out of it. Ask ole CHARLIE."

The stake-holder supports this view. For a moment Yachting Cap regards his friends hazily. Then, snatching the sleeve of his coat from the deck, he lurches off after the retreating figure of the young man, the coat trailing on the deck behind him.

"'Ere, 'ere!" he cries, every feature expressing aggrieved protest. "*Wait a minute!*"

His party hasten after him, a little group of interested observers bringing up the rear. At the top of the saloon-stairs Yachting Cap overtakes his prey.

"'Ere, wait a minute!" he protests in injured terms. "There 's *money* on this!"

"WILL!" cries the scented young lady. "Why don't you speak to the Captain?"

Yachting Cap has turned to the shaggy man.

"Woddyer bet I don't put 'im down the saloon-stairs?" he suggests.

"That wasn't the bet," returns the other, firmly. "I betted you wouldn't put 'im out of 'is seat. An' you ain't done it."

"Make it the saloon-stairs, ole man," here puts in a fair-minded member of the party. "You ain't giving 'im a chance. Be a sportsman. Fair 's fair any day."

"I stick ter my bet," observes the shaggy man resolutely. "'E 's got ter put 'im out of 'is seat ter win the bet."

The young man and his companion have doubled and are walking off aft again. Once more Yachting Cap starts off in pursuit with his coat, the rest following in his train. As he goes he waxes more and more indignant with his quarry.

"Why can't yer sit down?" he cries. "There 's *money* on this. D'yer want ter prevent a pore man makin' sixpence?"

The young man and his companion at the head of the procession continue their march down the deck, the cynosure of all eyes. Yachting Cap seems to find the way that he is being treated quite intolerable.

"Sixpence may be nothink ter you," he shouts bitterly, "but it 's somethink ter me. I 'ave ter *work* for *my* livin'!"

"ANY MORE FOR GRAVESEND?" shouts an unexpected stentorian voice.

Yachting Cap's party suddenly awake to their position, and, turning, stampede towards the gangboard.

"Come on, 'ARREE!" shouts the fair-minded man over his shoulder. "The boat 's going off!"

"D' yer call yerself a *sportsman?*" demands Yachting Cap of the young man. For a moment he awaits an answer, then turns and walks off towards the gangboard, still dragging his coat after him.

"Come on, if you're comin'," exclaims the disgusted official. "Want a private launch, some of yer."

Yachting Cap reaches the gangboard, and, pausing with one foot on it, turns towards the boat.

"You 're a spoil-sport!" he shouts. "That 's wot you are. A sp——"

But at this moment the official suddenly tilts the gangboard towards the pier, with the result that the speaker takes an involuntary run down it, and makes a violent arrival among a little group of friends. The gangboard is pulled in, the paddle-wheel revolves, and the space between the boat and the pier widens.

"A spoil-sport!" shouts Yachting Cap, recovering his balance, and shielding his mouth with his hands. "A *spoil-sport!*"

Gradually the steamer draws away. The party on the pier have broken out into song once more. Yachting Cap,



POP! POP!

(SCENE—*Restaurant in Switzerland.*)

Tourist (to Manager, who knows English). "THERE ARE TWO BOTTLES OF WINE IN OUR BILL. WE HAD ONLY ONE BOTTLE."

Manager. "ACH, HE IS A NEW WAITER, AND ZEE CONFOUNDED ECHO OF ZEE MOUNTAIN MUST HAVE DECEIVED ZEE GARÇON."

still holding his coat by the sleeve, has turned his back on the boat, and is swelling the chorus. I turn from the rail and find the flabby young man beside me.

"What would you have done, old boy?" he inquires. "Suppose I'd punched the chap, he'd probably have given me in charge for assault. I felt inclined to, you know, but it's not good enough. I've been had that way before. I remember one night I'd been up West with some of the boys—round the town on the fair ran-dan—*you* know what I mean—an' a feller came up to me . . . ."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron can recommend *At the Sign of the Barber's Pole*, by WILLIAM ANDREWS, published by J. R. TUTIN, of Cottingham, Yorkshire, as an instructive book of entertainment for man and barber. *Ecce signum!* It is a history of shaving and hairdressing generally, from the most barberous times up to the present day. What was the origin of the pole in front of the barber's shop? Was it because the eminent Cardinal of that name was a patron of the craft? On the visit of Cardinal POLE to Rome was this red and white flagstaff, with a crown atop, erected over the Barberini Palace where his Eminence was wont to take up his abode? Did ever a barber stand for Parliament and come in atop of his own pole? Mr. ANDREWS tells us how HENRY THE EIGHTH was as good a patron of the barber's block as he was of the headsman's, and he reproduces HOLBEIN'S picture of Bluffing King HAL receiving the Barber-Surgeons, all kneeling, and giving them a charter. The Hairdressers did not do much for HENRY in return, who—being of a very violent temper—couldn't keep his hair on, and was bald while yet in the prime of life. Mr. ANDREWS acknowledges his obligation to *Notes and Queries* and a variety of other learned works. He enlivens his erudition with quips, cranks, light and hairy jests, and his many stories of old and young shavers are illustrated with cuts. Among his many apt quotations he does not record the couplet in one of somebody's burlesques—was it H. J. BYRON'S?—which runs thus:—

Lady. Aha! you are the hairdresser, I see.
Stranger. Beg pardon, Mum, hair you hairdressing *me*?

Perhaps the author might like to add this and many another pun on LAMB'S prize pun to his second edition.

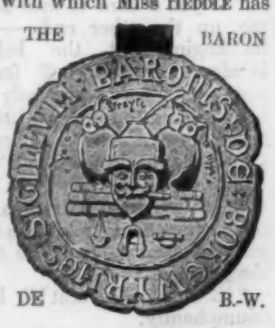


DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The letters written to his wife by WILBUR CHAMBERLIN during his expedition to China on behalf of the *New York Sun* have been collected, and are published on this side of the Atlantic by Messrs. METHUEN. The occasion of the journey was the Boxer uprising of 1900. My Baronite had not the opportunity of seeing the newspaper work. But if it was as brightly written as are these letters, meant for the home circle, the standard of American journalism was well maintained. Whether in Japan, Shanghai, Tientsin, Pekin, London, or Carlsbad, the newspaper-man's quick eye saw everything, his pen with graphic touches recording his observations. It is just possible that one gets a more vivid impression of daily life in China from these informal letters than might be derived from others predestined for print. The journey ends in tragedy. Mr. CHAMBERLIN, homeward bound, yearning for sight of wife and children, was taken ill in London and ordered to Carlsbad. There, cheerful and courageous to the last, he, after brief stay, died. On board the steamer that carried him from the scene of his completed labours he wrote, "I am coming home, and that's the important point." His last home was found in the little Austrian town.

It is not easy to suspect so sedate and responsible an institution as the house of BLACKWOOD of indulgence in a practical joke. Nevertheless, conscientiously reading through *Jan Van Dyck*, my Baronite has been haunted by the idea. The scene of the story is laid in Holland. There is no printed testimony as to whether J. MORGAN-DE-GROOT indulged his fancy in his native tongue or whether the English reader profits by a translation. However that be, the reason for the existence of the book is inscrutable. Its literary style is reminiscent of *Sandford and Merton*, whilst in point of dramatic interest it is only a shade less interesting than that classic. Here is a specimen of whole pages. The hero whilst yet a boy comes into a fortune, and is taken by his guardian to be clothed as becomes his new estate. They enter a tailor's shop: "'Measure!' shouted the shopman, and a man came forward from some dark recess and bowed. 'No. 3 is vacant,' he said. 'Please follow us,' said the tailor to *Mr. Bentick*. 'I suppose you mean me, too?' asked *Jan* timidly. 'If you please,' said the tailor, and *Jan* followed the others into a little room with a large mirror, where the tailor passed his measuring tape all over him and called out figures which the other man jotted down in a big book." In turn *Jan* is conducted to a hatter's, a shoemaker's, and a hairdresser's, where the process of purchase is described in similar detail. If this is the way novels are written in Holland, the sooner the dykes break or the conquering Spaniards return the better.

For a novel of excellent humour, shrewd insight and admirable characterisation, commend me, says my Assistant Reader, to *The Town's Verdict*, by ETHEL F. HEDDLE (BLACKIE AND SON). The scene is laid in St. Andrews, that grey delightful old town of the north with which Miss HEDDLE has previously shown an intimate acquaintance. To be sure, Miss HEDDLE prefers in the book to call it St. Rule's, but the disguise is slight and can deceive no one. From beginning to end the interest of the story is most skilfully maintained. *Mrs. Balgarnie* is a character worthy to rank with the best in recent fiction, and there are others, as for instance *Major Brewster* and *Col. Seton*, drawn with a hand equally sure. Altogether a most refreshing novel.



REVOLT OF "THE DAUGHTERS OF ERIN."—The following advertisement, which recently appeared in the *Freem[illegible]'s Journal*, has caused widespread dismay among the Dubli[illegible] arrison:—"Six young Generals wanted. Meet ladies Freem[illegible] Registry."

ALL ALIVE O!

The triumph of old-fashioned farce, farce pure and simple—farce thoroughly English, owing nothing to any French or German original—has been re-established by the genuine success of Mr. Jacobs' *Beauty and the Barge*, put into dramatic form by Louis N. Parker, and played at the New Theatre for all it is worth (and this will amount to a tidy sum at the end of the long run that may with safety be predicted for it) by Mr. Cyril Maude and the first-rate company he has got together for this particular work. Mr. Cyril Maude, admirably made up, impersonates the elderly, gay, seductive, ready-witted *Captain James Barley*, of the barge *Heart in Hand*, to perfection: that is, taking for granted the absolute correctness of Mr. Jacobs' portraiture of a class, with which it is unlikely that one in a hundred among the audience is so thoroughly acquainted as to be able to claim the right of special and particular criticism. Never having met a *Captain James Barley*, I can only express my confidence in Mr. Jacobs' description and Cyril Maude's impersonation of him as together constituting a faithful picture of a real existing type, just as much as were *Cap'en Cuttle* and *Jack Bunsby*, whom we accept on the authority of Charles Dickens. In representing this superior Bargee Mr. Cyril Maude has added another excellent portrait to his already well-stocked gallery of dramatic characters.

In this farcical piece the dialogue is of minor importance as long as it is characteristic and as long as the bustling action is never for one single instant allowed to flag. Were pretty and lively Miss Jessie Bateman, as the *ingénue Ethel Smedley*, and her lover *Lieutenant Seton Boyne, R.N.* (a difficult part extremely well played by Mr. Kenneth Douglas), to allow themselves to drop into sentiment for one single moment, the change of tone, and of the *tempo* at which dialogue and action have to be taken, would be fatal to a piece that must be played lightly and at high pressure from first to last. This is also true of the second pair of lovers, *Herbert Manners* and *Lucy Dallis*, rendered in the same lively manner by Mr. Marsh Allen and Miss Rita Jolivet, with just as much reality put into their love-making as the exigencies of the go-ahead business of the stage will allow.

Mr. E. M. Robson as the diminutive *George Porter*, the plucky little landlord of the "Old Ship," and husband of its fascinating landlady (delightfully impersonated by clever Miss Mary Brough) is immense. Then the way in which Miss Mary Brough, in a temper, bangs down on the bar counter *Captain Barley's* pint of stout, splashing him all over as if by the merest accident, is something to see. The fights, the hustling, the accordion playing, the dancing, the amusing assumption of the outward physical signs of some mysteriously sudden illness by *Tom Codd* (Mr. Lennox Pawle), send the Second Act along amid continuous outbursts of laughter, testifying to the thorough enjoyment of a crammed and enthusiastic house.

Mr. Edmund Maurice as the irascible *Major Smedley*, a character not by any means new to farce, starts the fast and furious fun in the opening scene of the First Act; and all the others, in their degree, including Miss Adela Measor representing *Mrs. Smedley*, the one absolutely quiet person in the piece, keep the game alive without a moment's pause. Solidly absurd is Mr. Frederick Volpé as *John Dibbs*, the Major's gardener; while Mrs. Charles Calvert as the woe-begone love-lorn housekeeper, *Mrs. Baldwin*, has only to look the part in order to set the merriment going. All the minor characters stand out distinctly and find excellent representatives in Messrs. Littledale Power, A. G. Onslow, J. B. Fox, J. H. Brewer, and R. Eyre.

The rehearsals of this ultra-farcical piece, with but a very slight plot, have evidently been admirably managed, as they will always be where so thorough an artist as Mr. Cyril Maude is in command of the stage, and, consequently, its run, as quite an exceptional success, is secured for a long time to come.



AT A WET CROSSING;

Or, "Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

HONEST RELUCTANCE.

My dear, when I met you a summer ago,
I found you so dainty, so pretty and sweet,
That long I debated on whether or no
To lay down my hand and my heart at your feet;
But *I* had got used to a bachelor life,
And *you* were as lively as lively could be,
So I didn't—I thought you might prove, as a wife,
A trifle too jumpy for me.

And now that I've watched you and seen what you are
I know that your heart is as true as your eyes,
Your spirit as lofty and clear as a star,
And gladly, oh, gladly I'd try for the prize;
But *my* youth has left me alone in a groove,
And *yours* is so fresh and deliciously new
That I dare not—I fear that, for life, I should prove
A trifle too stodgy for you. Dum-Dum.

Appropriate Shakspearian Quotation for M. Adolf Beck.—"Double, double, toil and trouble."

"THE GROWING HANDICAP OF MARRIAGE."

[In these lines, which do not necessarily reflect his own views, the author ventures to assume the attitude of a certain correspondent to the *Times*, who, in a recent letter under the above heading, passed some severe strictures upon the Modern Wife. His diatribe included the following remarks:—"The vapid insipidities, the idle tittle-tattle that too often do duty for conversation, disgust, if they do not bore, the man whose business life is something more serious than a round of frivol and drivel. . . . . The clever man may no more make a clever remark than the cricketer may bowl right-handed to the lady cricketer. Oh for an hour of the ancient *Salons!*"]

'Tis not her love of gaudy gear,
Her hopeless vanity of heart,
Her passion, vulgar but sincere,
To earn the epithet of "smart;"
These foibles—fatuous, I admit—
Might pass as relatively venial,
If only in the sphere of Wit
She proved a shade less uncongenial.

Her damnably expensive taste
In frills and feathers, fronts and toques,
Could, by a sacrifice, be faced
Had she the sense to see my jokes;
But as for any answering sign
When I throw off a scintillation—
I might be casting pearls to swine,
They 'd show as much appreciation.

Could Woman grasp the views of men
Upon the *rôle* of perfect wife,
What hopes a husband nurses when
He launches out on married life,
She might contrive to get her brain
Equipped with intellectual tackle,
And spare her lord the constant strain
Of driveling, frivoling, hen-roost cackle.

When I return, at four or so,
Engrossed with Duty's strenuous grind,
I wish to bandy *jeux-de-mots*
In converse with a kindred mind;
Hit by a slump in "Dover A.,"
A wild *canard*, a wanton rumour,
I 'd like to wash my cares away
With jets of swift responsive humour.

Oh *salon*-days! O golden times
When Wit would wed with *femmes d'esprit*,
And armed with neat impromptu rhymes
Always came home to repartee;
When women sat by Humour's throne,
And, all alert to wrest his laurels,
In each department held their own,
Even including that of morals.

Those days are over. Life has shed
Its Attic salt, its vernal sap
(As all will gather who have read
Me on the "Marriage Handicap");
And, therefore, when to wife and home
I hear a husband murmur *Vale!*
I know just why he wants to roam:
I sympathise with poor "*Bill Bailey*"! O. S.

More Infant Prodigies.

The Chapel-en-le-Frith Horticultural Society recently offered 5*s.*, 3*s.*, 2*s.*, and 1*s.* for an exhibit which the Prize Catalogue specifies as follows: "Best Loaf of Bread, baked by a Cottager (three days old)."

THE WHITE RABBIT.

Chapter X.

The Adventure of the Prince with the Duchess of Bandusia.

When his audience had been assembled on the following morning the White Rabbit began his story:—

"I will not weary you," he said in his loftiest and most condescending tone, "with all the details of my life in my father's splendid Court. Let it suffice that at the age of fifteen I was noted not merely for the beauty of my person and my strength but also for the mental powers that I was able to bring to bear on every subject submitted to me."

"Did they submit many?" asked the Cat.

"That question," said the Rabbit, "shows how ignorant you are of the usages of Courts."

"I daresay," said the Cat. "I only thought fifteen was a bit young, you know. But no doubt I'm wrong."

"You are," said the Rabbit. "Very wrong. In Sablonia we develope rapidly. A man of fifteen there is fully the equal of any man of twenty-five in these retarded latitudes. However, if you don't care to hear my story I'm sure I don't want to tell it."

"Sorry," said the Cat, and the Rabbit resumed:—

"Many were the lovely ladies who adorned with their presence the Court of Sablonia; but amongst these the loveliest, by common consent, was the Duchess of Bandusia, with whom my tale is concerned. Certainly she was no mere girl. In her the passage of the years, while it took nothing from the charm of her incomparable beauty, had added that wisdom and grace of mind which so many of your insipid fair ones lack. To be sure, she was not without her enemies, some of whom, indeed, went so far as to accuse her of being an emissary in the pay of the King of Plagiorosa, my father's brother and the determined foe of our House. So soon, however, as it became known that I was ready on the slightest provocation to constitute myself the champion of the lady, these malignant whispers died out. I only mention them in order to avow my total disbelief in any rumour that reflected on this beautiful lady's character. It is true that she was married to a wicked old rake of twice her age, but this fault, if fault it could be called, was due to the poverty and the heartless schemes of her parents, who had led her practically from the nursery to the altar in order to mate her with a man she had scarcely seen. So much then for the earlier history of the Duchess. At the time I speak of she was, as I have said, in the full flush of her beauty. She cast upon me the eyes of kindness; her sad fate as the wife of the villainous Duke appealed to all my sympathy, and I vowed to defend her with all my strength.

"Naturally her evident preference for my society could not fail to raise up for me many enemies. In Courts, where life for the most part is all idleness and pleasure, spiteful gossip too often takes the place of conversation, and jealousy and pique are the petty motives that direct the actions of men. I was not unaware of the rumours and innuendoes that were in the air, but with the heedlessness of youth I had made up my mind to disregard them. Well would it have been for me and for the object of my chivalrous devotion had I paid a closer attention to the envious schemes of some of those who were my daily companions. But 'tis the nature of Princes to be noble, and *bon sang ne peut mentir*."

"I say!" interrupted *Rob*, "that's not the right quotation, is it?"

"How would you correct it?" asked the Rabbit. "It's French, you know. Possibly you don't understand French."

"Rot. I understand quite enough to know what I'm talking about. It ought to be, *bon chien chasse de race*."

"That only shows your silliness," said the Rabbit. "You think everything must be about dogs. I know my quotation



HIS BITTER HALF.

John. "Drink 'earty, Maria. Drink werry nigh 'arf!"

is right, for," he added proudly, "it is the motto of our House, and it is to be found carved on all the public buildings of Sablonia."

"Let him go on, *Rob*," said the Cat. "If it 's carved on all the public houses of Sablonia he 's bound to know about it."

"I said public *buildings*," said the Rabbit majestically, "not public houses. And now, perhaps, you 'll let me proceed:—

"One morning I was walking in the gardens of the Palace. It was early summer, and the birds were singing in the trees and everything looked bright and fair. Yet somehow or other, in spite of the beauty of the day, I could not rid myself of melancholy forebodings. What am I, I thought to myself, that without any special merit of my own I should in the course of time become the master of all this scene of loveliness? Are there not possibly some as worthy as I who now languish in obscurity merely because the chances of their birth have not been propitious? Thus musing I became aware of a certain inexplicable strangeness in my surroundings. The familiar avenues, the grottoes, the undulating sweep of the great deer-park were in their ancient situations; but for some reason they hardly seemed the same. A glamour had fallen from them and, though the sun streamed upon them, they looked cold and bleak. Suddenly I saw my father advancing from the Royal Hunting Lodge to meet me. Although the morning was warm he was closely wrapped up, and the lower part of his face was concealed by a woollen muffler.

"'Sir,' said I, as he approached, 'you suffer. Is there aught I can do to relieve you?'

"'Tis a mere nothing,' he replied, 'a touch of cold caught at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Oddfellows' Hall yesterday. I am not so young as I was. Nay, do not protest, for I know, I feel, that I am not.'

"Something in the tone of his voice surprised me. Was this indeed my father? There could be no doubt: no other man could imitate a majesty of bearing and a nobility of aspect which not even a woollen muffler could conceal. And, as to the voice, it was, of course, affected by the cold.

"'Will you oblige me,' continued the King, after a pause necessitated by a severe fit of sneezing, 'by taking this note to the chief librarian of the Palace? In return he will give you a book which I desire you to bring to me. And, by the way,' he added, seemingly as an afterthought, 'you may as well take with you the Duchess of Bandusia. She has expressed a desire to see the Royal library, and she cannot visit it under better auspices than yours.'



A DIFFICULT TASK.

"Jack, dear, I do wish you would get another Photo taken."
"How often have I told you I will not?"
"But why not?" (*Then, thoughtfully, after a pause.*) "Are you afraid of being asked to look pleasant?"

"Need I say that I gave a joyful assent, seized the note, and sprang off to perform my pleasant commission. In five minutes I had found the Duchess, and together we proceeded to that part of the Palace in which the library is situated."

Here the Rabbit paused and took breath.

"No more to-day," he said. "*La suite au prochain numéro.* Do you understand that, *Rob*? It 's French."

Sermons in Stones.

From a review of *The Letters of Bishop Stubbs* in the Literary Supplement of the *Times*:—

"He had searched the archives of Knaresborough Castle and was deeply versed in the geological (*sic*) history of his forefathers."

Vegetable Man Cook wanted for Club.—Apply to Steward, &c. *Morning Post.*

Evidently not the Beef-Steak Club.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

Being the Revelations of an International Detective.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

No. II.—Why Marceline never Speaks above a Whistle.

Visitors to the Hippodrome, who have been convulsed by the merry antics of the famous droll, reck little of the world of tragedy that lies concealed underneath that quaint exterior. Yet a little reflection would serve to remind them that some of the saddest hearts have worn the motley—Rigoletto, Grimaldi, and Mr. Gibson Bowles, to mention no others.

It is one of the strangest facts connected with our civilisation, sophisticated and suspicious though it is, that its real mysteries seldom excite curiosity.

Marceline, perhaps the most perplexing figure of our times, has hitherto been accepted simply and solely for what he appears to be—a clown in a circus. Yet the most cursory inspection makes it clear that he positively teems with romance.

His name, to begin with, irresistibly suggests a princely origin to anyone acquainted with the famous passage in Virgil: *Tu Marcellus eris.* His nose, again, is fraught with portentous significance as of one not only born but bred in the purple. Most sinister and mysterious of all, however, is his resolute and uncanny refusal to adopt the ordinary methods of communication. For I believe it is an open secret that Mr. Otho Twigg—mark again the Imperial association of the name Otho—his most intimate friend, has never heard his illustrious colleague speak in his natural voice.

To me personally Marceline has always been an object of the liveliest interest. For years the task of fathoming the secret of his identity and antecedents baffled my most persistent endeavours. Night after night I used to attend the Hippodrome in the hope that some unguarded gesture, some peculiar *timbre* of his whistle might furnish me with a clue, and at last I was rewarded for my patience.

I was sitting in the front row of the arena with my friend Count Schalkenbach, the Russian diplomatist, and just as Marceline was turning a somersault the Count observed, "The news from the Balkans is rather serious." I noticed that Marceline seemed to totter as he regained his feet, and following up the clue that flashed into my brain I softly whistled the opening bars of the Bulgarian national anthem. Marceline instantly burst into tears and rushed from the arena, followed disconsolately by Mr. Otho Twigg, and refused to appear again that evening.

The next night I took up my stand outside the stage door of the Hippodrome at 10 o'clock. Marceline's private brougham was waiting for him, and the coachman was nodding on the box. The night was rather foggy, and, stealing noiselessly up from behind—here as elsewhere my experience in stalking elk in Oklahoma stood me in admirable stead—I opened the door of the brougham on the side farthest from the pavement and slipped inside. A quarter of an hour elapsed before Marceline appeared, clad in a faultless dress-suit, and entered the brougham. I should explain that, as the result of a long training under Japanese gymnasts, I have acquired the art of so shrinking into myself that he sat down beside me without being conscious of my presence. We drove off and had got as far as Piccadilly Circus before I broke the silence.

"Prince," I observed, "we have not met since the battle of Slivnitza."

Marceline started violently, and in a low and agonized whistle plainly indicated his desire that I should respect his incognito.

"Yes," I replied, "on condition that you explain how it is that from being a man of six feet high and broad in proportion, you have dwindled to your present dimensions."

Marceline, or Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, to call him by his true name, began to whistle his answer, but he soon broke down. The effort was too great even for his powers, and, secure of my confidence, he actually broke into speech for the first time for many years. To reveal all that he told me would be to imperil the stability of more than one crowned head. Suffice it to say that, when he was kidnapped by the Russians, the cruel treatment and starvation to which he was subjected by his captors reduced his weight from 13 to 8 stone, and his height from 6 ft. 2 in. to 5 ft. 1 in. On his release he was so absolutely unrecognisable as to be unable to establish his identity to the satisfaction of his subjects, and the Russians readily availing themselves of the advantage procured a venal substitute who bore an extraordinary resemblance to Prince Alexander as he appeared before his removal. This substitute, in consideration of a handsome allowance, lived quietly in Austria—where he died a few years later as Count Hartenau—and the real Prince, the hero of Slivnitza, was obliged to eke out a subsistence as a circus droll, under the self-imposed ban of perpetual silence, relieved by pathetically eloquent sibilation! But if Marceline was thus betrayed into speech by my extraordinary acumen he has shown no further sign of self-revelation, relapsing into that impenetrable silence which is at once the admiration and despair of his devoted colleague, Mr. Otho Twigg.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

Mr. Punch, who never goes abroad without his manual of French conversation lessons on the famous Gouin method, has felt inspired to add a few simple exercises of his own, intended—while adhering closely to the methods familiarized by recent publications—to apply this admirable system still farther to the homely details of modern life. Samples follow:—

I.—*L'Allumette française.*

La nuit arrive.
Il fait sombre dans ma chambre.
Je prends une boîte d'allumettes.
Je l'ouvre.
J'y prends une allumette.
Je referme la boîte.
Je frotte l'allumette contre la boîte.
Je la frotte encore.
Je continue à la frotter.
L'allumette décharge une odeur horrible.
Ma chambre est remplie d'un nuage épais.
Je ne puis pas voir ni la boîte ni l'allumette.
Je m'étouffe.

XII.—*Le retour de la Buvette.*

Je marche sur le trottoir.
Je descends sur la chaussée.
Je traverse la chaussée.
Je remonte sur l'autre trottoir.
Je m'assieds sur le trottoir.
Je descends une autre fois sur la chaussée.
Je m'assieds dans la chaussée.
Je m'étends vers le trottoir.
Il y a trop de passants sur le trottoir.
Il y a trop de voitures sur la chaussée.
J'avance la jambe droite.
J'avance la jambe gauche.
Je fais un, deux, trois, quatre pas—et demi.
J'avance toutes les deux jambes à la fois.
Je tombe.

XX.—*La Glissade.*

Je suis au sommet de l'escalier.
Je m'incline sur la rampe.
Je glisse.
Une, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit, neuf, dix marches.
J'arrive au troisième étage.
Je glisse encore.
J'arrive au deuxième (étage).
Je glisse encore.
J'arrive au premier (étage).
Je continue à glisser.

Entendez-vous? C'est le cauchemar.
J'ai mangé hier quelque chose qui me fait mal.
Je souffre horriblement.
Mais je ne suis pas au fond de l'escalier.
Je suis dans mon lit.



Brown. "I say, Old Man, who's that very plain elderly lady you were walking with—now sitting here?"
Smith (the impecunious, who has married money). "Oh, that's my Wife."
Brown. "Your Wife! But"—*(lowering his voice)*—"She has only one eye—and so awfully—I beg your pardon—but——"
Smith (pleasantly). "You needn't whisper, Old Man. She's *deaf!*"

THE ATOMIC WAIT OF LOVE.

[With reference to Sir Oliver Lodge's theory that each atom of matter consists of many electrons revolving endlessly and *without contact* within its bounds, the *Athenæum* recently remarked that "the bard of the new day may croon the loves of the electrons."]

Disdainful Daphne turned to flee,
Young Edwin rose from bended knee;
No wight before, no other heart,
Had ever felt so keen a smart;
His riven frame could scarce contain
The pent emotions of his brain,
Which, straying as emotions must,
Haply embraced a speck of dust;
And since, however hearts may bleed,
A nice regard for trousers' need
Can batter at the gates of grief,
He flicked it with his handkerchief.

Straightway there smote upon his ears
Mysterious music of the spheres,
Born of vibrations far above
Perceptions not attuned by love.
It rose, it fell, it rose again,
It throbbed with a delicious pain,
Grew shrill with rapture, hoarse with hate,
And at the last articulate,
"Mortal," it sang, "thou think'st to know
The uttermost abyss of woe,
Who yet this blissful instant could
Touch thy fair lady where she stood.
How slow are molecules in mass
To grasp their privilege! Alas!
List to the tragedy involved
In matter finally resolved,
Condemned to bear this primal curse,
An atom for its universe.

Æons ago, when time was not,
Ere worlds were born, ere suns were hot,
When Space by Form was unalloyed,
Ere even Chaos stained the void,
I loved Electra. Oh the pace
That I developed in the chase,
As round our tiny bounds we flew
Whilst planetary systems grew.
Ages of incandescent gas—
We felt them come, we watched them pass.
Ages of shrinking nebulæ—
They saw me follow, left her free.
Stardust and clusters, Milky Ways,
The birth of suns, the dawn of days,
That miracle, by time evoked,
Atom to atom sweetly yoked,
Found me pursuing rapture missed,
And coy Electra still unkissed.
Cursed be the Scientist who set
Gulfs 'twixt the two who else had met;
And blest be he who yet shall come
To bridge the sundering medium.
Till then—O pity!—wedded bliss
Must wait a fresh hypothesis,
And ceaselessly Electra dodge
Till Roland Oliver disLodge."

The music ceased. Young Edwin turned,
Remorse in Daphne's eye discerned;
One step, one clasp—The wise assert
That Matter, in itself Inert,
Possesses, whatsoe'er it be,
This too—Compressibility.

De Minimis.

The *Daily Telegraph* advertises the following disaster:

"LOST, a Canvas Travelling Bag, containing Suit of Clothes, Japanese Cart, and Diary."

In case the mislaid vehicle is recovered we can recommend a pony that should exactly fit it. The animal in question belongs to the breeding establishment for Shetland ponies at Great Hollenden Farm, and according to the *Onlooker* is "only thirteen inches high."

LIVING HISTORY.

News from the Provinces.

By means of a large crowd of people carefully grouped and attired in costumes of the period, a reconstitution of the Court life of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles is being effected for exhibition by the cinematograph in French music-halls.

A number of *tableaux* of English historical episodes are now being arranged for the biograph on similar lines, for production at one of our halls of variety.

From the "Athelney Advertiser."

Last Wednesday King Alfred the Great burning the cakes formed a realistic scene. The biograph operator having stationed his instrument in a swineherd's kitchen at Athelney, Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, whose interest in the great Saxon lawgiver is so well known, entered, attired faultlessly in the garb of the period, and proceeded with infectious gusto to enact the historic catastrophe. Indeed so enthusiastic did our premier warbler become in the excitement of the moment that he began to improvise a lyric, and a gramophone was at once ordered to be sent by special train from Bristol to record the inspiration. He subsequently danced a burnt-cake-walk, in which he was joined by the swineherd's wife (Miss Mimi St. Cyr).

The cakes were furnished by friendly buzzards.

The fire by the Gas Light & Coke Co.

From the "Berkshire Barker."

Runnymede Island, near Staines, is for the most part deserted; but it presented a very gay sight last week, when some scores of gentlemen visited it for the purpose of grouping themselves as King John and Barons in order that cinematoscope records of the signing of Magna Charta might be secured. At a little table sat the reluctant King, admirably impersonated by Mr. Balfour. Behind and beside him pressed the Barons, amongst whom Lords Burton, Hindlip, and other prominent representatives of the brewing interest were easily recognised, threatening him with glowering looks. Meanwhile the cinematoscope ticked on, making a most impressive scene.

Magna Charta supplied by the proprietor of the Great Liver Pills.

Inexhaustible fountain-pen lent by Mr. Harold Begbie.



Alfred the Great plays a (burnt) cake-walk.



Master Willy Shakspeare (Mr. Hall Caine) bringeth a deere unto Mistress Ann Hathaway (Miss Marie Corelli).

(Our artist regrets that owing to a sudden return of that unconquerable aversion to publicity from which Miss Corelli chronically suffers, he has been once more foiled, at the last moment, in obtaining a likeness of England's greatest authoress.)

From the "Warwickshire War Cry."

On an afternoon last week the villagers in the neighbourhood of Charlcote Park, near Stratford-on-Avon, were thrown into a state of the liveliest excitement by the visit of the biograph operator, intent upon reconstructing a famous incident in the life of our great dramatist. A number of deer, which had been carefully trained by Mr. Hengler, were stationed picturesquely among trees, and these Mr. Hall Caine (kindly lent by the House of Keys) who made, we need hardly say, a perfect Shakspeare, proceeded to steal, conveying the succulent quadrupeds one by one with the most dexterous surreptitiousness to the *Ann Hathaway* of the moment (Miss Marie Corelli). As portraits of the last mentioned lady, who sheds new lustre on Shakspeare's town, are very rare, great popularity is expected for this series of views.

The deer lent by the Master of the Buckhounds.

Costumes designed by Mr. Sidney Lee.

From the "Boston (Lincolnshire) Eagle."

Considerable interest has been aroused in the neighbourhood by the announcement that an enterprising firm of London photographers have chartered a sailing-vessel in order to reconstruct, by the aid of the cinematograph, the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. Dr. Clifford and other leading Passive Resisters have been offered the principal *rôles* amongst the emigrants, and it is stated that, if his engagements permit, Mr. Chamberlain will arrange to meet the Colonials on disembarkation with a view to securing their first offer of a preference to the mother country.

An adequate supply of life-belts has been furnished by the Royal Humane Society, and Mr. Cadbury has generously presented the Pilgrim Fathers with a complete outfit accurately copied from contemporary Puritan fashion plates.

From the "Hastings Clarion."

Thanks to the enterprise of a leading firm of London Bioscopists the inhabitants of this town and its environs were enabled on Friday last to witness an extraordinarily vivid representation of

the Battle of Senlac, as modern historians have taught us to call it. The climax of the engagement was the final onset on the English stockade by Duke William of Normandy, splendidly represented by Mr. Brodrick in a superb suit of khaki, wearing the Order of the Red Eagle on the crest of his famous cap, and crying with infinite zest, "Haro! Haro! Peper Harow!" The Duke's bowmen were gallantly led by Mr. William Archer, to whom was deputed the painful duty of discharging the fatal shaft that pierced the eye of King Harold, tastefully impersonated by a gentleman whose extraordinary likeness to Mr. Arnold-Forster excited general comment. The part of the minstrel Taillefer, who rode into battle tossing his sword and catching it while he sang, was ably filled by Signor Cinquevalli.

The helmets designed by Mr. Brodrick himself.

Bows and arrows supplied by the War Office.

From the "Conway Clarion."

The cinematoscoping of the scene of the Bards cursing Edward the First was successfully carried out at Conway last Monday. Prominent among the representatives of the Welsh patriots were Mr. Lloyd-George, "Mabon," and Mr. Wilkie Bard. By way of lending further significance to the proceedings an effigy of the English tyrant, made up to represent Sir William Anson, was burnt amid the acclamations of the populace.

Welsh expletives supplied by Mr. Bryn Roberts.

CHARIVARIA.

General Lyttelton has declared the lesson of the recent manœuvres to be that we need not worry over the danger of foreign invasion. We are glad to hear from one in high authority that the Navy alone is strong enough to protect our shores.

"The proudest feather in the caps of the 'Kilties' is the fact that they created a *furore* among the most unmusical people on the face of the earth—namely, the people of the United States," says a writer in a contemporary, and now he is wondering why he has not pleased either the Kilties or the United States.

Some surprise has been expressed because Captain Hamilton has rejected a candidate for the Fire Brigade on the ground of stoutness. We should have thought the danger of fat in the fire was recognised long ago.

A correspondent complains, in the columns of a contemporary, of the loss of pictorial post-cards in transit. There is an ugly rumour abroad to the effect that some of the most carefully selected collections in the kingdom are owned by postmasters.

A prize of £150 has been offered for a safety lamp suitable for the British Workman's home. One condition is that it should be possible for the owner, when drunk, to throw it from one end of the room to the other without danger of fire. With such a convenience, home will be home indeed.

A Silent Woman has been discovered by the Maidenhead magistrates. It is said that she has already received more offers of marriage than she knows what to do with.

The secret of photographing in colours has again been discovered. We were getting afraid that this year was going to be an exceptional one.

Among the novelties shown by Canada at the Grocers' Exhibition were canned eggs. These are guaranteed to keep good for a year. The orgie of badness in which the baffled egg indulges on the 366th day can just be imagined.

Another blow has been struck at Church attendance. The Dean of Norwich has caused great indignation among a certain section of worshippers by preaching against the practice of flirting in church.

Mr. W. T. Stead has paid a visit to the performance at His Majesty's Theatre, and we are pleased to hear that, for once, he was not a pro-Booer.

It is stated that, at the first rehearsal of *The Tempest*, a super who took part in it was sea-sick. We must be grateful, we suppose, in an age of realism on the stage, that the management did not insist on this happening every evening.

Messrs. Pearson have published their first sixpenny song. Suggested motto for the series: "Sing a Song of Sixpence."

We think, by-the-by, that too much is being made of this "Musical Revolution." It should not be forgotten that for a long time past certain firms have been publishing twopenny-halfpenny songs.

Sir H. H. Johnston is back from Liberia, and reports that the country has reached a high state of civilisation, nearly every native possessing a gramophone.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

"Uncle," said my niece Bijou, who rarely patronises any but the lady's column of my paper, "what 's 'being engineered in the interests of the monopolists' mean? What is a monopolist, Uncle?"

"A monopolist," I said patiently, "is one who has an exclusive right to trade in some particular article. It is derived from the Greek *μόνος*, meaning 'alone,' and *πωλεῖν*——"

"But why shouldn't they?" said Bijou. "I don't see any harm in that."

I laid aside my book. I knew that the best method of imparting knowledge was by illustration. Bijou put the paper down and came and sat upon the arm of my chair, where there was not room for her.

"Suppose, Bijou," I said, "that you went to Kay's for a blouse——"

"I always go to Mantalini's," put in Bijou.

"Well, Mantalini's, then. Any one you like. And suppose Mantalini's had a monopoly of blouses—nobody else was allowed to sell them, you know. Then Mantalini's could charge you anything they liked—a guinea or even more—and you would have to pay."

Bijou burst out laughing, and began patting my cheek.

"You dear old Uncle!" she said. "Why, that 's nothing at all! One of mine cost——"

"Oh, never mind!" I said rather irritably. "Ten guineas—twenty—a hundred, if you like. I don't know what these things cost. I 'm only supposing."

"You might as well suppose something sensible," remarked Bijou. "But go on, Uncle, about the monopolists."

"Suppose, then," I continued, "that they not only charged a preposterous price, but made very poor blouses into the bargain—without insertions," I hazarded. "You couldn't go to another shop, you see."

"You could get them to alter it somehow, I suppose," said Bijou. "I remember when I was in there a few days ago I heard a woman ask——"

"But if they wouldn't alter it?" I interposed. "If they said you must pay their price and take it as it was, or go without a blouse at all—because you couldn't go anywhere else? What then, Bijou?"

"Oh, but they wouldn't," said Bijou. "There 's such a nice man at Mantalini's."

There was a slight pause.

"Oh, Bijou," I said sadly, "I suppose you really can't understand."

Bijou looked hurt.

"Well, anyhow, I understand as much about monopolists as you do about blouses," she said.



QUID PRO QUO.

Brown (staying at a farm-house for his summer holidays). "I like your eggs, Mrs. Cheriton; but fish in the country often has such a strong flavour."

Farmer's Wife. "Yes, Sir. But in London what you lose on the fish you gain on the eggs."

A SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

(After Walt Whitman's poem of the same name.)

Starting eagerly, I come to the Open Road.
(*Viens, ma chère!* it is an important public thoroughfare.)
Before me is a formidable barricade of planks and rope, and a steeply escarped mound.
Beyond lies a gaping fosse, deeply dug out.
(No! this is not Port Arthur; it is London, and a chief artery of traffic.)
Brawny delvers heave shovelfuls of dark brown earth from below, at slow and measured intervals, between lengthy pulls at cans of some white metal.
(Give me your hand, camarado, you are evidently working by the hour, and not at piecework.)
Which way goes London's congested traffic? Have you no buses running east and west? no motors? no bicycles? Are there no heavy vans to block progress in the busiest time of the day?
Ah! they have gone round some half mile, by way of the Embankment and small side streets.
Other roads have I also seen in passing, roped in with cords and iron rods—their turn will come after.
Viens, ma chère,
(Can you leap a ten-foot chasm, or walk an eighteen-inch plank bridge?)
We will cross the road.

Election Intelligence.

Lady (after doing a little canvassing). You know you are entitled to a vote. Are you on the register?

Yokel. I'm sure I don't know, Miss.

Lady. Well, have you ever given your name in?

Yokel. No, Miss. I ain't never give my name to no one; 'cept to schoolmaster, time o' the Coronation feed.

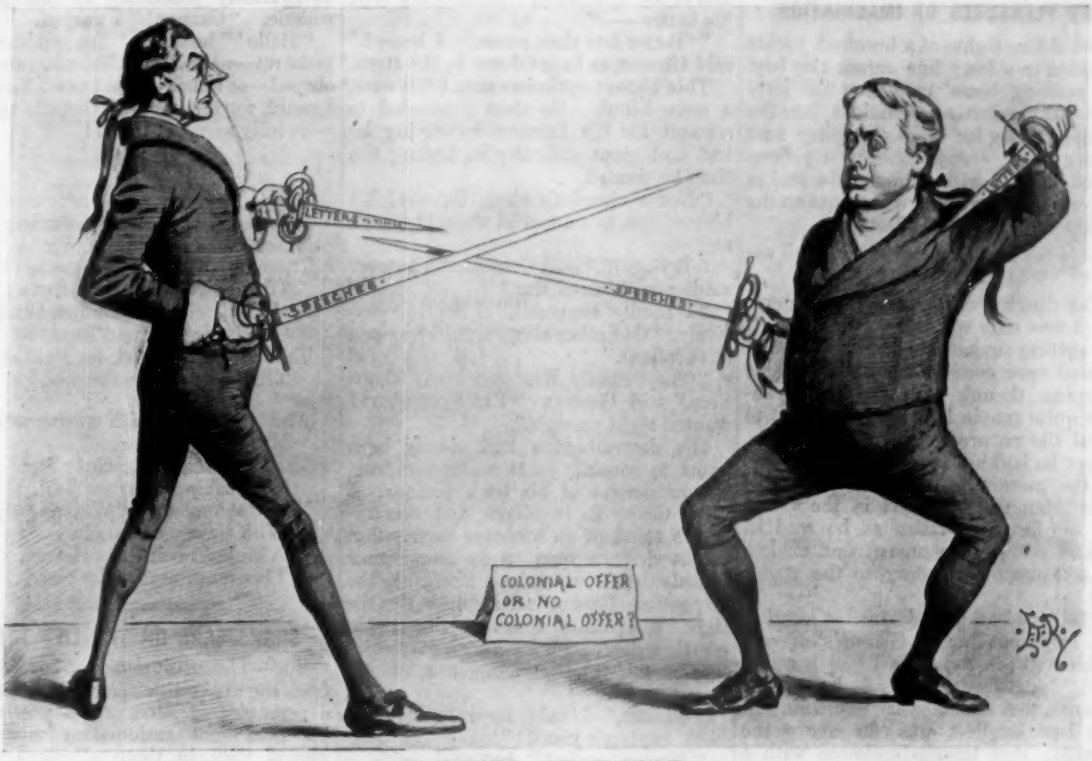
A One Pound Note.—The Lord Mayor has been frequently described as "a King within his own dominions east of ancient Temple Bar." Now, as has been shown by the cordially unanimous vote last week, the Lord Mayor elect, who enters on his duties next month, is a brand-new Sovereign, being One Pound, sterling, uncommonly sterling. This Sovereign, once invested with the Mayoralty, won't be changed for a whole year, and there is no doubt that the City and Corporation of London will receive full value for the Pound that must last them for the next twelve months.



"THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE."

Llama. "HAS HE GONE? THAT'S ODD; I DON'T REMEMBER SIGNING ANYTHING. WELL, ANYHOW, I'M GOING BACK HOME."





MASTERS OF FENCE.

The Autumn Political Tournament opens with a great Sword and Dagger Fight between two fencers of distinction.

THE COMPLETE JOURNALIST.

[At the conference of the Institute of Journalists recently held in Glasgow, Mr. A. F. Robbins warned the public against illusory advertisements designed to attract unwary aspirants to journalistic fame, and referred in particular to one which announces that for a fee of £5 anyone who can read and write can at once become not merely a Journalist but a brilliant Journalist, capable of taking the most exalted position in the profession.]

In the realms of gold I 've wandered,
Culling pearls and precious stones—
Thus in pleasing fashion pondered
Vera Sophonisba Jones.—
Prizes I have won past telling;
Teacher always thought me quick
At the arts of writing, spelling,
Reading and arithmetic.

Thus my early steps meandered
Round the sweet Pierian pool;
First I passed the highest standard
At the Balham Public School;
Then, with ardour undiminished,
Higher glories still I won
Till the Tooting Poly. finished
What the Board School had begun.

Then a mighty point was mooted:
Which, I wondered, was the line
Most particularly suited
To the talents which were mine?

Duties coarse and low and menial
Filled with loathing all my soul,
Nor were counters more congenial
Than the vile domestic *rôle*.

Other girls in ruthless fetters
Might be doomed to pass the day
Typing sordid business letters
With a pittance for their pay;
My aspiring soul revolted
From this slavish sort of thing;
Pegasus had not yet moulted
Every feather from his wing.

While I wondered, darkly troubled,
Which profession would be best,
On a sudden joy-springs bubbled
Gurgling gaily in my breast;
Fast my pulses beat and faster
Till the heart within me laughed—
For a fiver I could master
All the journalistic craft.

Just the life my soul had pined for!
Clearly I began to see
I was certainly designed for
Journalism, fair and free.
Thus my gifts should not be wasted,
Nor my life be turned to gall—
Straightway to the School I hasted
And deposited my all.

There with diligence I studied
For a busy month or more,
Till my very soul was flooded
Deep with journalistic lore.
Pitman was my ruling passion,
And my fingers learnt the trick
As they flew in nimble fashion
O'er the keyboard of my Blick.

Now I'm ready for my readers,
And I sigh for pen and ink;
O! to dash off brilliant leaders
Teaching millions what to think!
Matchless services I proffer,
And I think it only fair
To expect the speedy offer
Of an editorial chair.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

Facts are stubborn things, but nothing in comparison to a woman's fancies.

There are those who do ill for wealth and blush to find it fame.

The man who is "a good fellow in his way" is often in our way too.

It is better to be born lucky than rich; but, perhaps, on the whole, it is best to avoid being born at all.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom—but he must be content to be happy alone.

Trifles matter; a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering tuppenny things.

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

THE riding-lights of a hundred yachts twinkled in a long line across the bay. The waiting boats' crews on the jetty were making furtive excursions into the Marine Hotel, for it was getting near closing time. Outside the bar a yellow-haired damsel with a mandolin and a well-worn voice recited some lines on the futility of unrequited affection:

"Wot is the yewse—of luvvin'—a gel—if the gel don't luv yew tew? . . ."

The dinghy was alongside the steps, and I was only waiting for GEORGE. I was getting anxious about him. He had insisted upon coming ashore to do some shopping, though with a want of candour quite rare in him he had refused to reveal the nature of his requirements. In fact he had not been himself all day. By the morning's post had arrived a letter from the only girl in the world, and his face had fallen as he read it. He had even, to my amazement, made a remark uncomplimentary to the writer of it.

I had not had the pleasure of meeting this lady, but during GEORGE'S sojourn with me in the *Nepenthe* I had heard a good deal about her. I knew, for instance, that she was very beautiful, and that her intellect was far above the average; that though endowed with a sense of humour unusual in her sex she was uncommonly serious for her age; that she was severely domesticated, besides being a thorough sportswoman: and that in every one of the fine arts, but especially in music, she had attained a level of accomplishment much above that of the mere amateur. If, as I believed, the letter foreboded the blighting of GEORGE'S hopes with regard to so extraordinary a creature, I was surely justified in feeling anxious as to the consequences.

"Wot if she 's fair beyond all compare, and wot if her eyes are blew,
Wot is the yewse—of luvvin'—a gel—if the gel do—on't—luv yew?"

I paced up and down the jetty, trying to formulate a satisfactory answer to this exasperating query. I had indeed partly succeeded, when I caught sight of GEORGE hurrying down to meet me. I devoutly hoped he might not catch the drift of the ditty as he passed: but his heart was evidently responsive to an echo of its own pain. He paused, and waited underneath a gas-lamp until the damsel repeated the refrain. Then he gave her money. My worst fears were confirmed. *Her* eyes, I suddenly remembered, were blue. Poor GEORGE! He had told me so only a day or two before.

"GEORGE, my boy," I began gravely, holding out my hand, ostensibly to pull him into the boat, but really to assure him of my sympathy, "GEORGE, my boy, 'tis better——"

"'Better late than never.' I know!" said GEORGE, as he sat down in the stern.

This blatant optimism was, I felt sure, a mere blind. He then proceeded to account for his lateness by saying he had had great difficulty in finding the shop he wanted.

"Not a chemist's shop, GEORGE?" I blurted out, as a dreadful thought struck me.

"Try again," said GEORGE; "whatever made you think of that?"

"I hardly supposed," I replied evasively, "that other shops would be open at this hour."

"They mostly live over their shops here," said GEORGE. "I've got what I wanted right enough."

His determination had clearly been equal to rousing some tradesman from the retirement of his back parlour. I plied the sculls in silence, and was trying to think of an innocent motive that might drive a man to so desperate a remedy, when we arrived alongside the *Nepenthe*. GEORGE stood up. By the light that came through the cabin scuttle I descried half-an-inch of a shining metal tube sticking out of his breast-pocket.

"GEORGE," I said severely, "you've been buying a pistol!"

"Wrong again!" he said, with a mocking laugh, as he sprang on board. We soon turned in, and never before had GEORGE'S snoring given me such a sense of relief.

I was awakened in the early morning by a sound as of birds twittering just overhead. I thought I must be dreaming, as we were lying a good half mile from the shore. Sitting up to listen, my eyes fell upon GEORGE'S bunk. It was unoccupied. With the thoughts of the previous evening crowding upon my returning consciousness, I rushed up the ladder and looked out on deck. There was no one there. The blush of dawn still lingered over sea and sky, and ashore the houses, smokeless and silent, presented to the eye only a monotony of drawn blinds. Not a living thing was to be seen. A quick glance at the dinghy still fastened astern assured me that GEORGE had not landed. Alas! there was but one other alternative. GEORGE had jumped overboard!

"Wot is the yewse—of luvvin—a gel—if the gel . . . ."

Surely my mind was becoming unhinged—else why should that mysterious whistling as of birds overhead resolve itself into an attempt to reproduce the notes of the yellow-haired damsel's song—truly, a very sorry, jerky attempt, but still—— I looked up. Seated comfortably on the crosstrees was GEORGE, thoughtfully practising on the penny whistle. "GEORGE!" I gasped.

"Hallo!" he said. "Toy symphony—great rot—next week—She-who-must-be-obeyed—so musical, you know. Thought I could work it without disturbing you—awfully sorry, old man!"

A SNAPPED TIE.

I NEVER woo'd thee, love of mine,
Nor ever called thee fair;
These ardent lips ne er quested thine
To seek love's guerdon there;
And yet I felt, with sudden thrill
Of mingled joy and fear,
That we were linked, for good or ill,
That morning on the pier.

Alas! my heart, with sorrow racked,
Must evermore bewail
The stern and melancholy fact
That fishing-lines are frail.
With me remains a broken heart,
With thee, as souvenir,
The broken hook I saw depart,
That morning, on the pier.

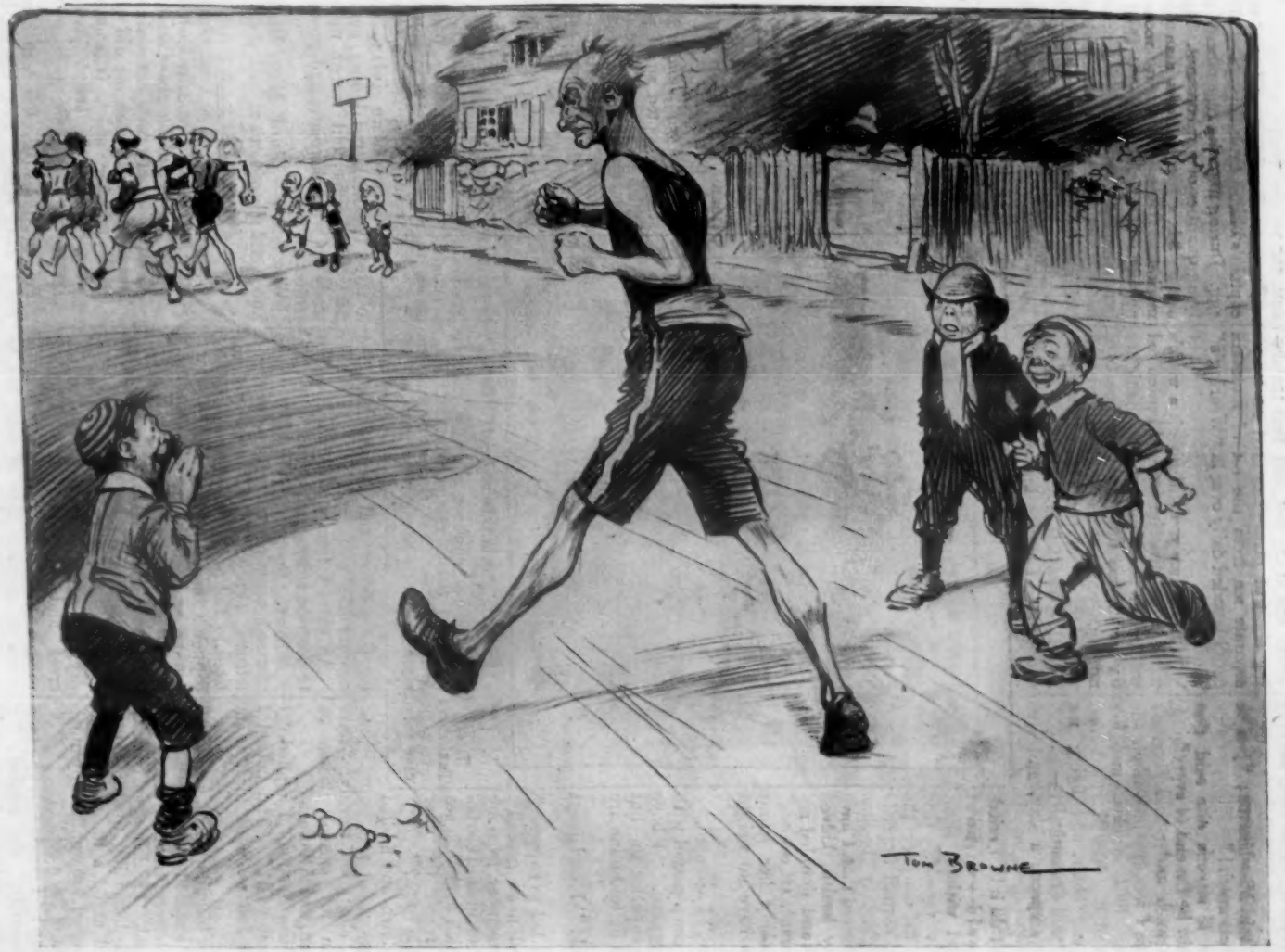
SHAKSPEARE ON THE LIVE WIRE.

SIR,—Though it must not be supposed from the above title that SHAKSPEARE was a precursor of BLONDIN, yet nowhere is his intelligent anticipation more displayed than in those allusions which prove him to have been keenly sensible to the dangers lurking in the live wire.

In *Hamlet*, for instance, he refers to "the *thousand natural shocks* that flesh is heir to," and adds, "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished." There is here evidence of dyspeptic melancholy, as if the prospect of contact with the live wire were eminently desirable. Again (*ibid.*), "When we have shuffled off *this mortal coil*." This is a facetious reference to the falling of overhead trolley wires.

In another part of the soliloquy we read, "'Their currents turn awry," which is an obvious allusion, somewhat clumsily expressed, to the necessity of making the wire harmless.

Students of LANDOR will remember a passage in which the poet refers to himself as a solid bar of metal, and complains of imitators who draw it out into a thin wire and dissipate its force: "I am the bar from which they draw their wire." By an ingenious correction of the printer this line was made to run, "I am the bar from which they draw their *wine*." A converse error seems to have crept into a passage in *Othello*, where *Cassio* says, "O thou invisible spirit of *wine* . . . let us call thee devil." "Wine" is of course a printer's error; "wire" was evidently in the Bard's mind, "spirit of wire" being a euphonious periphrasis for electricity.—Yours, ONCE SHOCKED, TWICE SHY.



RUSTIC ECHOES OF THE WALKING CRAZE.

Sympathetic Boy. "BUCK UP, MISTER. YOU'LL WIN YET."
Disgusted Competitor. "GO AWAY! I DON'T BELONG TO THAT LOT IN FRONT. I'M THE FIRST MAN OF ANOTHER LOT BEHIND!"

A MATTER OF DIET.

"You 're looking pale," said Miss Mentor sharply.

"Yes," I replied, "I 've been working too hard."

"Pooh!" said Miss Mentor; "you 've been eating too much!"

Of course if anyone else said that to me it would be the end of everything, but I am as much under Miss Mentor's thumb now as I was at school when she made me her butt in class and her favourite out of it. Miss Mentor leaned forward in her chair, and fixing me with her eye said dramatically—

"Live on sixpence a day, and live liberally."

"I couldn't do it!" I cried.

"You could—without monotony and without stint. I've done it myself. One merely has to discover the point where normal appetite ends and gluttony begins. Having discovered that, I have improved my health, halved my expenses and doubled my banking account. Of course," she said, tossing her gaunt chin, "looks have no weight with me."

"Of course," I assented.

"Looks," she repeated with evident annoyance, "I have always risen superior to—but I have yet to be told mine are impaired."

"Improved!" I exclaimed heartily.

"So I am led to suppose," she remarked more genially. "You will remember, from my lectures on Proteids and Carbohydrates, which foodstuffs are essential to repair the wear and tear of the body?"

I looked down and fiddled with my rings.

"What!" she cried sternly, "have you forgotten my special classes on Fibrin, Gluten, and Albumen?"

"Oh no, Miss Mentor," I replied, "I remember them well!" And, indeed I did, and the fun we used to have at them.

"Captain's biscuits at 3*d.* a pound," she said, "steamed and eaten with pepper and lettuce, form an ample and satisfying meal. Pickled eggs, containing many flesh-forming qualities, may be purchased at 6*d.* a dozen. Brains, fried or fricasseed, are wonderfully nutritious at a cost of 2*d.* a set."

"How cheap!" I cried.

"Not necessarily," she replied; "it depends on the quality. Some would be dear at the price." Was it fancy, or did she look in the direction of my head?

Gradually, step by step, she unfolded the scheme, and my cheeks burned and my eyes sparkled as the full magnificence of the simpler life dawned upon me. With my food at 6*d.* a day, the world was at my feet, and that tantalising sheet of plate-glass need no longer separate me from the set of moleskin furs I brooded daily over in "Wearing's" window.

"Promise me you will give it a week's trial?" said Miss Mentor, and I promised with a full heart and tried to thank her for giving me the great opportunity of my life. She also was much moved, and pecked my cheek with unusual fondness, and then she left me—so wrought up and excited I hardly knew how to wait for the morrow and the dawn of the simpler life.

An extract from my diary will suffice to describe subsequent events:—

Monday. *Breakfast.*—Glass of water, steamed captain's biscuit, pepper and lettuce. (Forgot top of pepper-pot was loose.) Enjoyed meal with exception of captain's biscuit. Started out for long country walk, took wrong turning and found myself opposite "Wearing's" window. Must have pelerine taken up on shoulders.

Lunch.—Captain's biscuit (tried it dry), glass of milk, compôte of watercress and bloater paste. Watched sample man distributing packets of cocoa on opposite side of road, but he went off with friend before he reached here. Think his employer should be told.

Dinner.—Fricasseed brains (shall no doubt get to like them). Sweet omelette (omelette a little queer, egg not quite pickled enough). Sat up rather late, in case sample man should return. Total cost, 6*d.*

Tuesday. *Breakfast.*—Glass of water, captain's biscuit toasted, poached pickled egg. During morning remembered satisfying qualities of raw cocoanut. Bought one for 3*d.*, a bargain, cost man 3½*d.* in market. Threw it about room for upwards of an hour; found shell unbreakable but wonderful bouncer; nearly broke front tooth and smashed clock. Neighbours knocked on wall. Gave it up and had early lunch.

Lunch.—Glass of milk. Kipper sauté. Captain's biscuit baked. Hunted up old adventure book dealing with privations of braves on prairie. Found they eased pangs with tobacco and tightening their belts. Tightened mine two holes. Have done this before on dressy occasions, but never with such increased feelings of comfort. Bought cigarettes (three a penny), smoked two, and felt decidedly less hungry. Four o'clock, tea and shrimp (found it in fish-boy's basket when he brought kipper). Intercepted sample man in next street, accepted small packet, which on return home proved to be Globe Polish. Smashed cocoanut with dumb-bell; found the inside a greenish brown and *most* unpleasant. Fear man was swindled at market. Cried a little.

Dinner.—Thick oxtail, codfish and oyster sauce, beefsteak and kidney pudding, roast chicken and sausages, apple pie, banana cream, maraschino jelly, coffee. Wanted beefsteak and kidney pudding back after coffee, but feared waiter—made up with chocolates and preserved fruits.

Wednesday.—Heard Miss Mentor's knock and slipped out at back door.



["The 'Brodrick' Cap is to be replaced."—*Daily Paper.*]

Tommy Atkins, however, must not be unduly elated by the news. The above designs by various prominent officials are, we believe, safely pigeon-holed at the War Office, awaiting the chance to earn undying fame for their ingenious inventors.

Scene—*Barrack Square, after inspection of arms, at which the Company's Commander has been examining his men's rifle-bores with the aid of the little reflector which is commonly dropped into the breech for this purpose.*

Private Atkins (who has been checked for a dirty rifle). 'Ere, it's all bally fine! The Orficer 'e comes an' looks down the barrel with a bloomin' mikeroscope, and the privit soljer 'e 'as to clean 'is rifle with 'is naked heye!

SHOULD MOTORISTS WEAR MASKS?

["Plus de lunettes spéciales pour MM. les chauffeurs. Ils devront conduire comme les cochers ordinaires à yeux nus ou avec les lunettes ordinaires de myopes ou de presbytes. Nos sportsmen déclarent que ces lunettes de motoristes favorisent l'anonymat. Ces lunettes sont de véritables masques. On fait sous ce masque ce qu'on n'oserait pas faire à visage découvert. En France il est défendu de se masquer en dehors du temps de carnaval . . . si le masque tombe, la vitesse des motors deviendra fatalement normale."—*M. N. de Noduwez in the "Times" of September* 20.]

Mr. Punch has collected a few brief opinions upon the subject of the above-quoted letter.

Mr. Kipling writes: "Through dirt, sweat, burns, bursts, smells, bumps, breakdowns, and explosions I have attained to the perfect joy of the scorcher. I have suffered much on the southern British highways. My Tibetan devil-mask shall therefore add to their terrors. Besides, I wore gig-lamps at school. What do they know of Sussex who only Burwash know?"

Mr. Beerbohm Tree telephones: "The most beautiful of all arts is that of make-up. We cannot all resemble *Caliban*, but why should not the motorist aspire in that direction? Life is but a masque, and all roads lead to His Majesty's."

Miss Marie Corelli telegraphs: "I am all for anonymity and everything that tends to the avoidance of advertisement. If people must ride in motors, let them have the decency to disguise themselves as effectually as possible, and shun all contact with their kind."

Mr. Jem Smith, cabdriver, in the course of an interview, said:—"Masks? Not 'arf! Let 'em out on the Fifth of November, and throw a match in their oil-tanks—that 's what *I* 'd do! *I* 'd anonymous the lot of 'em!"

"A Middle-aged Lady of Quality" (who does not otherwise sign her letter) writes:—"As my nose goes blue and my face gets generally all the colours of the rainbow during a smart spin on my motor, I would rather not have my personal appearance described by any lady journalist on the prowl, and therefore prefer to render myself unidentifiable."

Mr. Dan Leno gives his opinion thus:—"My word! When I drove a motor-car in the Drury Lane panto, I found I wanted not only goggles, but knee-pads, chest-protectors, bustles, and funny-bone guards as well. I should think a false face *was* necessary! My word!"

Mr. Charles Jarrott replies:—"Of course motorists should wear masks, but let 's be fair to the humblest pedestrian or cyclist—these should all go masked as well. We should then never know whom we were running down, and could not be accused of animus in the matter of singling out any special individual for our attentions."

King Alfonso favours us with the following gracious and autograph response:—"As I have just paid £5000 for two Paris cars I mean to use them, in spite of what old Maura, the Premier, says. He is a rotter, and is jolly well mistaken if he thinks I am going to hide my Bourbon nose from any Barcelona anarchist. No masks for me!

"Yo el Rey."

The Sultan of Morocco forwards a picture post-card, representing his Shereefian Majesty inside the "bonnet" of an armoured car. The accompanying inscription, translated, runs:—"To the Honoured *Sidi Punch!*—Be it known from this Our letter (may Allah exalt its validity and render it luminous as the sun and moon!) that the cart of Shaitan forms a very efficient protection for the whole of Our Imperial person, and not Our countenance only, during the present troubles in Our city of Marrakesh. Are you well, equal to heaven and earth? Peace."

General Stoessel sends a wireless message from Port Arthur *viâ* Chifu:—"Have masked all my batteries, and am reduced to firing *balles masquées*. Please send us some road-hogs. They would be eaten thankfully, as we are running very short of *zakuska*. So long—*do svidanya!*"

Policeman XX. (in the *rôle* of a labourer behind a hedge on the Brighton Road):—"'Oo are you a-gettin' at? Do you see any mote in my eye? If you want to know the time, I 've a stop-watch!"

AN ANTICIPATION.

[It has been suggested that the law recently passed in America forbidding the wearing of hideous masks should be introduced into this country.]



P.-C. A 1. "Now then, off with that horrible Mask!" *Motorist.* "This isn't a Mask!"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is rumoured that Dr. Rainy is about to publish a story partly derived from Mr. Crockett's *A Stickit Ministry* and partly from Mr. Barrie's *The Little Minister*. It will be called *The Wee Meenistry*.

A great demand is anticipated for General Kuropatkin's new volume, which is to be entitled, *How to beat Jappy though harried*.

Considerable success has attended Admiral Togo's *début* in the field of dramatic literature. His hair-raiser, entitled *Port d'Arthur*, is having an unexpectedly long run in the East End.

The King of Italy is said to have received a gracious letter from Mr. Guy Boothby, who expresses his appreciation of the personal compliment implied by the inclusion of Nikola among the infant Prince's christian names.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce "a new novel by the pen of Rita, with the title of *The Silent Woman: A Romance of the Peak Country*"; and make the further interesting disclosure that "the scene of the story is laid in Derbyshire."

The Ordeal by Fire.—"Wanted, Kitchen Porter, with good experience boiled."—*Advt. in the "Irish Times."*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Coming back from a week in Surrey, whose leafy lanes and ancient highways he has surveyed from the point of vantage of the box-seat on a 40-h.p. Mercédès, my Baronite finds on his table *The Complete Motorist* (Methuen). The title is audacious, but Mr. Filson Young justifies its use. Not since the motor-car became a part of daily life in this country has there been produced so thorough and comprehensive an account of its evolution, construction, and use. Thorough master of the subject, Mr. Young has the gift of dealing with its intricacies in luminous manner suitable to the minor intelligence of the layman. In successive chapters he deals with the petrol car, the steam car, and eke the electric car. He gives valuable hints on the selection of a car, on its care, and on the art of driving. In brief, up to date he leaves nothing more to be said on a subject whose social and business interest spreads from week to week. Among a packet of letters written to the author by various experts and enthusiasts is one from Rudyard Kipling, which happily defines the real joy of motoring as "the exploration of this amazing England. To me it is a land full of stupefying marvels and mysteries, and a day in the car in an English county is a day in some fairy museum where all the exhibits are alive and real." So says my Baronite, fresh from Surrey in rare September summer weather.

L. T. Meade dedicates *Love Triumphant* (Fisher Unwin) to G. F. Watts, R.A., whose "well-known picture inspired the name," though it has not quite succeeded in successfully inspiring the novelist, who acknowledges a certain indebtedness for "the primary idea of this story, and for much that is best in its subsequent development, to my friend Philip Hope." It is therefore the author himself who directs us to Hope for the best. But it must be confessed that, if the foregoing frank acknowledgment does not seem to leave much of L. T. Meade's work open to criticism, yet the Baron is of opinion that the writer, nominally responsible for the story as a whole, is entitled to a mead of praise. So interesting is the prologue that the reader expects great things from the story; but in this expectation, although the latter is founded upon a good if not particularly original basis, the reader is doomed to disappointment. The characters soon become tiresome, and the meagre plot is tediously, because discursively, worked out. Call in the Chief Baron's friends, Master Skipper and Mate Skimmer, to assist the unpractised novel-reader, and these two eminent experts will appreciate *Love Triumphant* at its just value.

The British Isles, as depicted by two artists, each eminent in his own particular line, namely Messrs. Pen and Camera, is the title of a volume, handsomely bound and most effectively got up, published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. It is very fully illustrated, not only with engravings of all degrees of excellence and every variety of size, but this feast for the eye is also furnished with a choice service of daintily coloured plates, the sight of which whets the appetite for excellent pabulum provided in the letterpress. As a book of reference it will be most welcome to the experienced traveller, and ought to act as an incentive to the British tourist who has yet to make the acquaintance of the land he lives in.

My Nautical Retainer offers the heartiest congratulations to Mr. St. John Hankin on his brilliant little volume, *Lost Masterpieces and other Verses* (Constable). As almost all these parodies and some of the "other Verses" have appeared in his own pages, it would savour too much of self-praise if *Mr. Punch* were to say all that he thought about their merits. He will therefore avail himself of the testimony of an unbiassed observer, who seems to have paid to Mr. Hankin's work the same involuntary compliment that Zeuxis paid to the curtain in the picture by Parrhasius. To give a greater plausibility to his title, Mr. Hankin represents these Lost Masterpieces of Verse as part of the collection of a certain Cyrus P. Tuckett, millionaire of Chicago; and so close are the imitations that they would appear to have imposed upon no less astute a connoisseur than the critic of the *Daily Graphic*. "Mr. Hankin," says he, "or rather Mr. Cyrus P. Tuckett, has got hold of some remarkable gems of hitherto unpublished poetry, and in most cases there seems to be no reason to doubt their authenticity . . . . Of the two fragments from the pen of Mr. Kipling, one of them, 'Marching Orders,' we think we have heard before." Eulogy can no further go.

The other verses, though some of them are based on themes that have lost their immediate poignancy, were well worth preserving for their gaiety and scholarly technique. If this little book does not pretend to cover a very wide range of humanity, or make a very catholic appeal to general experience, its virtues of craftsmanship are still strong enough to earn for Mr. Hankin a place among the very best writers of light verse.

Politics for the Pocket (a good honest poacher's pocket) is an anonymous brochure, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It provides instruction, by Two Who Know, for the incipient statesman. It abounds in strenuous fun, directed with admirable impartiality at both sides, and therefore likely to give annoyance to neither. Labouring in a rather well-worn field, and in an age when most good things have been said long ago, the authors have achieved a more than decent measure of originality. Among the best of many happy ideas is the announcement of a work by Mr. Swift MacNeill, catalogued as, "*John Bull as he really is* (Limp calf)."

Australia sends us a real good novel in *Sisters* (Hutchinson). It is a study of divers types of womanhood, and Ada Cambridge proves to be a mistress of the art. The story opens in Australia, making us acquainted with the manner of life of varied classes of colonists, from the aristocratic *Pennycuiks* to the *Breem* family of drapers. Between the two rolls a sea of prejudice wider and deeper than that which exists in this country between a belted Earl and a wholesale tea-dealer. *Deborah Pennycuik* is a fine character, standing out in magnificent contrast with the littlenesses of her sisters. On the whole a fresh breezy book, which my Baronite recommends to any in search of a novel with some novelty.

If it 's a good title you want, here it is in *The League of the Leopard* (John Long), by Harold Bindloss. The story commences well, and then, owing to the author's evident anxiety to work out his plot by development of character, it becomes wearisome. The title suggests powerful dramatic action and sensation, but 'tis "not there, not there, my child." Should the reader summon to his aid the ever nimble Master Skipper, he may arrive with some satisfaction at the finish.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Telling hits, but not from Marks-men.—The Ramsgate and Margate fishermen, hitherto considered by Mr. Marks as net gains for his candidature, are, it seems, likely to regard him as a queer fish and as not promising to be a great catch for them. Some telling hits, made in speeches by one of the most influential of the Ramsgate electors, must be to Mr. Marks as Wei-gall and Wormwood.

FASHION NOTES FROM WHITECHAPEL.

(Delayed in publication.)

Dear Eliza,—Whitechapel is beginning to fill up again, and several parties are already back from the hop-picking. One of the first to arrive was Mr. Henry Hawkins, whom I saw in the New Cut yesterday, looking very well and brown. He told me that hops have been very plentiful this year, and that his party got several excellent bags.

I also ran across Mr. "Bill" Sykes in the neighbourhood of Bow Street a day or two ago, but we were not able to speak to one another. He was fresh back from a hurried visit to Lady Vere de Vere's mansion, where he had been inspecting some old silver. You know he has a perfect passion for it. It seems, however, that he was only passing through town, and left that same evening for Pentonville, where he expects to make a protracted stay. By the way, they tell me that hair is being worn rather short there just now.

Saturday last was a very busy day. In the afternoon there were the usual Hampstead Races, which were attended by an exceptionally brilliant crowd. Mr. "Pet" Hoggins tooled down a large party in his smart turn-out, and subsequently his gallant steed carried him to victory in the Hampstead Cup amid scenes of immense enthusiasm. After a *recherché* tea at a neighbouring winkle stall, his whole party hurried back to a delightful *al fresco* dance in Hopper's Court. When I tell you that the music was supplied by Signor Barrelli Organo and the supper arrangements were made by the "Dun Cow," you will understand that the dance was quite one of the successes of the season.

At about this period of the year our husbands and brothers leave us for the Autumn Manœuvres. Rumour says that the Clerkenwell Brigade is unusually strong this year, and has shaped exceedingly well in two or three engagements in the Euston Road. But they will have to be strong indeed if they are to stand up against our stalwart forces from the Mile End Road, who have been completely re-armed this year with a new pattern in buckle belts.

M. Gallowski has just come over, and is staying at his shooting booth not a hundred miles from Epping Forest for the shooting. He has the reputation of being one of the best shots in Russia, and he gave evidence of his skill the other night by bringing down a high glass bottle and a rocketing celluloid ball with a right and left.

"What is Samuel Solomons making this year?" is the question one is almost tired of hearing asked by the large and daily increasing number of *élégantes* who pin their faith to the good taste and modistic knowledge of the *deus ex machinâ* behind the doors of that temple of fashion, 796, Old Kent Road. As a matter of fact, what Samuel Solomons says to-day the world of fashion will say to-morrow, and at present he is saying most decidedly purple with just a splash of orange. He showed me the sweetest little creation in these tones when I visited his *salon* the other day. Pre-eminently graceful is the cut of the *jupe*, which is rather short in front to allow a tantalising glimpse of dainty *bottines*, which, by the way, are now being worn with elastic sides. The semi-fitting coat had a rather deep *basque*, and was adorned with a thousand dainty *fanfreluches* such as mother-o'-pearl buttons. Worn with a Gainsborough hat and a *châle-de-laine* it should look ineffably *chic*. Yours ever, Harriet.



"SLEEP, GENTLE SLEEP!"

2 A.M. Portrait of a Gentleman who attended the Brass Band Contest and Festival at the Crystal Palace.

"The Best Will in the World."—Shakspeare.

THE PEOPLE'S SPORT.

"Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax."

[There seems to be a great opening for a new daily paper which will refuse to report professional football.]

That man has surely something wrong inside—
A fractious liver or a frigid heart—
Who in the people's pleasure takes no pride,
But stands in lofty attitudes apart,
Quite unimpressed
By what immediately concerns the general breast.

Myself, whenever, walking down the street,
I ask what moves him most, the Man therein,
I feel my pulses bounding, beat for beat,
In strictest time with those that toil and spin;
I could not bear
To think that in their joys and griefs I had no share.

On opening nights, among the gallery-folk,
I like to echo every thrill and throb,
To laugh in tune with such as see a joke
And souse my handkerchief with such as sob;
And, when it's through,
Rise up in god-like wrath and boo with those that boo.

In time of war I maffick with the crowd,
And boast of good old England's fighting breed;
In peace I play the like, and mock aloud
At cranks that croak about the country's need;
I take the line
Of Freedom's sons, who, being asked to serve, decline.

And, less from economic motives than
Because my heart goes out to all that mete
Strong wine of words to melt the Average Man,
Being themselves a sort of *plébiscite*,
Over my mess
Of matin porridge, I peruse the ½*d.* Press.

But there are limits. I have bravely borne
The shock of cricket jargon, reams on reams,
That spoilt with punctual blast each summer morn,
And now—how petty that infliction seems
Compared with these
Five serried columns stuffed with football pleasantries.

Yet in a hundred scenes, all much the same,
I know that weekly half a million men
(Who never actually played the game)
Hustling like cattle herded in a pen,
Look on and shout
While two-and-twenty hirelings hack a ball about.

I know it; yet I hardly care at all
Whether the Wolves break up the Throstles' wings,
Or Sheffield Friday gives the Saints a fall,
Or Pompey round the Reds is making rings,
Or in the Spurs,
Once firmly fixed in front, a falling-off occurs.

Against my *Chronicle* I bring no charge;
It but reflects the proletariat's views,
And I must either mentally enlarge,
Or float a nobler brand of *Daily News*,
And bar its page
To soccer as the social curse that blights the Age.

O. S.

The *Liverpool Courier* states that Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., has been an Elder of the Trinity Presbyterian Church "for over 302 years." "Elder" seems a comparatively mild term for such a very old non-stager.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

Chapter XI.

Conclusion of the Adventure with the Duchess of Bandusia.

"I must tell you," said the Rabbit, continuing his story next day, "that the Royal Library, to which I had been despatched, is situated in a remote part of the Palace and is not very easily accessible. It is approached by a maze of passages and intricate staircases, of which the last leads to a broad corridor. At the end of this are two heavy oaken doors side by side. One of these (I was not sure which) is the entrance to the library; I had no idea whither the other door would take me, though, to be sure, I had heard stories of vaults and dungeons and torture chambers to which possibly it might give access."

"You make me shudder," said the Cat. "If there's to be anything about tortures in this story tell me at once and let me go away. I simply couldn't stand it."

"Rats," said *Rob*.

"Oh, as to rats," said the Cat with some confusion, "that's what they're there for, isn't it? Rats and mice are mere vermin, you know, and I'm bound to says it's extremely bad taste introducing them into H.R.H.'s story. But, of course, some people were born without tact and they never acquire it afterwards."

She sat very stiffly erect as she said this, and assumed a stony distant expression.

"Oh go on," said *Rob* to the Rabbit, "let's have the story. If we listen to her much longer we shall all go wrong in the gear-box."

"As the Duchess and I walked along the corridor," resumed the Rabbit, "we were chatting and laughing in the cheeriest and most unconcerned manner. We were together, and therefore we were happy. The world was before us——"

"I thought you said two oaken doors were before you," snapped the Cat.

"One more interruption of that sort and I stop for good. The world was all before us, for we were young and strong. My recent apprehensions had all vanished, and no cloud seemed to dim our horizon. In this gay spirit we reached the great doors at the end of the corridor. One of these, I noticed, stood slightly ajar, while the other was closed. I tried the closed one first, but it resisted all my efforts:—

"'Dearest,' said the Duchess, 'it is not likely that the door to the library would be barred and bolted, as that door evidently is. A library is meant for use. Let us rather enter at the door which stands partly open. I am sure that must be the right one.'

"Her words carried conviction to my mind. I pressed my hand against the door; it yielded readily to my effort, and together we passed through the entrance.

"No sooner had we done so than a cold blast of air beat violently in our faces, and the door, swinging swiftly behind us, closed with a clang and a clash."

"Reminds me of the twopenny tube," said the Cat, who had at one time been something of a traveller.

"At that moment," continued the Rabbit breathlessly, paying no heed to the interruption, "I felt my throat seized in a violent grasp. I heard my beloved companion scream, and all was darkness. How long I lay in unconsciousness I know not. At last I began to come to myself:

"'Hang her head from the hook, Bill; chuck her body on the heap. That's it. Now then, let's make haste with the young 'un.'

"These were the first words I heard when my senses had returned to me. I opened my eyes. The dreadful sight I then saw can never be effaced from my memory."

"Of course the Duchess had been killed," said the Cat. "I guessed that all along. You'd been decoyed into the torture chamber by somebody who pretended to be your



CONSULTATIONS INVITED.

Mr. Punch. "WON'T YOU STEP IN HERE? THERE'S AN OLD LADY WHO'S VERY ANXIOUS TO TELL YOUR FORTUNE."

Lord R-s-b-ry. "YES, I KNOW. BUT—ER—*I NEVER SHOW MY HAND!*"





A GENUINE SPORTSWOMAN.

Mrs. Shodditon (to Captain Forrard, on a Cub-hunting morning). "I DO HOPE YOU'LL HAVE GOOD SPORT, AND FIND PLENTY OF FOXES."
Captain Forrard. "HOPE SO. BY THE WAY, HOW IS THAT BEAUTIFUL COLLIE OF YOURS THAT I ADMIRED SO MUCH?"
Mrs. Shodditon. "OH! FANCY! POOR DEAR! OUR KEEPER SHOT IT BY MISTAKE FOR A FOX!"

father—some enemy of yours and the Duchess's it must have been—and the torturers were just going to get to work on you after polishing off the Duchess when you woke up. I'll bet a bowl of milk to a biscuit that's it."

"You're too clever, *Gamp*," said the Rabbit with genuine sadness; "you've guessed right. That's exactly what had happened."

The Cat smirked pleasantly. "I can't help being clever," she said, half to herself. "I was born so, and must take no credit for it."

"But you haven't told us how you got out," said the Labrador indignantly.

"Oh, as to that," said the Rabbit, "it was really quite simple. As I did not appear at lunch the family became alarmed, and messengers were despatched far and wide to seek for me. It was my father who eventually discovered where I was, by means of some of the white feathers that had dropped out of my plumed hat as the Duchess and I went on our way. These served to indicate the direction we had taken. My father arrived only just in time to save me."

"How did he get in at the door which had clanged and clashed?" asked the Cat.

"By opening it with a key," said the Rabbit sharply.

"You didn't suppose he crept through the keyhole, did you?"

"I want to tell you a secret, *Rob*," said the Cat mysteriously, as they moved away from the hutch, "I didn't like to mention it to young *Bunbutter* for fear of exciting him."

"Tell away," said *Rob*. "What is it?'

"Well, the fact is the Duchess wasn't really killed that time in the torture-chamber."

"Nonsense," said *Rob*. "Why, they cut her head off."

"That doesn't matter; and, besides, it wasn't quite cut off."

"You surprise me," said *Rob*. "But how do you know?"

"I *ought* to know," said the Cat, "because"—here her voice sank to a deep whisper, and she looked round apprehensively—"because I am, or rather I was, the Duchess of BANDUSIA!"

"Gracious goodness!" said the Labrador, "you don't say so. Then *Bunbutter* really is a Prince, and you knew it all the time when you told me he was born in the Seven Dials?"

"I'm not talking about *Bunbutter*," said the Cat loftily, "I said *I* was the Duchess of BANDUSIA."

"Yes, I know," said *Rob*. "But I'm wondering who I shall turn out to be."

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN] INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

No. III.—WHY MR. BALFOUR WEARS NO BEARD.

[BUT can one wear no beard?—EDITOR.

Why not?—ALLUP DOWNWARD.

How can you wear *no* beard? You can wear *a* beard; you cannot wear *no* beard.—EDITOR.

But according to the notice boards you can "stick no bills."—ALLUP DOWNWARD.

Not here, any way. What you mean is: why Mr. BALFOUR does not wear a beard."—EDITOR.

Very well then; but this wretched argument has probably spoilt the story. —A. D.]

It may not be generally known or believed that in his youth Mr. BALFOUR was a hot-headed reader of the newspapers. Yet so it was. Few men tore open the *Times* with more energy than he; none so flung themselves upon the *Standard*. He could hardly sleep on Friday night for thinking of the morrow's *Spectator*: while on the eve of the *Guardian* he was a martyr to drugs. All this has changed.

But not only was Mr. BALFOUR a reader of the papers; in those distant days he was also adventurous and daring: nothing deterred him. Give him but the least hint of a perilous State secret and he was hot upon the scent.

It was this passion for high politics that in May in the year 18— took him posthaste to X——, and as it turned out was the means of averting a serious complication.

To entrust a State paper of the highest importance to a young English politician is of course a dangerous proceeding, especially when there are trained detectives to whom the care of such things is child's play. But the sequel showed that Mr. BALFOUR was well chosen.

His instructions came to him in an anonymous summons in cypher, which a veiled woman, speaking with a marked Russian accent, flung one night into his brougham as it sped on its way to the Opera.

None knew at the time whence or how came the missive, but with my customary good fortune I chanced at the moment to be watching at the theatre doors disguised as a traveller in artificial eyes, and I saw the whole transaction.

To pursue the woman was, I knew, idle: she was but a tool, and I already had the names and addresses of her employers—some of them of the highest —in my note-book. But to mark the effect of the communication upon our future Premier was far more interesting.

More than interesting, necessary: for he was young and impetuous, and if ever a man needed the guiding hand of the great TOSCHER it was he. And had I not been engaged by the Government at ruinous expense to protect this young Hopeful on any of his wild enterprises? I would do my duty.

Quickly changing my disguise I presented myself at the meeting in the uniform of one of the Montenegrin secret police, and as such I was accorded every facility—such is the freemasonry obtaining among the sleuth hounds of the Powers.

Mr. BALFOUR was visibly excited. He puffed cigarettes nervously, lighting them and throwing them away with the speed of thought. This I have noticed is always a bad sign. I observed him closely. His pupils were much dilated, his mouth twitched, he pulled his beard continually.

For in those days our Premier, whose smooth chin is now so famous, wore a long silky beard slightly inclined to a chestnut tinge.

To approach him and inquire if he were not in need of a capable servant, silent as the grave and faithful as a spaniel, was the work of an instant.

He told me that he was, having on hand an enterprise needing all his resource and cool-headedness.

"When you reach home this evening, such a man will be there," I said.

He seemed thunderstruck at my confidence. "But I am going home now," he added.

"Very well," I said. "The man would still be there, though you were to fly."

"Nothing," said he, with admirable and characteristic readiness, "nothing is farther from my thoughts than to fly."

He left almost immediately, but I was before him. I changed my clothes with the rapidity of lightning in my private cab, in which was always an extensive wardrobe, prepared for every emergency, and was in time to welcome the young diplomatist on his own doorstep.

He had no notion it was I.

We started at daybreak the next morning and, try as I would on the long journey, I could not get a sight of the letter which had projected Mr. BALFOUR on this course. Either he had destroyed it, or he guarded it with amazing dexterity.

No sooner were his eyes closed night after night than I set to work to extract the paper from its hiding place among his trunks or papers. But all in vain. I could not find it. I had never been baffled before; I have never been baffled since.

We took a small lodging near the Palace, and I gave it out that my master was a philosopher bent upon the study of the foundations of belief. It was on the face a poor story, but it sufficed. I am never at a loss.

On the third day a stranger heavily muffled made his way to our rooms. I showed him in, and thick as was his shawl, I saw in a moment who it was, and had only just presence of mind to refrain from calling him "Your Majesty."

Mr. BALFOUR received him with perfect ease and bade me leave the room.

I did so; but you may feel sure got no farther than the keyhole.

The conversation was carried on wholly in the language of diplomacy, or now and then, for greater secrecy, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, but I missed nothing.

At last the Illustrious Unknown demanded the paper.

"There," said Mr. BALFOUR, and my heart stood still as I realised that I was about to penetrate the mystery of its hiding-place. "There," he said, and drew it from his beard.

His beard! You could have knocked me down with a little bit of fluff. Dolt, ass, poltroon, I called myself, and kicked myself in my rage. To have been thus duped!

The stranger took the paper and wept as he read it. Then he flung himself upon the potential Premier in an ecstasy of gratitude.

"You have saved me! You have saved me!" he cried, on his eloquent fingers.

How to dispose of the fatal document was now the question. To burn it? But even ashes can tell tales. After many anxious moments it was decided to swallow it, and this the Stranger and my master did in alternate mouthfuls.

That night we packed up and returned. Mr. BALFOUR was in the highest spirits. His embassy had succeeded; he had averted a great catastrophe. In his excitement he took my hand. He saw his error almost at once, but I quickly spared him any embarrassment by disclosing my identity.

"You!" he cried. "O my most excellent TOSCHER, how can I thank you for your solicitude, your devotion?"

I saw my opportunity and took it, for the temporary defeat still rankled.

"Promise me," I said, "promise me you will cut off your beard and never wear one again."

He was stunned. He reeled under the shock.

But he promised.

And that is why Mr. BALFOUR wears no beard.

[ALLUP DOWNWARD means—does not wear any beard.—EDITOR.]

LOVE GAMES.

[Two suitors for the hand of a well-to-do widow of Guttenburg, New Jersey, are, says the *New York American*, to play a game of cards, the winner of which will marry the lady with her consent.]

THE idea of winning a wife as the prize for success in games—the kind of game need not matter—although not exactly "new and original," since it has occurred in more than one drama, yet has it endless possibilities, and particularly so at the present time, when it is being suggested that the duration of marriages should be limited to a short and stated period.

From the "Football Star of My Soul," April 1, 1905.

The final tie of the English Couple Competition was played at the Crystal Palace on Saturday before 50,000 spectators.

Both teams were in excellent condition and most amorously inclined. Sheffield-about-to-be-United, who had been training at Maidenhead, where they had been kept walking hard and reading books picturing the joys of home life, were the favourites, but Nuptial-Notts County offered a stout resistance before being—as they ultimately were—defeated by the narrow margin of one goal.

Both sides were remarkable for their forward play, but of course excellence in this department is not enough to win wives. The winners had, needless to say, the better halves.

At the conclusion of the match the President of the Football Association presented wives to members of the winning team, and expressed his sympathy with the defeated. He added, however, that he was able to offer to the latter one word of consolation—a word which, though it had done duty before, was yet ever new. He was sure that during the ensuing year — for which period the wives won that day would remain the possession of the winning team—he was sure, he said, that the ladies would not forget a courtesy due from time immemorial to the defeated in such contests—the courtesy, namely, of promising to fill the position of sisters to the losing side (*loud applause*).

From the "Daily Bridesmail," April, 1907.

An Australian eleven may be expected in this country next year, provided that there is a sufficient guarantee regarding the quality of the brides to be offered by the M.C.C. to the Australian team in the event of the latter winning the rubber. The committee at Sydney are now considering a number of photographs which have been sent out from England.

From the "Sporting Married Life," May, 1915.

The Battersea Bachelors' Golf Club held a meeting yesterday, when the annual competition for a lady, offered by herself, took place.

Piquancy was lent to the contest by the fact that the identity of the lady had not been disclosed to competitors. The Secretary, however, as afterwards transpired, had managed to view the prize, and to this circumstance may possibly be attributed the fact that, though a scratch man, he took 253 to go round.

Notwithstanding the play of the Secretary, however, the competition was very keen, the prize being ultimately won by the popular Captain of the Club, who, it was stated, had not won a wife for ten years. Our representative was afterwards permitted a view of the trophy, whom he describes as most massive and striking, and as likely to add to the effectiveness of any room in which she is placed.



QUICK WORK.

Gutternipe. "PLEASE MUVVER WANTS SIXPENCE ON THIS 'ERE FRYIN' PAN."

Pawnbroker. "HALLO! IT 'S HOT!"

Gutternipe. "YUS, MUVVER 'S JUST COOKED THE SOSSIDGES, AN' WANTS THE MONEY FOR THE BEER!"

NOTICE TO CANNIBALS.—"A thorough experienced Cook requires cooking."
Advt. in "Southern Daily Echo."

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ZOO.

In the Monkey House.

A large Mandrill, having deprived a small monkey of a Gentleman Doll, the offering of a Child Admirer, has retired to a perch with his capture, which he methodically proceeds to undress. As the trousers present unexpected difficulties, he removes them with his teeth, thereby overwhelming himself with sawdust, to his own disgusted surprise and the intense delight of the spectators. The Mandrill loses all further interest in the doll, and its remains fall to an inferior monkey, who examines it carefully in the faint hope of pickings.

An Old-fashioned Godfather (to a very modern God-daughter, *concerning whom he has awakened to a belated responsibility).* Ah well, Hermione my dear, you can hardly expect a monkey to appreciate a doll, can you?

Hermione (aged eleven). I always loathed dolls, myself—but it does seem rather a pity that monkeys shouldn't be taught to amuse themselves more sensibly.

Old-fashioned Godf. Oh, I don't know, Hermione. They seem to enjoy life fairly well as it is.

Hermione. But what a difference it would make if some of the older ones could only learn Bridge!

A Polite Child (to an importunate Baboon, with whom he has contracted a temporary intimacy). I'm so sorry, Monkey, but I can't give you any more nuts, because this is my last, and I'm saving it for the poor Hippopotamus.

[*The Baboon accepts this apology with a weary scepticism.*

In the New Ape House.

Humphrey (introducing the new Governess *to a Chimpanzee).* This is Jimmy, Miss Dobson, and he's a *very* great friend of ours. Really and truly I'm not boasting—but he's been for a ride once in Baby's mail-cart!

[Miss Dobson *is duly impressed by the condescension.*

'Erb (to Alf, as they inspect Jimmy's *neighbour, who protrudes a cynically twisted mouth at them through the wire netting).* Looks a'most yuman, don't he, Alf? Wonder what he's thinking about.

Alf (promptly seizing his opportunity). Why, 'e's thinkin': "If 'ere ain't my brother 'Erb come to see me at last!"

'Erb (as the Chimpanzee suddenly turns his back on them, and scratches his thigh with an almost offensive unconcern). "That ain't no brother o' mine!" 'e's saying. "All *my* family was more partickler 'bout the comp'ny they kept."

[Alf *admits that this is one to* 'Erb *by knocking his hat over his eyes.*

In the Lion House—at Feeding Time.

Dorothy. Mummy, there's *such* a kind tiger inside that cage!

Mother. Is there, darling?—what is he doing?

Dorothy. Why, he's kissing his dinner instead of eating it!

Vivien (indignantly). Auntie, I *do* think it's a shame to put up "Beware of Pickpockets" outside the Lion's cage. Does he *look* as if he would ever do anything so undignified?

In the Reptile House.

A Person with an inquiring mind (after examining an Electric Eel). I wonder what would 'appen if they was to fry 'im.

Small Child. Farver, will the corkodile come 'ere and let me pat 'is 'ed?

Father. 'E 'd soon 'ave yer 'and off if he did, my boy!

Small Child. But, farver, the *gazelles* didn't 'ave my 'and off!

Another Father (to infant on his shoulder). See, Maudie—that's a Puff Adder in there.

Maudie (determined to be pleased with everything). Oh, what a *nice* ickle one!

Dysy (examining a large Iguana). Well, 'e's a fair corshun, 'e is. I never see the likes of *'im* afore!

Mybel. They do 'ave some *novelties* 'ere, I *must* say!

In the Tortoise House.

Governess. Just fancy, Harold, that big tortoise there is over a hundred years old!

Harold. Is he? How jolly *his* birthday cake must look with all those candles on it!

Near the Bandstand.

The Old-fashioned Godfather. Like to have a ride on the Elephant, Hermione?

Hermione. Thanks—I'm afraid I should find it rather slow—after a *motor*, you know.

The O. G. Well, shall we go and have some tea?

Hermione. I think I'll wait till I get home, thanks—but I shouldn't mind a strawberry ice and a chocolate *éclair*, if they've got such a thing.

In the Rhinoceros House.

Well-preserved Grandfather. I daresay, Millie, you'll hardly believe that these beasts were quite common in England in the old days, but it's a fact.

Millie (who goes in for tact). Oh, I quite *believe* it, Grandfather—but I should hardly have thought *you* were old enough to remember so long ago as that.

Censorious Matron (on beholding the Rhinoceros for the first time). My! what a awful 'orrid-lookin' beast, to be sure. 'Ere, *come* along, we ain't got no time to waste over *'im!*

[*She hurries out.*

A Young Lady (as the great brute opens his mouth and waggles a peaked and purple upper lip at her persuasively). Well, I should think it was scarcely possible for any creature to be more hideous than that!

[*She passes on; the pachyderm, who must long ago have abandoned all illusions regarding his personal appearance, seems content with having produced his customary effect.*

At the Hippopotamus's Pond.

Hermione (gazing languidly down the huge pink cavern, as the Hippopotamus opens her mouth at the Keeper's *command).* How I should simply *hate* being that thing's dentist!

[*The* Keeper, *who was about to offer her a biscuit to give the Hippopotamus, decides to reserve the privilege for some child more likely to appreciate it.*

Outside the Giraffe Yard.

Critical Visitor. Why, they ain't 'ardly got no bodies at all!

His Companion (reasonably). What else could you expect, with them necks and legs—they carn't 'ave it *all* ways!

Dysy. Look at that one, lickin' the top of his door.

Mybel. Well, they 'ave to do *some* of the cleanin' for themselves.

By the Bear Pit.

A Generous Aunt. Now, Jock, I'm going to buy just one more bun for the poor bears.

Jock. Couldn't *I* be a poor bear this time, Auntie?

Near the Main Entrance.

Father. Getting near closing time. I think we've seen most of the animals now, eh?

Small Boy. Oh, shan't we have time for any of the Prestorical ones, Daddy?

The Old-fashioned Godfather (anxiously). Sure you've enjoyed it, Hermione? No other place you'd rather have gone to?

Hermione. I think not, thanks. It isn't as if there were any *Matinées* on to-day, and the Zoo is quite a thing to have seen.



THE RULING PASSION.

Young Squire. "Well, you can't complain of the weather *this* year. You've had splendid crops."
Farmer. "That's true, Sir. The crops be all right. But—they've taken a terrible lot out o' the land!"

The O. G. Well, you'll have plenty to tell your Nurse when you get back, won't you?

Hermione. I expect you mean my Maid—it's no good telling *her* things, she's too much of a goose. Ah, they *have* sent the motor for me, so you needn't trouble to see me home. Goodbye, and thanks most awfully for taking me. I've enjoyed it immensely—we really must have another afternoon together, some day!

[*She is whirled off by the* Chauffeur, *leaving her* Godfather *with a growing conviction that the expedition has not been altogether a success.* F. A.

Police Amenities.

As a result of the Beck scandal, we understand that urgent instructions have been issued to the Force, reminding it that every man, and especially every woman, is guiltless till the contrary has been proved, and among other fresh rules for the encouragement of pleasant relations between the police and presumptive innocents we are gratified to hear that the following Order, of which the grammar has the right official ring, has been recently promulgated:—

When taking females into custody, the helmet should be removed (always supposing that it is still on the head).

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Melancholy is charming; but it need not be cultivated while we have English cookery.

Be kind to all sentient creatures; you never know when you may need bail.

Neither cause, nor take, offence; but, if you must do one or the other, remember that it is always better to give than to receive.

Have a care for the first step in a love affair; an indiscretion with the *hors d'œuvre* has spoilt many a fine appetite.

There's many an untrue word spoken in earnest.

Beware of applause; it is usually given by someone who wants exercise—or something.

Say what they will in Harley Street, high living and plain thinking remain very popular in the neighbouring Squares.

Even the most dogmatic are not always wrong.

The race would generally be to the swift and the battle to the strong if those who ran horses and arranged the wrestling matches played the game.

It is better to be off with the new love before you are on with the old again.



KINDLY MEANT.

Young Noodle. "Oh, do have another Sandwich, Miss Swan. You have such a long way to eat—I mean such a long way to go!"

THE GREAT KNEE-BREECHES QUESTION.

(A Young Blood, in trouble about his legs, soliloquises before his pier-glass.)

Well now, this *is* a doosid nuisance, what? . . . S'pose I've got to face the question, now that all the rest of our set have made up their minds . . . *Hate* havin' to make up my mind! It's rotten, simply *rotten*—I don't mean my mind, but havin' to worry over things like this—I never was so dreadfully worried, except perhaps over the shape of that tie last season, what? . . . Why can't they put it off a little while longer? But no, they 're all goin' to wear them next Friday at that supper at the Carlton, and Stella Pardedew 's comin' too—wish I hadn't asked her, she *can* be so cuttin', when she likes . . . I'm sure, if I 've measured myself once, I've measured myself fifty times, and I can't make 'em more than ten and three-eighths round the calf. . . . I know she 'll ask whether it 's three calves or one, when she sees me comin' along . . . rotten joke, too! . . .

Here, let me try once more—where 's that tape? . . . No, I don't seem to spring to ten and a-half inches, anyhow, and I walked the whole length of Bond Street this afternoon, what? . . . They don't look so bad in gaiters and ridin'-breeches, or under a motor-coat, and when I'm golfin', too, I can double the thick top ends of my stockins down and make quite a decent show, but these silk things, what! . . . They 'll be sayin' somethin' about advertisements for Anti-fat—that rotter Bertie will, *I* know, just because his are fifteen inches round. . . . It 's too bad, just as I 've thought out a new kind of trouser-crease, and trained my man to do it properly! I was going to show it off to *her*, too, and let her know that I have *some* brains after all! . . . And now they 've all decided to follow that rotter Hicks in that rotten Vaudeville piece! . . . Here, I must have a bromide and vermouth—I 'm gettin' quite a head with all this worry! I 'll never be able to get round to the Hilarity to-night, and I 've only three more days of trouserdom, unless—— . . . There, I feel better now! . . .

I have it—I 've an idea! I 'll ask 'em at the Carlton if they 've cut their trousers short, and are doin' it on the cheap to save baggy knees, what! . . . *That* 'll tickle 'em up! . . . They may all dress like flunkeys, if they like, but "Protection for the Lower Limbs" shall be *my* motto, even if I 'm in a minority of one, don't you know! . . . Yes, I 'll buck up, and we shall see *who* looks distinguished! . . . And Stella shall see my new crease in spite of everything. . . . Heavens! what a crisis I 've been through! And yet they say the age of martyrs is over, what? . . .

[Rings for his Man and Continuations.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Oh never, never, surely
Were eyes observed to shine
So softly and demurely
As yours did into mine,
The while you led me, love, to where
In blushing beauty lay a pair
Of fancy slippers wrought in rare
And delicate design.

There, in such hues invested
As tongue hath seldom told,
My four initials rested
Upon a ground of gold;
And frail forgetmenots of blue
A fairy ring around them drew
Of brighter flowers than ever grew
Upon terrestrial mould.

Alas, for love's devotion,
And hope foredoomed to fall!
With undisguised emotion
The sequel I recall;
For in the velvet depths of those
Twin slippers my expansive toes
Could find no haven of repose—
They were a size too small.

In a recent article concerning the influence of influenza in the House of Commons the *Westminster Gazette* dwelt on the great utility of the "aspirating apparatus" in sampling specimens of Bacteria. This same apparatus might probably prove of considerable advantage to those who have high aspirations but are deficient in aspirates. We drop the "h" in giving this 'int.



"THE MAGIC KETTLE."

The Operator. "GENTLEMEN, NOTWITHSTANDING THE APPARENT FROST, THE KETTLE IS GOING TO BOIL ALL THE SAME."





IT IS THE UNEXPECTED THAT HAPPENS.

Deaf Old Gent (to himself). "I'VE NOT HAD A RISE ALL DAY; BUT NOW——"

LINES WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

RACKED by destroying thirst and tearing spasm,
Packed insecurely on a heaving shelf,
Nothing to do but mourn my inner chasm,
And lie and hate myself,—

The sounding rusk too fugitive a diet,
The placid tea a beverage too shy
To stay the vacuum (*will* you be quiet?
Couldn't you even try?)—

Torn by the nauseating "corkscrew motion,"
Groaning anew with every heave and dip,
After three days and nights, I ask you, OCEAN,
Is this a pleasure trip?

Give me a bay as flat as tepid gravy,
A boat to loaf in, and a decent pipe,
And I could almost wish I 'd joined the Navy;
I feel I 'm just that type.

Give me a pier, and let explosive bandsmen
Bray "*Rule, Britannia*" to the twinkling stars,
I think, how petty are the lives of landsmen,
How jovial those of tars!

Let me ascend a cliff where I can smell you,
And watch your wild waves beating down below,
And (oh, good gracious! Woa, oh, woa, I tell you!
Confound it, *will* you woa?)

But now—I came for rest and recreation,
To breathe the ozone and admire the view;
Is *this* refreshment, *this* recuperation?
Go to, I say, go to!

How can I take a pleasure in the scenery,
How can I reap a profit from the brine,
If you start interfering with machinery
As delicate as mine?

Yet there are men whom nothing seems to flummox,
Men that can ride a gale without a care,
Absorb their viands with triumphant stomachs,
And never turn a hair.

I hate them. Their exasperating *bonhomie*
Gives me offence. They have a haughty trick
Of praising their interior economy,
Which stings me to the quick.

Then, OCEAN, hear me. Deeply though I suffer,
Though I have borne enough to drive one mad,
If you could bring them down by getting rougher,
I wish you would, begad.

Their groans would fall upon mine ears like music,
'Twould be the next best thing to being cured
If I could cry, "Ha, ha, my friends, are *you* sick?"
It would, I feel assured.

For "by *another's* anguish," says the poet,
"One pain is lessened." Mine would surely be
Lightened and—(there you go again! Oh, go it!
Oh, *go* it! Don't mind me!).

DUM-DUM.

FROM THE "STAR" (STOP PRESS NEWS).

The War.

PARIS message says ALEXEIEFF and KUROPATKIN met at Mukden. No further bloodshed is reported.

THE SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE passing of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was a beautiful rounding off of a strenuous life. A fighter in every fibre, never so happy as when with back to the wall he faced overwhelming odds, he died in his sleep.

> Say not Good night, but in some brighter clime
> Bid me Good morning.

This habit of tussling for the right, combined with occasional utterance of irascible remark, is responsible for the House of Commons tradition that Sir WILLIAM was cantankerous. Some years ago there was current a fable about a dinner-party jointly given by six men. In fantastic mood it was resolved that each should invite the most disagreeable man he knew. When they foregathered at the table it was found that the party consisted of seven. Each of the hosts had asked HARCOURT.

It is true he was impatient with mediocrity, scornful of pretension, even turbulently angry with meanness, baseness, or anything that fell short of his lofty ideal of gentlemanhood. But in the social circle, assuming it to be peopled with desirable persons, he was invariably charming. His long experience of men and affairs, his wide range of reading, his tenacious memory, and his sparkling wit, made him delightful company. Had the spiteful story turned upon the point that each of the hosts was pledged to invite the most popular diner-out of the day, the consequence reported would have been more reasonable.

A masterful Radical leavened by Whig culture, no political fence circumscribed his social relations. He was one of the few men who, after the split in the Liberal Party following on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, preserved intact ancient friendships. There was nothing small about Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, corporeally, intellectually, or morally. "Humour, above all good humour," he privily wrote to one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, "is the salt of life, and you have set the example in applying to politics this excellent antiseptic."

The habit generously extolled Sir WILLIAM instinctively observed in all his relations with life, public or private. Of late years complaint was made that he handicapped his running in debate by the avoirdupois weight of his notes. He certainly wrote out in the seclusion of his study his more important speeches. As his eyesight weakened, the awkwardness of reading his manuscript became more oppressive to the audience. He was aware of the disadvantage, and was ready to defend it. All orations that have lived through the ages were, he insisted with copious circumstance, prepared in manuscript. He held it to be a just tribute to the dignity and importance of the House of Commons that a man addressing it should give it his very best, prepared without stint of time or toil.

His orations were certainly not written out for lack of ability to deliver extemporaneous speech. He was at his best when some sudden turn of debate called him to his feet. At such times, in sonorous voice, accompanied by gestures elephantine in their force, he with scathing tongue shortly said the right thing in the most perfect phrase. Biographical notices that filled the papers during the week following the Great Commoner's death reiterated the more familiar stories illustrative of his wit and humour in the House of Commons. One escaped the recollection of the chroniclers. It was in the Session of 1893, when, the Home Rule Bill having been shouldered through the Commons, Sir WILLIAM, by dint of much adroitness, managed to carry his Parish Councils Bill. A General Election imminent, leaders on both sides were anxious to show that, in this matter, *Short* not *Codlin* was the true friend of the agricultural voter. Mr. GOSCHEN, still with us in the Commons, claimed to be the real father of the Bill, since in an earlier Session he had made the first move towards the establishment of Parish Councils. This said, he proceeded to urge the Government to destroy their bantling, by leaving out the essential portion dealing with the Poor Law.

"The House," said Sir WILLIAM, "bearing in mind the judgment of SOLOMON, will perceive who truly is the parent of this Bill. It certainly is not the Right Hon. Gentleman, who more than assents, who actually proposes to cut it in twain."

For thirty years Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT played a prominent part in home politics. He was more than a fighter, though when occasion arose he could swashbuckle it with the best of them. He was a consummate General, as was shown by his carrying of the Parish Councils Bill, and his defeat of the Tithes Bill. He was a master of finance, as testified by the imperishable monument of his Death Duties Budget. He carried into public life and party action the purest creed of honour. He was, as PRINCE ARTHUR said to a friend, talking at a time when almost personal animosity was evoked in discussion on the Education Bill, "the last and one of the greatest of the old school of Parliamentarians."

CRAVAT MOST SUITABLE FOR BRIDEGROOM AT HIS OWN WEDDING.—The Marriage Tie.

A TRAGEDY.

"SSH! quiet, 'ere 'e comes. I towd yer 'e come by this 'ere lonly spot late of a afternoon pretty reg'lar—know'd it from the gard'ner's boy. Git close up under the bit o' wall by me. Is she loaded orl right?"

"Yus! Don't 'e walk slow though?"

"Orl the better fer us, Mate. Steady now; aim careful—wait till 'e gets in range, and mind and cover 'im well."

"Don't 'arf like the job, BILL——"

"Ssh! No names——"

"——and that 's the truth; s'posin' someone 's awatchin' of us—maybe there 's a keeper about."

"No there ain't, keep cool now or we 're done——"

"Look 'ere, Mate! I can't do it, that 's truth. I 'm not used enough to the job—I 'm a-shakin' like a leaf."

"'Ere, giv' it me, yer 'll miss 'im sure as fate, then we 're dunners!"

"Take it then an' do it—I can't, that 's straight."

"'And it 'ere quick then. I 've got yer, me beuty—jest a little nearer. 'Ullo! wot 's 'e stoppin' for?"

"Think 'e 's seen us?"

"Not 'im! Jes look at 'is chain; I 'eard it and 'is watch alone 's worth a mint o' splosh—"

"Ssh! 'E 's a comin' on now."

"'Ere goes then! Now or never—" Click!

"Phew! That 's settled 'im anyway. Now all we 've got ter do is to lie close fer a arf hour, till it 's a bit dusk; then we can 'ook out o' hidin' safe, and see wot we 've got. Wouldn't do to move yet, might be someone lurkin' about the preserves, an' if we was spotted now it ud more than like mean trouble for us."

* * * *

"Got 'is chain?"

"Yus, got that orl right, an' 'is stick too, with the gold top on 't."

"Steady with 'is 'ead now—large size, ain 't it? It was a good shot, though I didn't arf like the job, but *you 'd* never a done it."

"No, I couldn't a done it, and that 's truth."

"Anyway it 's over now, and it 's the best bit o' work we done for many a day."

"Or the worst. S'posin' someone 'as seen us uddled up be'ind the wall on privit ground?"

"Well, no one didn't, I 'll take me Alfred David on that. It was a good shot though, and it took 'im jus right. Any'ow it 's done now, and 'e 's come out a treat."

"And now we 've developed 'im we 've on'y got to print 'im orf, and take 'im to the Club. And if we don't knife the prize for bein' the first to snap the American millionaire wot objects to 'avin' 'is phiz took—well!"



THE CHARM OF PROSPERO.

The Right Hon. Joseph Caliban finds it impossible to break away from the spell of the Right Hon. Prospero Balfour.

THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.

By Lady Lavinia Larkspur.

(With acknowledgments to the Ladies' Papers.)

Despair.—You certainly don't sound attractive if your description is accurate, and I can only recommend you to get a new face altogether. Madame Elise, of 172, Hanover Square, will do this for you; a thorough steaming, a touch of electricity and a course of "Jabberwocky Face Food" (7s. 6d. per bottle) will work wonders. As to the enlarged toe-joint, paint thoroughly with three coats of "Red Oxide," and varnish with best "Copal." When quite dry, use Dr. Kuralpayne's special plated toe-saw, and I don't think the toe will bother you again. So glad you like my advice; let me hear from you again.

La Duchesse.—The Beauty Outfit you speak of will cost you 9 guineas, but it will last some time. This is the way to use the preparations. Take a pint of rain-water and carefully remove the blacks. When tepid pour it over a sachet into a basin containing twenty drops of "Crème de Joie." Now wash in the ordinary way, and instead of using a towel polish the face and neck with a chamois leather sprinkled with "Poudre d'Hiver." You will find all this fully described in Madame Pamela Smythe's little brochure "The Complete Complexion," which she will give you with much pleasure if you write to her and enclose 15s. 9d. Please say you are a correspondent of mine, as otherwise she will charge you 16s.

Fluffy.—I think it is very probable that you were bitten by something, and that the sub-cutaneous tissues want feeding up. Have you ever tried "Green's Greaseless Gloss" for your scalp (17s. 6d. per bottle)? This would, I am sure, stop the shedding of epithelium which you find so irritating. Let your maid make as many partings in your hair as possible on alternate nights every other week, and into every second parting let her rub in with a piece of fine canvas (or emery paper) Dr. Dandriff's "White Wax Benzoated Hair Nourisher" (19s. 6d. per bottle). At the end of a fortnight the hair must be washed with Madame Alice Sadleir's "Eau de Nil Poudre," which costs (with the proper brush to apply it) only 22s. 6d. per bottle. Your letters are always delightful, and no trouble at all.

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie).

I.—LONDON'S PILGRIM HEROES.

THE days of pilgrimage are past and over. No more, urged by an irresistible impulse, do noble and simple, from the stately halls of England, from the sweet Surrey homesteads, fare forth to the Holy Land, to shrive their souls and win salvation. Yet the pilgrim spirit is still with us. Only cultivate the seeing eye and you shall discover in our very midst, in the heart of this dear old eternal city of ours, lineal descendants of the gallant wights who, on horse or on foot, in coat of mail or simple jerkin, rode and marched across Europe to rescue Jerusalem from the sway of MAHOUND.

I know it is the fashion to be cynical, to sneer at enthusiasm, but what have the cynics done for this beloved England of ours? Was it cynicism that enabled OLIVER LODGE—that paladin of modern science—or J. J. THOMSON, the modern ARCHIMEDES as I have called him elsewhere, to climb to the dizzy pinnacle of fame on which they now stand transfigured? Let us have no more of this degrading convention. Better a thousand times be effusive in fulfilment of the sacred duty of panegyric than allow your attitude towards your brother man to be governed by the sinister and paralysing watchword of *nil admirari*.

Come with me, then, gentle and tender-hearted reader, on this golden autumn morning, and I will show you a sight that will grip your heart-strings and blur your keen vision with the divine dew of sympathy. Come with me down Oxford Street or along the Embankment and you shall see them, the pilgrim heroes of London, "ever delicately marching through the pellucid air," imprisoned like Chinese prisoners in the cumbrous apparatus which is the livery of their despised calling, yet by their splendid patience, their superb resignation, their matchless devotion to duty, preaching more eloquently against the materialism of the age than the deans and chapters of all the cathedrals within the four seas!

Hitherto, in the arrogance of your class prejudice, you have regarded them simply as the submissive instruments of a crass utilitarianism, the helots of commerce, the galley-slaves of *réclame*. O the wonder and the pity of this London of ours, where unobtrusive worth, in spite of the indomitable enterprise of the Press, is still occasionally able to escape recognition and to baffle the trumpet-toned searcher after truth, beauty, and goodness! You, gentle reader—for I know you are gentle by the kindling light in your humid eye and the tremulous quivering of your pendulous nether lip—have lived all these years in the belief that these "sandwichmen"—to use the brutal and ferocious word that almost blisters my tongue when I write it—were merely human refuse from the lowest dregs of the residuum, whose sole qualifications for employment were the power of locomotion and the ability to bear a burden. You thought so, but you were wrong. The life of reflection and contemplation is infinitely superior to the life of action, and the opportunities for pure and uninterrupted thought afforded to the Pilgrim Heroes of London are at least equal to those enjoyed by the dons of Magdalen, the monks of Athos, or the beatific Buriats of the Lop-nor. Look at yonder old man with the Michelangelesque profile and the brow of a Yogi! What though his bowler hat be shamefully battered, his throat innocent of collar or of tie, and his broken boots lamentably inadequate to cope with the slush of the gutter in which he habitually trudges, that man—mark you, I speak of what I know—is steeped in the spirit of ascetic resignation which supported SIMEON STYLITES on his pillar. That quiet-faced soldierly-looking man a few yards in front of him, had fortune so willed it, might have achieved eminence either at the Bar or in the stricken field. Dress him in a well-fitting frock-coat and silk hat, with a slender umbrella and a gold-tipped cigarette, and he would hold his own in the very mid-current of fashion. But the fascination of the meditative life was irresistible, and he too joined the band of obscure but ineffably contented pilgrims who, "unshaken, unseduced, unterrified," indifferent to the raucous challenge of the police, the cruel taunts of the omnibus driver, the jeers of the *gamin*, and the reckless accusations of the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, pace onward, unhasting, unresting, at once the most lovable and perplexing figures in this amazingly juicy old world of ours.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

[In the *Cornhill Magazine* MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK has been discussing the relative expenses of English and German households, and explains how the German *Hausfrau* contrives to live more cheaply by economising in food, furniture and dress.]

O, WHY did I marry my DOLLY?
Just look at the quarterly bills
From butchers and bakers and mantua-makers
And vendors of feminine frills!
Her wildly extravagant folly
All reason refuses to learn—
O, why am I fated to find myself mated
With such an expensive concern?

Now GRISEL, I hear, is as saving
As DOLLY is just the reverse;
She's thrifty and prudent, a diligent student
Of all that pertains to the purse;
She's blessed with a positive craving
For shrewd economical plans;
No tradesman can beat her, no milliner cheat her—
O, what would I give to be HANS!

Still DOLLY has points in her favour,
Mere justice compels me to state:
I like to be able to dine at a table
That glitters with plenty of plate.
I bar a conglomerate flavour
Of sausage and chicken and pork—
I loathe eating dishes of flesh, fowl, and fishes
With one and the same knife and fork.

Then GRISEL'S bare chambers distress me;
Her dingy black stove makes me sigh
For the fire that burns ruddy and bright in my study
As soon as the summer is by;
Linoleums always depress me;
I crave to be cosy and snug,
And long for a sight of the Turkish delight
Of my own most particular rug.

I can't—to be perfectly candid—
Bear GRISEL in evening costume:
With her sad flannel blouses I find that she rouses
A sense of ineffable gloom;
Her woollen stuff frocks may be branded
As shoddy, and—dare I confess?—
I miss all the traces of chiffons and laces
That ought to be part of a dress.

When duns are incessantly calling,
When balances fly like a dream,
When credit is dying, I find myself sighing
For GRISEL'S close-handed *régime*.
Still, her feet loo' a trifle appalling
In coarse clumping boots—do they not?—
And when she has got on her gloves of white cotton
I vow that economy 's rot.

Self-depreciation.

FROM the *Daily Mail*:—"If you want NEWS, you will find it in to-morrow's *Weekly Dispatch*."

CHARIVARIA.

China was greatly relieved to learn from the *Européen*, last week, that Russia and Japan are merely fighting with the object of deciding which of them is to have the pleasure of restoring Manchuria to her.

The outspoken criticism of the appointment of the aged General Gripenberg has not been without effect upon the Czar, and we have it on good authority that, as a remedy, the Czarevitch, as soon as he is short-coated, will receive a command of even greater importance.

The garrison at Port Arthur is now reduced to slaughtering thirty donkeys a day for fresh meat. Admiral Alexeieff must be glad he did not stay there.

With reference to the visit which the King of Servia will shortly pay to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, it is announced that King Peter will go *incognito*, and not as the powerful head of a powerful nation.

The allegation in the *National Review* that the British workman is drunken, lazy, unthrifty, improvident, foul-mouthed, and untruthful has been denied by the men's leaders, and it is thought that many of the men will give up subscribing to Mr. Maxse's organ.

Dr. Clifford has been protesting against the heavy costs in connection with distraints for small sums, which he calls outrageous. But surely the greater the injustice, the greater the Martyr?

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., is now editing *The Young Man*—a paper which has for its object the inculcation of modesty and other desirable qualities into the rising generation. The new Editor is offering as an unique attraction to subscribers a platinotype photo of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.

We believe we are right in saying that, with the exception, perhaps, of Miss Marie Studholme, no one of our English Beauties has been photographed so many times as the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr's banquet to dogs, as to the success of which so much anxiety was felt in the New York Smart Set, has taken place, and proved to be one of the most brilliant functions of the season. Last year, it will be remembered, Mr. and Mrs. Lehr gave a Monkey Dinner, but this year it was decided to have something quite different to the ordinary social function.

Those critics who pronounced *The Golden Light* a failure are looking rather foolish to-day. All the emotional frocks which Mrs. Brown Potter wore in the piece have found purchasers.

With a view to overcoming the reluctance of many to enter workhouses, it is proposed that the names of these institutions shall be changed to "Homes for the Poor." The word "work" is said to frighten many persons who would otherwise become inmates.

A man having been wrongfully arrested as a military deserter, the Army Council announces that the officer responsible for the blunder will give compensation. As a result, there is now a widespread feeling of insecurity among our officers, who point out that, if they are to be responsible for their mistakes, a substantial increase in their pay will become necessary.

There are signs that motorists are growing tired of killing their own species. A French motorist ran into a circus last week, and killed a tiger.



ANOTHER PRODIGY.

Proud Sister. "Now, George, let 'em 'ear yer sing 'Bill Bailey.'"

The durability of the new pattern of London Road Car Motor Omnibus has been satisfactorily tested. One of these vehicles has been driven right through a fruiterer's shop, and though the whole of the shop front was carried away the car itself received practically no damage, and the owners are no doubt entitled to a non-stop prize.

A bear in a motor-car attracted much attention in the City last week. It had four legs this time.

Great disappointment was caused by the announcement that the St. Louis air-ship race would not be held, owing to the want of entries. Many persons were of the opinion that it should have taken place none the less.

Thirty-five Rhodes scholars, described as the pick of the American Universities, have arrived in England, and an alarmist report is afloat to the effect that America is now relapsing into barbarism.

The Corporation has resolved not to abolish the office of City Marshal. It is even rumoured that he is to have an assistant, who is to be known as the City Snelgrove.

By-the-by, talking of civic reforms, it seems to us that, seeing the admirable characters which the more recent Lord Mayors have borne, the Mayor's police escort might now very well be done away with.

A Prediction.—The occupation of the Special Black and White Artist as a necessary element in war correspondence will soon be gone. He will be superseded on the battlefield by the Snap-shooter. The corps of Snap-shooters will advance to the inspiriting strain of "The March of the Camera Men."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



["*Bradshaw's Railway Guide* is in future to be much simpler. Even a child may understand it."
Daily Paper.]

Baby. "DEAR ME! NO TRAIN FOR TWO HOURS! HORRID NUISANCE! NURSE WILL THINK I'M LOST!"

IT is years since *Mr. Punch* published a special puzzle page arranged on the model of one in *Bradshaw's Guide*. *Bradshaw* the evergreen and ever knowing has brought out, dated for this October, a "new, revised, and improved edition," with "*Key to arrangement and place*," with "*Index to Principal Railways*," and with "*Pears' Blank Pages for Memoranda*," which last are intended for complaints and queries to be noted and posted by the puzzled purchaser to the polite proprietors. "Excellent!" quoth the Baron, "*Bradshaw*, with all thy faults I love thee still!" So with a few minutes to spare, *et pour mettre l'affaire en train*, the Baron sets himself to catch the Guide of all the Trippers tripping. At haphazard he selects "*Ramsgate (Harbour)* (*Pop.* 27,693)." Pretty full this for only a harbour. Here is the information:—"*Vid Chatham from Victoria, Holborn Viaduct, or St. Paul's, S. E. & C.* 5.10 *aft.*" Now undoubtedly there *is* a "5.10 *aft.*" According to *Bradshaw* the intending traveller can start by this train at this hour from Victoria, Viaduct, or St. Paul's. This single train then starts from three different stations at the same time! Possible of course, because the three could meet and unite at, say, Herne Hill. "*Tria juncta in uno.*" But as a matter of fact they don't do anything of the sort. This "5.10 *aft.*" does *not* start from Victoria, and any traveller acting upon this particular information, and arriving at Victoria in order to catch the 5.10 to Ramsgate, will find himself the victim of one of *Bradshaw's* excellent practical jokes. Again, as the Baron might wish to visit Oban, he would like to know by which line he can most easily and most speedily reach his destination. So, having his finger now on some very clearly printed and well-arranged tables in the book, headed "*Routes from London*," he searches for the initial letter "O." But, in this very select portion of the Guide, *Bradshaw* has determined that "O" shall be Only represented by Oldham and Oxford. O why should Oban, which is for rail, river, lake and sea a central point, with its mild climate, be, so to speak, left out in the cold, while Oldham and Oxford are comfortably bedded in among the Routes? An explanation is *O*wed us. The maps illustrating the different lines, being well placed and legibly printed, are a most serviceable addition to a work which is bound (in red, and looking very smart) to have the largest circulation in the three kingdoms.

There is a famous passage in one of DISRAELI'S novels wherein, passing in rapid review the capitals of Europe, he shows how a Jew is everywhere found in dominant position. The accomplishment of an analogous task with intent to establish the supremacy of Irishmen would be easy, the aggregate result more imposing, since the United States would come into view. My Baronite notes that in the case of both nationalities, transplantation is an essential condition of successful growth. We don't hear of ROTHSCHILDS in Jericho, or of millionaire Irishmen in Galway. Fifty-two years ago JUSTIN MCCARTHY was transplanted from Cork to London, and by sheer merit, unassisted by even desirable touch of pushfulness, has since done very well. Now, spending the autumn of his days in a Kentish watering-place, resting but still working, he puts forth *The Story of an Irishman* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The story, being his own, is told with characteristic modesty. The young Irish reporter settling first in Liverpool, drifting to London, sojourning for a while in the United States, steadily got on till, as a man of letters, he won world-wide renown. Genuinely surprised that such things should be, he more than hints it is all due to the exceeding, inexplicable, undeserved kindness of men in both hemispheres. His range of acquaintance and friendship, reaching back half a century, is picturesquely diversified. He knew KENEALY when he was a turbulent young barrister in Cork. He has spoken with SMITH O'BRIEN, and was acquainted with JOHN MITCHELL. He stayed with BRYANT in his home, and wrote for HORACE GREELEY when he was still making the *New York Tribune*. As Editor of the defunct *Morning Star* he was on intimate terms with JOHN BRIGHT. At Chester he more than once saw WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE "in red jacket and hunting-cap, mounted on a horse he knew so well how to ride, going to or returning from some sporting expedition"—probably, though Mr. MCCARTHY does not mention it, humming his favourite song, "*Camptown Races*." In the House of Commons, from the Press Gallery to begin with, seated below the Gangway, Leader of the Irish National Party by way of finish, Mr. MCCARTHY came in contact with the principal men who have been making history during the last thirty years. About this rich and rare experience he pleasantly chats through 400 pages, unconsciously revealing a nature and a tendency of mind almost provoking in their impregnable serenity.

A work such as that which Mr. EDWARD DILLON has completed requires the collaboration of a sympathetic publisher and a first-class printing establishment. *Porcelain* has found this combination in Messrs. METHUEN. The portly volume continuing the Connoisseur's Library is beautifully printed in black letter on broad-margined rough white paper. My Baronite knows nothing of the porcelain art on which Mr. DILLON lovingly and learnedly discourses. But the illustrations, most of them in colours, are things of beauty, joys for ever. For the most part they have been taken from prized specimens in national collections. But the author has been further privileged to reproduce examples of the porcelain in the possession of millionaire collectors, including Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, who does not—at least did not when the selection was made—seem to have anything touching, however remotely, upon the interesting personality of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Few of us could hope to possess a stray specimen of this lost art. Here in form and colour they are reproduced with ravishing effect.

If doughty deeds my readers please, then will they thoroughly enjoy Mr. H. RIDER HAGGARD'S stirring romance entitled *The Brethren* (CASSELL & Co.). Its sole fault is its length, of which maybe the majority, enthralled by the cinematographic pictures crowded with battles, duels, assassinations, murders, hairbreadth escapes of heroic knights and high-born ladies, will not complain. Almost to the very end the solution of the puzzle which the author has set himself to work out remains unsolved; and there are surprises up to the last. The title, the Baron is of opinion, is misleading; for surely *The Brethren* indicates a band of brothers: whereas these leaders of men to whom the term applies are twins. *The Brothers* would have been correct, or *The Twin Brethren*.

THE BARON



DE B.-W.

CRIPPLED CRAFTSMEN.



MR. PUNCH BEGS——TO DRAW YOUR ATTENTION.

The Potteries and Newcastle Cripples Guild, under the energetic presidency of the Duchess of Sutherland, exists for the purpose of providing crippled children with such employment as shall enable them, when properly instructed, to take intelligent delight in various kinds of craftsmanship, and so to lead happy and useful lives. Thus it comes about that printing is among the crafts in which these hopeful toilers have been able to perfect themselves. *Wayfarer's Love* is a volume of their recent production. The poetry, the paper, the printing, and the publishing of this book being all free gifts, the purchaser's money, almost intact, will directly benefit the children so sadly handicapped. Send then your orders to Messrs. Archibald Constable, 16, James Street, Haymarket, and you will be doing your share towards preventing these crippled children from being additionally crippled for lack of means.

FAREWELL!

Honest John Hollingshead! Straightforward, spry theatrical Manager, liberal in his dealings, radical in his sentiments. He was for ever running atilt at all abuses, and won some battles for the benefit of the public. His was the dauntless hand that, under *Mr. Punch's* banner, attacked "Mud-salad Market" many years ago. From time to time did he renew the onslaught. But stands Mud-salad Market where it did? Alas, yes. Still the same block to the traffic, still the same muck, still everything very much as it was when first doughty John did battle against it on behalf of his fellow-citizens. Up to the last, as long as he could think and put pen to paper, he was strenuously working. Farewell, Practical John. *Requiescat.*

From the *Berwick Advertiser*:—

A LADY would like to meet a Christian near London, on high dry ground, bracing air, for occasional change.

Can "Lady" be an *erratum* for "Tiger"? The two have been confused before now.

CHAT-EN-POCHE.

A Sonnet.

Ah! would but that these glass-entrenchèd walls
Might melt and fade before my emerald glare!
Would I could find some dim nocturnal stair
And win the summit whence my loved one calls!
All dulcet sounds—all sweet memorials
Of midnight meetings in the moonlit air—
All seemliness of all the days that were—
Mix in the music of her caterwauls!

Ah, this wan weary waste wherein I dwell,
Prison'd and pent, doom'd here to peak and pine!
Would I not choose the nether depths of Hell—
So she were by to make my pain divine—
Rather than this forsaken garden's smell,
And inexpressible garments on the line!

From America.—Archbishop Davidson's newly conferred title—*Pierpontifex Maximus.*

New rendering of *Panem et Circenses*—Lunch and Lyons'.

A MODERN MOLOCH.

[Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has conceived the inspired idea of closing all the elementary schools in Wales as a protest against the Education Act. This will mean that, unless a very large sum of money is subscribed by certain sectarian bodies that have never been conspicuous by the generosity of their private contributions to education, the children will be left to their own devices, without any training, spiritual or secular. —*The Outlooker.*]

MERE simple babes that barely know
The way to write or read—
Why should they care one paltry blow
For "Liberty of Creed"!

* * * * *

I met a little Cymric lad;
Among his mates at play
He tossed with halfpennies and had
An air of holiday.

His clothes were soiled, his face was black,
His speech—it hurt me sore
To mark its almost total lack
Of elemental lore.

"My boy, inform me why," I said,
"You waste the shining hours,
When you should be at school instead,
Training your youthful powers?

"You do yourself a grievous wrong
To gamble thus outside!"
"They 've shut 'em up; it 's all along
O' LLOYD," the youth replied.

"Tell me," I said, "my little man,
Who might this fellow be,
That sets an arbitrary ban
Upon your A. B. C.?

"In other words I want to know
Who is this Mr. LLOYD
Who lets your little talents go
To swell the unemployed."

His voice with sudden laughter rang:
"Well, you 're a bit behind!
It 's him as says the clergy gang
Corrup's the infant mind!

"Not heard o' GEORGE? Well, you 're a treat!
Why, he 's the bloomin' boss;
He turns us loose about the street
A-playing pitch an' toss.

"He 'd have the Bible taught his way,
Or show 'em what was what;
That's how there ain't no schools to-day;
He 's been an' shut the lot!"

"Dear babe," I cried, "your Mr. LLOYD,
Who takes this lofty line—
Is his behaviour wholly void
Of partisan design?

"Considering well what things are done
To influence the polls,
Think you his aim was pure and one—
To save your little souls?"

No answer came. I could not tell
Whether the boy deplored
My doubts respecting Mr. L.,
Or just was feeling bored.

In any case I saw with pain
That boy of Celtic blood
Rejoin his mates and turn again
To wallowing in the mud.

I left them. I was much annoyed;
Yea, something in my gorge
Rose up against this person, LLOYD,
Whose other name was GEORGE.

What have they done to him, I thought,
Him and his Christian friends,
That they should go unwatched, untaught,
To suit his party's ends.

And like a horrid furnace-blast
The hideous memory came
Of heathen rites, and children "passed
To Moloch through the flame."

I thought: "The self-same sacrifice
Still serves the monster's greed;
The blood of babes is still his price,
Only he takes the new device
Of 'Liberty of Creed.'"

O. S.

MY FIRST PANTO.

(*With acknowledgments to the "Review of Reviews."*)

THERE! I told you I 'd do it, and now I 've done it. I 've really been at last. I 've been to the Panto.

I will first very simply tell you what it is.

The Panto is a Remarkable Rehabilitation of Current Political Events. At least, that is what it seemed to me. Every little incident suggested some enormous problem of the day. I really have got an extraordinary brain.

I will now tell you all about it.

Remember, I went with the simple virgin mind of a man of eighty-five. Beneath my right arm I carried one of my "Books for the Bairns," containing the whole delightful story; beneath the other a white woollen comforter in case it was cold when coming out.

Outside the Pit door stood a long row of people. A constable was employed in keeping them very close together, which they seemed to resent. It was the desire for Home Rule over again. I took my place. A man stood on one side of me, and on the other side stood another man. I had never experienced anything like it before.

Presently a negro who had been singing came down the row collecting money. A scandalous imposition which immediately recalled AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN and the Income-tax. Halting before me the individual put a very curious question: "Does your mother," he said, "know that you are out?" I at once gave him a halfpenny, which, rather to my surprise, he said he would invest in Consols. A remarkable sign of the national spirit of Thrift, engendered, doubtless, by fear that Jingo JOE's tariff may come into force.

At that moment the doors opened. They opened on hinges very like ordinary doors. At the place set apart for that purpose I handed in two separate shillings, a threepenny-bit and three coppers, and asked for a front seat. The man at once desired to know who I was getting at. I said I was getting up my circulation by going into the Pit. Like a flash he put the question: "Does your mother know you 're out?" This is evidently some secret sign. Socialism and the Hard Winter came vividly to my mind, and, puzzling over it, I passed into the Pit.

The Pit contained benches stretching from one end to the other end. I was given a programme with the characters of the play printed on it in print. From an attendant I purchased for one penny a packet of acid tablets. I could, had



A LONG SIGHT BETTER.

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! NEW CHEF, EH? GOOD! I KNOW *HIM*. NO MORE *GUNNERY HASH* NOW!"

[The appointment of Sir JOHN FISHER as First Sea Lord is a guarantee that such scandals as that of the *Centurion* gun-sights will not be repeated.]





"CUBBING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS."

Half-awakened un-enthusiastic Sportsman (who wished to go out cub-hunting, but has entirely changed his mind, drowsily addressing rather astonished burglar). "Awright, old boy. Can't come with you this morning. Too sleepy."

[Turns round and resumes deep sleep where he left off.

I so wished, have purchased lime-juice tablets, chocolate, or an orange. There was a man on one side of me, a woman on the other, and a distinct draught behind me. It was a remarkable experience.

Before me stretched several rows of cushioned seats called Stalls; beyond these hung a curtain, and behind that (though I did not, of course, know this at the time) was the stage.

Presently, the curtain ascended. This was accomplished, I think, by the roller on which it hung being made to revolve. Anyway, it went up, and, following the example of other people, I gave a quite loud clap by striking one hand against the other hand.

The story was that of *Beauty and the Beast*, and I immediately saw the true meaning of it. The *Beauty* was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the *Beast* Jingo Joe, Mr. Lloyd-George the dashing *Prince*, and the *Beast's* servant Mr. Balfour. I enjoyed it immensely. To me it was all so real. When the two Beasts sang that finely ironical song commencing:

> We are two villains of the deepest dye,
> Yes, we're sly (ah, so sly!)

I could with difficulty restrain myself. The *Beauty* was a most handsome girl with hair of a glorious golden shade, a beautiful complexion, and wearing closely-fitting (but strictly decent) garments of the same pinkish tinge. When she stood boldly forth and sang:

> Keep your eye on me, boys,
> Follow little me, boys,

she seemed to me the dauntless figure of Campbell-Bannerman to the manner born.

After her song the curtain went down, and I had a glass of lemonade brought to me for fivepence (*i.e.*, a penny change out of sixpence), which I have written to the management about. During this interval an iron curtain was lowered. A hush fell on the audience, and I trembled violently—what was it but a symbol of the cruel iron hand closing down on South Africa?

In what was called the Harlequinade all pretence was thrown boldly aside, and the rascally, thieving, plotting clown was openly called Joe. *Not a single member of the enormous audience, gathered from all classes of the community, took exception to this!*

On the conclusion of the performance the audience rose from their seats and made their way out through doors marked "Exit." In front of me an individual in the stalls drew on his coat, hesitated, and took it off again. Another symbol! Joe, Joe the turn-coat! A man near me noticed my emotion and remarked, "Does your mother know you're out?" Mystery! Mystery!

Of the whole remarkable performance I have only one complaint to make. As the people filed out a little rowdyism was noticeable. The band played an air which I seem to have heard before, and somebody knocked my hat off.

"Grand Theatre, Leeds."—So it ought to when Henry Irving 's playing there.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF YESTERDAY.

BEING THE REVELATIONS OF AN INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE.

(With grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Allen Upward.)

No. IV.—THE FALL OF THE LEBERWURST PARTY.

IT is, of course, a commoner thing than the ordinary uninstructed reader supposes for a Crowned Head to absent himself from his Palace; and in these cases precautions are taken to prevent the fact of such absence being known.

There lives in an obscure street in the Faubourg St. Antoine, in Paris, on the fourth floor, an artificer of genius who spends his time in fashioning with extraordinary skill moving wax models of the world's monarchs. I often visit him, partly out of curiosity, partly to help him to some minute realistic detail, the omission of which might lead to the frustration of the harmless deception. For every now and then, as Time works his ravages upon the persons of monarchs (as of ourselves), the models have to be returned to the artist, in order that such milestones on the road of life as grey hairs and wrinkles may be added.

It is often my privilege to convey the precious effigies from the secret chambers of the Courts where they are preserved to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Only to a trusted agent could such an office be given.

You may wonder why the artificer does not visit the Palace in person. But, for one thing, he is too busy, and for another his presence might excite suspicion.

Yet now and then he must leave home. At the present moment, for example, he is in America, studying Judge PARKER, in case of an order for a duplicate of that great Democrat.

But to my story.

A few months ago the readers of the Berlin correspondence in the *Times* may have noted a brief telegram stating that public attention was greatly excited by the opening of a new *Bierhaus* at the corner of the Prager Strasse in the German capital, which, it was stated, had at once become the head-quarters of the wire-pullers of the Leberwurst party. A few details as to the novelty of the decorations, and the efficiency of Herr PANZERFAUST, the restaurateur, followed.

Two weeks later the correspondent telegraphed that the Party had suddenly lost its leaders, and the *Bierhaus* had been as suddenly closed.

Events crowd upon one another so rapidly in these days that the incident was quickly forgotten, and yet in those two weeks, between its opening and its close, much history had been made, or rather had been stifled at birth. But you shall hear.

I remember the affair as though it were yesterday. I was sitting in my study at Chertsey preparing, as one may do in the intervals of greater business, a few harmless quips for use in the coming election in that quiet riverside borough, when a horseman galloped *ventre à terre* up the street and thundered at my door.

I saw at once that it was Colonel DONNERSCHLAG, the most trusted of the private messengers of the German EMPEROR, and that his business must be important indeed, for his horse was in a white foam, like the chin of a barber's client.

My servant brought me instantly a sealed packet, which I tore open, first however ordering wine and meat to be placed before the Colonel. The missive summoned me post-haste to Potsdam.

I was, it said, if necessary to take the Colonel's motor-car (for the august writer could not know that the car had broken down at Richmond—and hence the sweating steed); and a special turbine steamer was waiting for me at Dover.

I lost no time. My travelling bag with a dozen disguises is always packed, and in five minutes I was on my way in my own 80 h.p. Panthard, dressed quietly and decently as a one-legged bicyclist.

I will pass over the incidents of my journey; the attempts on my life; and so forth. Suffice it that in an incredibly short space of time I was closeted with the KAISER in his study.

"My brave TOSCHER," he said, "look at this," and he handed me the report of a recent secret meeting of the Leberwurst party, at which his kidnapping and detention in a Bavarian fortress had been decided upon. All that was waiting to be settled was the date and the means, and these had perforce to be postponed until a suitable new meeting-place could be found, the old *Bierhaus* where they had been used to meet having been foolishly closed by the police.

"And now, my brave TOSCHER," said the KAISER nervously, "what is to be done? If you cannot advise me, who can?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world," I said. "We must provide the party with a new habitat. As I drove through Berlin I noticed a vacant building on the Prager Strasse; let it be there. Leave the rest to me."

"You have hit it," he replied. "Do as you will."

I left him instanter and set to work. By nine that night an army of decorators and carpenters had occupied the building; by the evening of the next day it was furnished; on the day following it was opened.

And then came the surprise, even for me. For the KAISER insisted upon himself acting as the patron of the house.

Leaving his wax model in his Palace, carefully wound up, a trusted official alone being in the secret, he perfectly disguised his features (I could not induce him to sacrifice his moustache), and threw himself with amazing zest into his new duties.

He was everywhere at once, talking, laughing, chaffing with his customers, recommending this dish, deprecating that (for the clever restaurateur affects to despise a few tastes), and ordering me, his *maître d'hôtel*, about with an almost too realistic severity. But an occasional smile from those august eyes would reassure me.

I had of course taken care that a suitable lure was laid before the Leberwurst party, and they fell into it. One by one they dropped in to spy out the land, and at length arranged for the hire of the salon over the restaurant.

It was just what we had desired; the walls were honeycombed with secret openings; a regiment of soldiers could be hidden behind the wainscoting, so well had my cabinet-makers (who were led in blindfolded, and taken away in closed carriages) worked.

The new restaurant became the rage. Everyone wanted to chat with the patron, everyone desired to be attended to by the *maître d'hôtel*.

So we went merrily on for ten days, and then came the great night of the conspiracy. By a secret passage we conveyed forty picked soldiers to the wainscot and waited events.

Never was the patron so cheery, so witty, so expansive, as on that wonderful evening. Almost, I thought, his beard would come off. Had it done so how different would be this truthful narrative!

But all went well. The meeting time drew near, the Leberwurst leaders one by one drifted upstairs, the consultation began.

I need not elaborate here. All I need say is that my plans had been perfectly laid.

No sooner was the treasonable plot complete and signed, than the wainscot opened, the Imperial Guard stepped forth, and the arrest of the whole meeting was quietly effected.

By the next morning the Party was dead and the restaurant closed.

It never re-opened. A few weeks later the premises were, I believe, taken by a draper, but long before that time the upper room had been again in the hands of my secret corps of carpenters and builders.

The KAISER had not been missed from the Court, and to this day the identity of the famous patron and *maître d'hôtel* of the mysterious restaurant is unknown. But we often laugh together over that interesting fortnight.

EVERY PRODICY HIS OWN PUBLISHER.

[Florizel von Reuter, the boy musician, publishes a periodical entitled "Reuter's Express." It deals mainly with his career and exploits.]

Some features of the November Magazines:—

Reuter's Express. "Master Workers."
1. Mr. Laffan.
"Notes." By the Editor.
"Instruments I have never played."
1. The Jews Harp.
"Too old at eight." By the Editor.

The Trundley Times. (Odder and Stout'un.)
"Mr. Eustace H. Miles as Feeder and Thinker."
"Books that have influenced me." By the Editor.
1. Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis' "Dinners and Diners."
2. Smith's "What to do with the cold mutton."
3. H. G. Wells' "Food of the Gods."
"Publishers I have met and appreciated." 1. Tuck. By the Editor.
"Master Workers." 1. Dr. Russell.

Veczey's Penn'orth.
"Fifteen handy ways of pronouncing my name." By the Editor.
"Master Vocalists." 2. The Prince of Piedmont.

Czarevitch's Magazine.
"Fashion Notes: Bibs."
"Court Gossip." By the Editor.

Winston's Wobbler.
"Parties I have belonged to." By the Editor.

A GRATEFUL MEMORY.

Do you think of that hour in the twilight,
When Hesper was beaming above?
When I needed no Hesper for my light,
Being lit with illusory love?
But little did I or did you say,
As I fed with delight on the view
Of your chin that was slightly *retroussé*,
And now has developed to two.

I recall with what passion I pleaded,
I cherish the answer you gave,
When I told you my love only needed
To live or to die as your slave.
Small, small was the mercy assigned me,
But I see now it might have been less:
I remember you flatly declined me—
I remember you might have said *Yes*.

It is startling to read in an advertisement, "*The Girl who lost her Character*, by Walter Melville." True, Mr. Melville does not give the lady's name, and no doubt she will be entirely rehabilitated after she has been brought out at the Standard Theatre, where she is by this time probably showing herself to advantage with a good run in store.



A DECLARATION.

"Louisa, you've stolen something."
"Go on!"
"You 'ave."
"You're a ——! *What 'ave I stole?*"
"*My 'eart!*"

À la Suite.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry, *i.e.*, Fred and Julia, are to join Mr. Frederick Harrison at the Haymarket Theatre with, *on dit*, a romantic play by Mr. P. Kester (who, if it is to be musical, will be assisted by O. R. Kester) entitled *Sweet Dorothy o' the Hall*. Now it should be remembered that the sweet person's last success was as *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, and that "sweets to the sweet are superfluous." Why "*o' the Hall*"? True that it is "Hall" in the singular, and not in the plural, which would have made it "o' the Halls." Moreover the place intended is not any music-hall, but Haddon Hall, where the heroine is *Dorothy Vernon*, a name that might yet serve as a sufficiently taking title for the piece.

"Pretty Polly."—Evidently upset by the voyage and suffered (as did her backers severely) from *mal de mare*.

CLEARING OUT.

A shop in a busy London thoroughfare has been converted into a temporary Auction Room, for a sale of "Unredeemed Pawnbrokers' Pledges," "Bankrupt" or "Salvage Stock," according to the taste and fancy of the Auctioneer. If the Reader happens to have attended similar auctions elsewhere, he will, on entering these premises, recognise more than one Highly Respectable Person present as the individuals who secured some remarkable bargains on previous occasions—which renders their presence on this the more intelligible. There is a rather problematical Curate in a black straw hat, who imparts tone to the proceedings by preserving a dreamy silence in the background, and the rest of the crowd are male and female clerks and office-boys, who remain as near as they can to the door, which they are repeatedly entreated not to block. The Highly Respectable Persons do all the bidding. There are, it is needless to say, no catalogues, and the Auctioneer's commendations, like those of his Partner, seem lacking in conviction.

Auctioneer. Now then, what 's next?—well, I 'll take that lot.

[*As the* Assistant *places a showy imitation Sèvres clock and pair of vases on a tray,*

Auctioneer's Partner (*in a stage-whisper of remonstrance*). What *is* the good of putting 'em up at *this* time o' night?—They 'll only go for nothing!

Auct. (*with a gallant recklessness that imposes on no one*). I know that, my boy—I know that, but *I* don't care. I 'm here to sell all I can. (*He examines the clock.*) Ah, this *is* a pretty thing—a very pretty thing. Why, it 's *marked* five guineas! (*Sadly*) I 'm afraid I shan't get anything like that to-night, though. Still, you never know! What shall I start it at? Anyone give me a couple of pound for this very handsome clock and pair of side-ornaments? (*The crowd make no response.*) I don't think, Gentlemen, you quite realise the class of goods—just look at them for yourselves—enamelled old Royal Blue porcelain, signed, and hand-painted. (*The clock and vases are handed round by the* Assistant; *the* Highly Respectable Persons *handle them secretively, as persons who are far too wily to betray enthusiasm; the rest avoid temptation by gazing steadfastly in any other direction than at the clock.*) Just fancy how that clock and vases would look on your mantelpiece or sideboard! (*Nobody seems to be even attempting so wild a flight of his imagination.*) Thirty shillings—come now! (*Silence.*) I see what it is—you don't believe the clock is in going order. Very well, as you doubt *my* word, I 'll wind it up and set it going before you all.

[*He does so—but without producing any perceptible sensation; the bidding is started at ten shillings, and crawls up to twenty-three—where it halts.*

One of the Highly Respectable Persons (*with a creditable assumption of anxiety*). Will you take a deposit?

Auct. Certainly, Sir. Leave a deposit of one shilling and pay the remainder any time between this and Saturday, whenever you like to call for the articles. (*This encourages the* H. R. P. *to bid one more shilling, and he is rewarded for his enterprise by being declared the possessor of the clock and vases.*) I congratulate you, Sir—you 've got a marvellously cheap lot there!

[*The* H. R. P. *does not appear unduly elated by his good fortune; the goods are shifted to another part of the shop, and the deposit is waived.*

The Partner. Just put up some of those bronzes on that upper shelf next, will you?

Auct. I will, if you 'll get 'em down—and while the ladder is being fetched, Ladies and Gentlemen, I will take advantage of the opportunity to drink your good healths—*all* your good healths!

[*Here he refreshes himself from a tall tumbler of ale at his side.*

His Partner (*up the ladder, and inspecting one of the bronzes with a sigh*). I see these are marked a *lot* of money!

Auct. Ah well, it can't be helped. I said I 'd put 'em up for what they 'll fetch, and I 'll be as good as my word. I know I shall get into trouble with my employers—never mind! (*He takes a female figure representing "Industry" leaning on a piece of machinery, and gazes at it with a somewhat perfunctory admiration.*) That *is* a lovely face—I don't know when I 've seen a lovelier face—one of a pair, Gentlemen, representing "Industry" and "Commerce." Just look at the finish in the hands and feet—nothing more difficult in Art than hands and feet—indeed many artists avoid them altogether. Look at the flow of the drapery! And the modelling of the machinery! They *cost* fifteen guineas the pair. Let me have a bid for them—come!

["*Industry*" *is carried round for inspection, after which the bidding languidly advances to seventeen and sixpence for the pair.*

His Partner. Seventeen-and-six each figure, you mean, of course?

Auct. No—for the pair. It was my mistake in putting them up together, and I must abide by it. (*The pair are ultimately knocked down at twenty-seven shillings to another* H. R. P., *who apparently forgets all about these works of Art the moment afterwards.*) If anyone here has been waiting for a particular lot, just let him point it out to me and I 'll put it up at once. (*None of the crowd takes advantage of this obliging offer.*) Very well, then, I 'll try you with this handsome Sheffield tea and coffee service, richly chased throughout, will wear equal to silver. I 'm going to start the bidding at a shilling, though some of you will think me an ass for doing it.

Partner (*with candour*). You *are*.

Auct. I 've got to get my commission somehow—not that it will amount to much to-night, I can see! (*A tea and coffee service is handed round; the* H. R. Ps. *open and bang the lids conscientiously, but the rest of the crowd become almost cataleptic at the mere approach of the glittering splendours, which are finally knocked down to a* H. R. P. *for a mere trifle.*) Well, you *are* a hard lot here to-night! *I* don't know what 's *come* to you all! Is there *anything* you 'll buy? Here I have a lady's real silver chain purse. I suppose you 'll faint if I ask you to give as much as a shilling for it? (*As his audience maintains a stony calm*) Sixpence, then? I see what it is—it isn't the courage you want, it 's the money! (*Even this taunt leaves the crowd unmoved.*) I 've a good mind to chuck it over your heads into the street, if I wasn't afraid of hurting somebody outside. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll throw in this small gold lady's watch, compensation balance, jewelled in ten holes—now then, who 'll bid a shilling for the two? (*The gold watch and silver purse are handed round on a tray, and eyed with languid mistrust by the crowd, several of whom take their departure at this stage.*) If that isn't good enough for you—here 's a double albert gold-cased chain, which none of you need be ashamed to wear—I wouldn't mind wearing it myself—I 'll throw *that* in. . . . Now—anyone give me a shilling for the three?

[*The double albert only has the effect of still further reducing the attendance; the* Auctioneer *piles up the tray with various tempting articles, one by one—a case containing amber cigar and cigarette holders with gold mounts, a pair of opera-glasses, a meerschaum pipe, a gold bangle set with turquoises, and a brilliant scarf-pin. Whereupon the last remaining onlooker loses all further interest and drifts out into the street, leaving the* H. R. Ps. *to bid against one another for the heap of treasure, under the sardonic auspices of the* Auctioneer *and his* Partner,

pending the arrival of some unsophisticated stranger who will set his heart on securing the tea and coffee service or the bronzes in the teeth of all competition. It would be some satisfaction to know that this touching and beautiful faith in human nature is occasionally rewarded as it deserves. Otherwise the existence of these Barmecide Biddere would be a too insoluble mystery. F. A.

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

II.—The Gospel of Bigness.

I wonder how many of the myriads who have been convulsed by the rich humour of the opening chapters of Mr. H. G. Wells's romance have penetrated the true inwardness of the soul-shaking parable of its final phases—how many, I mean, have realised the deep spiritual fervour that underlies the saucy exuberance of the Sage of Sandgate! To me there are few things more ineffably pitiful than that Herbert Wells, mystic and magician, whose austere lineaments recall the aureoled saints of Fra Angelico, while his tangled elf-locks proclaim his affinity to Roger Bacon, Iamblichus and Casabianca, should be regarded by the heedless Philistine as a harlequin of pseudo-science, and not as the Savonarola of our day!

For let us ponder the real meaning of his new romance, and it will become painfully clear to all but the veriest dullards that Herbert Wells proclaims to all men in trumpet tones that it is their duty to become great as well as good. In this unique *pronunciamento* he reveals himself not only as the superb moral teacher but as the true son of an age which at all points seeks to obliterate and annihilate littleness, and to emphasise the virtue of mammoth dimensions.

Wherever we turn we are confronted by evidences of this cult of bigness. In literature we see the band of patient sleepless eremites under their heroic chief Dr. Murray, slowly rearing the colossal fabric of the New Oxford Dictionary. In music there is the drum-major of the Kilties, to say nothing of Richard Strauss, piling Pelion upon Ossa in Titanic pyramids of inexhaustible harmony. In architecture the blinding loveliness of Queen Anne's Mansions and the New York sky-scraper. In science the gigantic brain of Oliver Lodge working with such marvellous rapidity, such dæmonic energy, that when you are admitted to his sanctum you can actually hear it humming inside that strong forceful cerebellum with the note of a 24-h.p. Panhard. In locomotion the Great Wheel, that grand emblem of immortal progress. In natural history Professor Ray Lankester, another noble example of the *mens magna in corpore magno*. Is it necessary for me to go further, and point to our increasing dependence on great thoughts and great coats, or to the ever-abiding and imperishable influence of *Jumbo*, over whose premature demise the stateliest dames of this self-contained England of ours shed their tenderest tears by the magnum?

Be great and you will be happy—that is the pith of Herbert Wells's electrifying sermon. Not only morally great, mark you, though something—thank Heaven!—can still be said for morality in this cynical age, but physically huge. *Non multa sed multum*, as the Roman poet so touchingly crystallises it. Mr. Gladstone wore a number 8 hat, Bismarck's foot measured 13 inches, and Oliver Lodge's size in collars is 18. Remember that there is always room for growth, if not vertically, at least horizontally. Think of the expansion of England, and reflect that, while the less you eat the hungrier you are, the hungrier you are the more you eat, a profound truth which sustained and comforted Michael Foster through months of obscure investigation into the malnutrition of elasmobranchs.

Yet another luminous and refreshing thought that surges to the mind after a perusal of Herbert Wells's *magnum opus*. Height is a potent factor in personality, but, unless recourse be had to patent elevators, it is difficult for anyone after reaching the age of thirty to make any substantial increase in his stature. But, as Nordau and Lombroso have conclusively established, any well-educated adult, by continuously concentrating his attention on the bump of self-esteem, and resolutely determining to disregard the opinion of others, can produce a bulbous tumefaction of the cranium sufficient to attract the notice of the observant public. And this is surely a vital consolation in an age when detraction is ever on the watch to repress the generous ebullitions of conscious merit.

One word in conclusion. If we cannot all achieve the blessing of Brobdingnagian luck, let us at least set our faces like flint against the paralysing influence of dwarfishness. Giants are always kindly folk; dwarfs too often disguise their insignificance with the cloak of malignity. Above all, if we can compass great bodies, let us cultivate great souls, and model our lives on the exemplar of Herbert Wells—may I say Bertie?—whose massive intellect and limpid style are verily and indeed amongst the most precious assets of this wonderful century.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

"You *must* remember her. I introduced you at my 'At Home.'"
"You introduced me to so *many* people, how can I remember?"
"But she was wearing——" *(Describes the costume minutely.)*
"Oh, was *that* she? Of *course* I remember *her* perfectly!"



DIGNITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Puffee' Lidy (retiring from the public gaze for the 150th time). "Home, John!"

THE BUS TEST

For the Discovery of Character.

Lady Currie, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October, lays down as a criterion for Remarkable Men that they should look remarkable even when seen in plain clothes carrying a small black handbag and getting into an Omnibus in the Strand. This has been duly noted by the Civil Service Commissioners and other examining bodies in their anxiety to secure men of ability and character. We hear, therefore, without surprise that the following Regulations for admission into the forthcoming volume of "*Who's That?*" are under consideration:—

Preliminary Inspection.

1. Preliminary Inspections will be held impromptu on fine week-day mornings by the Conductors and Bus-jumpers of the Omnibus Companies plying between Trafalgar Square and Fleet Street.

2. Candidates will be required to satisfy the Examiners in the following *viva voce* subjects:—

(*a*) Possession of a sum of money equivalent to the fare.

(*b*) Production of a Birth Certificate or other reasonable evidence of having been born at some period anterior to the date of the examination.

(*c*) Ability to express, in the English or American language, the destination of the Candidate in his capacity as passenger.

Further Examination.

3. Candidates who pass the above Preliminary Inspection will be entitled to enter for the Further Examination to be held on the return journey, and will be tested in the under-mentioned branches:

(*a*) *Deportment.*—Method of hailing Metropolitan Stage Carriage; Mode of entry into, and exit from, the same (dignified, saltatory, flat-footed or opportunist); Demeanour towards fellow-occupants of the vehicle, whether conciliatory, aggressive, sit-offish or conversational; Treatment of Small Black Hand-bag, (i) by tendering to Conductor, (ii) by depositing on Passengers' toes, (iii) by ostentatious display, (iv) by furtive concealment.

(*b*) *Costume and Appearance.*—Amount of Polish on Elbows and other exposed cloth surfaces; Condition and Antiquity of Shirt-cuffs, Collars, and Headgear; Blueness of Chin, Redness of Nose, and other facial blemishes; General Hang of clothes, and Estimated Date of last Visit to Tailor.

N.B.—All marks gained for smartness in this section will count against the Competitor.

Notices.

1. No Candidate may quit the Examination Bus until he has paid his Fare.

2. Any Candidate detected in the possession of a monocle, medal, ribbon, false moustache, wig, or other article brought with him for the purpose of enhancing his personal attractions, and unduly influencing the Conductor or Bus-jumper, or copying the appearance of any other Candidate, will be thereby disqualified, will be reported to the Editors of *Who's That?*, and will not be admitted to any subsequent Examination held under the direction of the Omnibus Companies.

3. Candidates are expected to avoid the prevailing fashions; to indulge in no autobiographical talk with the Conductor; and in general to act like unobtrusive and peaceable citizens.

4. The Small Black Handbags must be of the ordinary business variety, and must not be decorated with any crest, monogram, or other device whatsoever.

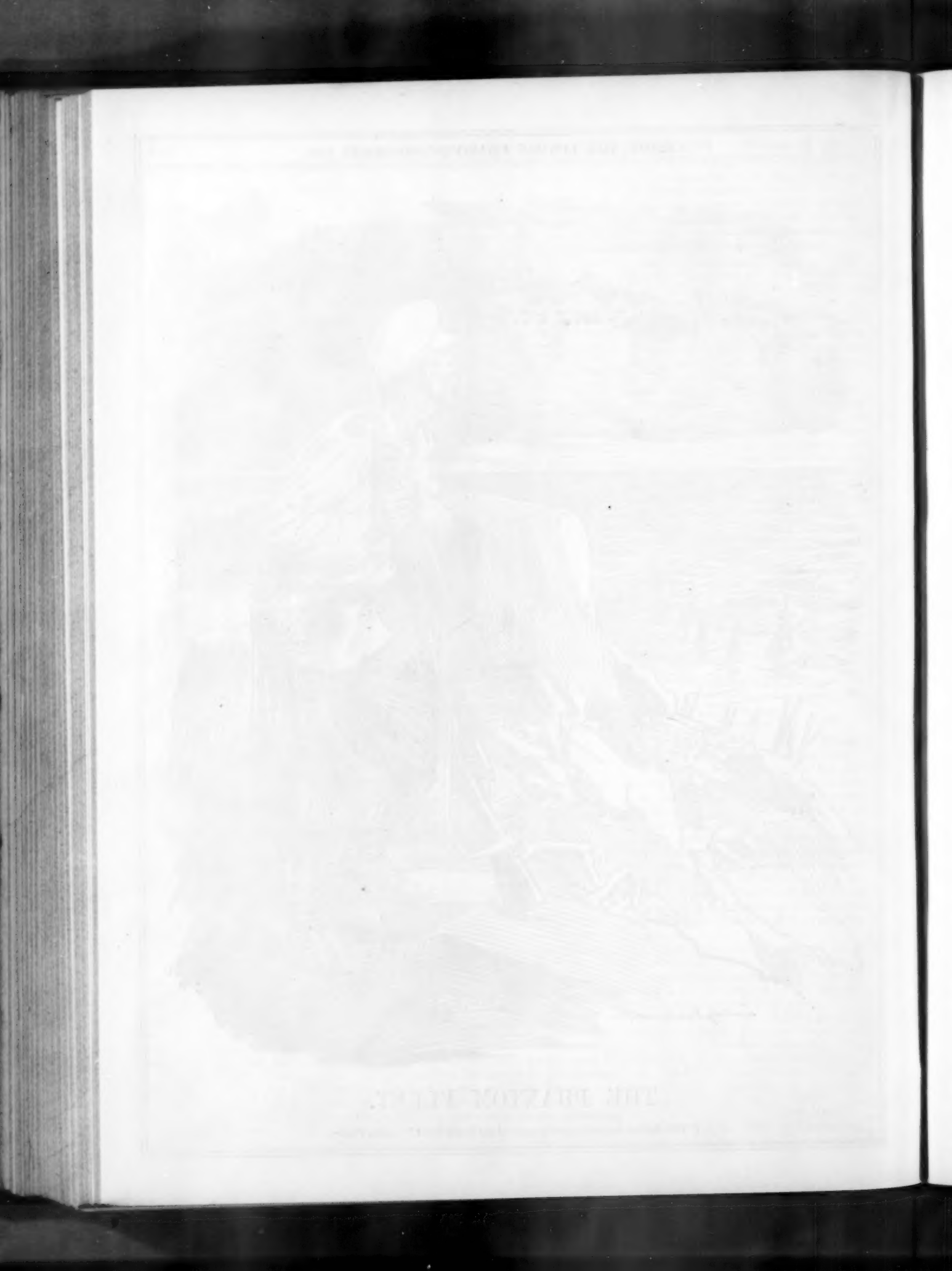
5. The Result (if any) of the Examination will be published in the next ensuing volume of *Who's That?*

Mark Freke,
Secretary to the Board of Examiners.



THE PHANTOM FLEET.

["Port Arthur anxiously awaits news of the Baltic Fleet."—*Daily Paper.*



CHARIVARIA.

The new Member for Thanet is undoubtedly a valuable addition to the Fiscal Reformatory.

Fashion authorities predict a great revival in the wearing of lace this season. Even men, it is said, will wear lace boots.

The dearth of recruits for the Church continues to engage the anxious attention of those concerned, and the experiment of a smarter uniform has been suggested.

The revelations as to Bank clerks' pay continue. Many of these young gentlemen receive only £100 a year, which, after they have dressed themselves, leaves nothing over for board and lodging.

"Distinguished persons," says Mr. Benn, "go to the Mansion House for their luncheon, and to Spring Gardens for their figures." Our experience is that they go to the Carlton for their luncheon and to Carlsbad for their figures.

In their report which is just issued, the Prison Commissioners propose to establish an Habitual Offenders Division. Suites of rooms, we understand, will in future be reserved for all our leading criminals, who have hitherto received only the same attention as their less regular brethren.

Mr. John Alexander Dowie is said to be constructing an airship at Zion City. If the report be true we may yet see an apostle up a gum tree.

The author of *The Worst Woman in London* has only been able to follow it up with *The Girl who lost her Character*. A sad anticlimax.

News of the heir to the Russian throne is so scarce that we were interested to read, the other day, on a placard:—

CESAREWITCH
IMPORTANT
SCRATCHINGS

We trust that the usual Tartar was not forthcoming.

Mr. Harold Begbie has published, under the heading "A Night with a Comic," an account of some hours spent in the company of Mr. George Robey. There is an interesting rumour afloat to the effect that Mr. George Robey is also writing his impressions of Mr. Harold Begbie, and regrets that he should have been forestalled in the matter of the title.

A revising barrister has allowed the name of a voter at present in a lunatic asylum to stand on the register, on the ground that he may recover. The local Liberals have, we hear, decided not to wait, but to canvass the man at once.

"Trade returns" was announced on several newspaper placards last week. We are glad to hear it.

The Diet of Lippe has decided to stand none of the Kaiser's.

There is now on view at New York a Tammany Man who has applied to have his salary as President of the Board of Aldermen reduced by half, on the ground that that will be sufficient for him.

The newspaper which announced the other day:—

POLICE MISTAKE
INNOCENT MAN RELEASED FROM PRISON

was unintentionally sarcastic.

Mr. Clement Shorter has been criticising Lord Avebury's selection of the Hundred Best Authors, and has prepared a rival catalogue in which he includes a number of living writers. The list, however, is by no means beyond criticism, and at least one popular lady novelist has discovered a serious omission in it.

By the by, Mr. Shorter described his list as comprising works he would take with him for a sojourn on a desert island, and the lady in question, it is rumoured, is so annoyed that she has offered to present Mr. Shorter with the whole hundred books if he will promise to go to the desert island.

There is only one other news item of importance. Siam has now agreed to receive picture-postcards with communications in the nature of a letter, as well as the address, written on the face. Civilisation may have temporary set-backs, but she is always gaining new footholds.



TRUE POLITENESS.

(Another incident at a Tenants' Ball.)

Daughter of the house (dishevelled and torn after one turn round the room with clumsy partner). "Do you mind very much, Mr. Quickstep, if we sit out the rest of it?"

Mr. Quickstep. "Jest as you like, Miss. I'm only a-dancin' for your pleasure!"

LANDED AND LOST.

A Fish Tale.

It was Dicky Todd who carried the tale first; who flung himself down on the hearth-rug, breathless with running, and rocking with hopeless laughter.

"Lord! Lord!" he gasped. "She's landed a fish at last."

Miss Finnigan's fishing was a standing joke in that shooting lodge up in the North; and the women, tired of themselves, with two or three sportsmen back from the hills, gathered round the wide hearth to listen.

"What has she got?" asked somebody. "An eel?"

Dicky was rocking himself more violently than ever.

"She's got Bellamy."

"*What?*"

"Fact. Fished him out by the hair of his head. I saw it. Oh, you people, what you've missed! You all saw her setting out after him this morning in her ridiculous wading rig; and poor old Bellamy clung to my arm and begged me not to leave him—he knew she'd propose if she ever had him alone."

"So that's why he's been walking about attended by a regular string of gillies?"

"Ah, it's all up with him now," said Dicky. "He planted himself on a real St. Helena of a place, a bit of a slippery rock in the middle of the stream; and Miss Finnigan, who can't swim, started whacking the bushes lower down. I was chaperoning him from the hill top. Well, after a bit Bellamy turned his head—to see if he was safe, you know; and slipped off his rock. Caught himself a crack on the side of the head that knocked him silly, and was hurled along like a log. The gillie ran and I ran, but the water runs too, like blazes."

"Oh, go on." He had got breathless attention now.

"Miss Finnigan," said Dicky solemnly, "plunged into it like a Trojan. As luck had it she'd posted herself at the shallow place, just above the Falls."

There was a shudder in the audience. The young daughter of the house had dropped her silver tea-caddy and was pale to the lips.

"Well, she plunged in to her knees and grabbed him. It was a fine performance; and the triumph with which she hooked him was the finest part of all."

"How romantic!" cried the women.

"Romantic? Ah!" said Dicky, grinning round at them in the firelight. "That's how it strikes poor Bellamy. I believe he'd have thanked her to let him go over the Falls. They're bringing him in—can't you hear 'em shouting?—with his rescuer clinging to him, and a nasty cut on his head."

"He'll have to marry her after this."

"Oh, bound to, poor chap! She saved his life," said Dicky, rocking helplessly on the rug.

Indeed a noise of cheering announced the approach of Miss Finnigan and her fish. Dicky flung the doors open with a dramatic flourish and let them in.

"Behold the heroine!" said he.

Miss Finnigan took their congratulations with an air of deserving them. She was a big woman, with fair hair pushed under a deer-stalker cap; her eyes were bold, and she had a loud laugh like a man's. The other women had not liked her; and though she had rescued Lord Bellamy, the nicest man there,—in the hour of her triumph they liked her less. Still they kissed her. One had to.

But Carry, the young daughter of the house, was standing by the hearth, holding on to the chimney-piece, her eyes on Bellamy, her cheeks as white as her frock.

Bellamy made his way unconsciously to her side, breaking through the rest. His walk was not steady; perhaps the cut on his head, roughly bandaged, made him dizzy still. The girl laid her hand on his dripping sleeve.

"Oh, you're safe!" she said.

"*Safe!*" cried Bellamy. His tone was curiously bitter; it was the tone of a man condemned.

* * * *

"He'll have to marry her after this."

That was the world's opinion, Miss Finnigan's opinion, and alas! Bellamy's opinion too. Dicky had got him up to his room and was looking after him, chuckling hard.

"Romantic Wedding in High Life," he giggled. "There's a row in the passage, Bellamy—I believe your preserver wants to come in and nurse you."

"For the Lord's sake keep her out!" cried Bellamy in alarm.

"Can't. Rights of Property and so on," proclaimed Dicky. "You're her property now, you know. Oh, *you* wait till you're stuck side by side at dinner!"

"Oh, confound you! shut up," said Bellamy, getting into his shirt. "You're a good little chap, Dicky, but I can't stand chaff. Look here, I owe that woman my life, and—it's a debt of honour. Don't rag a poor devil who's got to ask one woman to marry him the very night he—wanted—to ask another."

Dicky was confounded. He sat down suddenly on Bellamy's pillow, and stared up at him with his mouth open. This was worse than a joke; worse than the rich Miss Finnigan landing her fish and wading into the peerage. There was nothing to laugh at here.

"It's—it's—is it Carry?" he said at last.

Bellamy turned away sharply.

"Then, by George," cried Dicky, "it shan't be done!"

"It's got to be done," said Bellamy. "I said it's a debt of honour. She saved my life, though I wish to Heaven she'd let me drown—and I suppose I belong to her by all laws already."

"But Carry," objected Dicky, who was a cousin, "poor little Carry——"

"Oh, Lord!" sighed Bellamy, with his head in his hands.

"Pity you couldn't save *her* life in exchange," said Dicky suddenly. "I suppose that would cancel the obligation?"

"No such luck," said Bellamy sadly.

"Oh, I don't know. House might go on fire or something. I say, don't propose to-night. It's hardly decent. Like chucking a sovereign at a fellow who stops your horse. Sit out the dinner, if you can" (Bellamy groaned), "and then say your head's bad and cut away to bed; we'll look out for Providence in the morning."

"It's got to be done," said Bellamy with the quietness of despair.

* * * *

Morning laughed over the loch and the fatal river, and the birches dripped their yellow rain to the water's rim. Bellamy took out Miss Finnigan in a boat.

He was solemnly handing her in when Dicky Todd (whether possessed by a devil, or moved with an impulse of vain compassion, history does not say) seized Carry by the arm and lugged her on to the pier.

"Hi, you two," he shouted, "ferry us across, will you?"

"Don't, Dicky, *don't!*" said the daughter of the house in an imploring whisper; but Dicky clutched her relentlessly. Bellamy was not likely to hold on for him.

"You're making it beastly hard for me," said Bellamy under his breath, while Miss Finnigan made ungracious room for Carry. Dicky grinned.

"If *I'd* got to be hanged," he retorted, "I'd be uncommonly grateful to anybody who postponed the noose. No—no car for me, thanks. I'm a passenger."

Bellamy took off his coat, and with two or three angry strokes drove the boat out into the loch. Dicky sat by Miss Finnigan's side and pondered.

Poor old Bellamy was a fine chap, straight all through. He looked awfully down, and no wonder, sitting between the girl he wanted and the woman who wanted him. And poor little Carry, who sat behind him where they could not see each other—how hard she had fought not to betray herself when they were all chaffing him last night at dinner. Only Dicky saw! That was a plucky little thing, if you like. How



"THE CART WITHOUT THE HORSE."

SCENE—*Cub-hunting.* TIME—*About one o'clock.*

Lady. "WELL, COUNT, WHAT HAVE YOU LOST? YOUR LUNCH?"

The Count (who breakfasted some time before six o'clock, A.M.). "NO, NO! DONNER UND WETTER! I HAVE HIM, BUT I HAVE LOST MY TEETH!"

brave she was, with her little white face fixed reproachfully on himself. It *was* an awkward situation; he must land her, poor child, and abandon Bellamy to his fate.

He turned repentantly to Miss Finnigan, who was steering, to ask her to run ashore. By George, he could not stand that woman's vulgar triumph! With his wrath and disgust came a sudden idea that struck him dumb; for half a second he sat quite silent. Then he jumped up.

"I say, Miss Finnigan, see that fish? —Look!"

His excitement affected her; she jumped up clumsily too.

"Steady, Dicky," growled Bellamy, trimming the boat.

Nobody saw how it was, but the boat was rocking, and to his dying day Dicky would never publicly admit a shove. Anyhow, Miss Finnigan disappeared in the water, bobbing up yards away. Her shriek wakened the hills, and Bellamy, dropping his oars, went in after her.

The girl was wringing her hands, white as death, in the bows. Dicky picked up the oars and waited.

Already knowing that Bellamy (when not fool enough to get himself knocked stupid) was a swimmer, Dicky saw him landing his floundering burden. Saw him, an altered Bellamy, with a light in his eye and a laugh on his lip, breaking into Miss Finnigan's protestations handsomely with the one lucky thing to be said: "Oh, it's all right, Miss Finnigan. Call it quits."

Dicky came back to reality with a grin. Yes, he had got her! She wouldn't be any the worse for her ducking.

"Oh, Dicky, why don't you *do* something?" cried Carry desperately. His terrible coolness made her wild.

"*Do* something?" repeated Dicky in injured tones. He turned to look at her, grinning darkly. "What do you call something? I've just this very moment saved poor Bellamy's life—and yours too!"

Napoleon's Hat.—Some difficulty appears to have arisen as to the genuineness of this relic. The evidence is of a somewhat negative character, as the only nap that could have identified it has long since disappeared.

THE BUNDLEBY BAZAAR.

Now that I can sit down in personal security and think it all over, I am glad that I opened the Bundleby Bazaar instead of Mamma, whose nerves are highly susceptible to sudden shock; but there were petrifying moments on that platform when I would have changed places with my nearest and dearest—but circumstances make cowards of us all. I was chosen to act as deputy by the Bazaar Committee because Mamma's sudden indisposition had given them no time to get anybody more important, and it is only fair to say that no one, to judge from my long flowing skirts, would guess how young I am, and my manners are quite mature until somebody makes me giggle. Anyhow, the hon. secretary, a fine, hearty, energetic person called Mr. Bolter, seemed satisfied when he called to instruct me in matters of procedure.

My amber voile arrived from town in the nick of time, and I felt quite excited when I drove into Bundleby to make my first plunge into public life. Reggie, my young brother, was to have come with me, but he left word to say he had gone on earlier, to help to get things ready for my reception, and as Reggie frequently fails to treat me with proper respect I thought it quite sweet of him. He had shown a keen interest in the Bazaar from the first, and had begged a week's extra holiday in order to help in the good cause. It was to be a very grand affair, modelled as far as possible on London Charity Fêtes, with a "nook of necromancy" and a "ménagerie of queer pets," all complete; in fact, as Mr. Bolter triumphantly announced, the occasion promised to be unique—as indeed it was.

The streets of Bundleby were decorated with flags, and strings of them crossed the road at the Assembly Rooms, and there was quite a little crowd as I drew up to the door. I was rather annoyed to find that Mr. Bolter had sent his father, a worn, broken-looking person, to escort me from the carriage, for I was beginning to feel a little nervous—besides which I was conscious of a curious sensation of physical fear, an apprehensive hush in the air, as soon as I laid my fingers on the tremulous arm of my escort.

"You must tell me everything I have got to do," I said; "I am quite inexperienced, as I told your son yesterday."

He drew in his breath with a sudden shudder at my words.

"My *son!*" he said; "that was *me!*"

"Oh, dear," I faltered, "I 'm so sorry—you are not well, I 'm afraid."

"Nerves—nerves," he replied hurriedly, with a furtive glance round as he spoke; "and we have had some trouble with the queer pets—the locks on their cages are apparently ineffective, and there has been a little difficulty in controlling them. You will excuse any little—little—irregularities in that direction, I hope?"

"Oh of course," I said heartily. "I *love* queer pets!" and I was going to tell him about my pink-eyed shrew mouse, only at that moment we entered the hall.

The stained windows and old carving had been successfully hidden by festoons of art muslin and artificial roses, and a group of gaily-dressed ladies and a few men stood near the door. They were speaking in excited whispers, and two or three were trying to subdue the loud crying of a little girl. Unheeded at her feet lay a lovely bouquet of roses, which I felt sure was intended for me, but everyone seemed to have forgotten it and couldn't very well remind them.

The ladies and clergymen who were presented to me seemed each to have caught Mr. Bolter's furtive expression, and one and all evidently tried to draw my attention from the hangings and decorations which I was endeavouring to admire in my best manner.

Mr. Bolter escorted me to the platform, the others following in a solid body—indeed there seemed a marked disincli-



RUGBY AT THE ZOO.

In order to defray the cost of building the new small mammal house, just opened, it is proposed to have a football match. This is a rehearsal.

nation amongst the small assemblage to move singly or even in couples.

It was while the opening hymn was in progress that I noticed a curious undulatory movement in the long draperies which divided the side-shows from the central hall. I glanced at Mr. Bolter for an explanation, and was surprised to see that the perspiration was rolling down his face—which had assumed a greenish hue—in great beads. I heard queer scuffling noises all round, a squeak or two, and Mr. Parsons, the muscular curate, with his spectacles on and his coat off, appeared at an opening beckoning two gentlemen, who hastened behind the hangings. The hymn trailed weakly to its conclusion. I pronounced the Bazaar open to a singularly inattentive audience, and prepared to make the orthodox tour of the stalls. But somehow or other my lavish purchases fell flat; the stall-holders seemed more interested in the draperies round their stalls than the pretty display on the top, and one lady to my surprise insisted on standing on a chair. Reggie was nowhere to be seen, and this disturbed me, for it is always best to keep Reggie in sight.

It was while I was buying an ugly beadwork table-centre that I felt something nibbling at my patent leather toe-cap.

"Ah!" I cried sharply, "what 's that!" My ejaculation was like a match to gunpowder, and the assembled ladies shrieked to a woman. "Courage, ladies—courage!" cried Mr. Bolter in a trembling voice; "it is nothing, I assure you—nothing at all." He approached the stall to verify his words, lifted the hangings with a determined expression, and out, with an equally determined expression, walked an alligator.

How I got to the platform I don't know, but I found myself there in less time than it takes to write it, clinging desperately to three other women who had made the journey with equal celerity.

"Parsons! Parsons!" shouted Mr. Bolter hoarsely, "where are you? Come and catch this brute, or there 'll be a panic!" and he made a wild dash under the side-show hangings in search of his colleague.

Then everything happened at once. Mr. Bolter reappeared as if by magic, smartly pursued by a small shaggy brown bear with a merry face, who followed him and the rest of his flying flock half across the hall, and finally brought up short before the refreshment stall, where he shared honours with two or three monkeys—*two or three!*—dozens of them, of all shapes and sizes, began to crop up everywhere like a hideous night-mare. At the same moment Mr. Parsons appeared in the gallery, with a stick in one hand and a mutton chop in the other, evidently trying to dislodge a young jaguar, who was lying among the palms on the rail of the balcony under the impression he was back in the tropics. But the final touch of horror was added by the fact that suspended from the big clock above the door hung a magnificent specimen of the reticulated cobra, whose hanging head and darting tongue effectually stopped those who preferred the street, in spite of the fact that Reggie—who, flushed with success, had suddenly appeared behind the scenes—was taking unsteady shots at it with his catapult.

Then something cleared the flowers in front of the platform, and alighted with a rattle of claws by my side—it *may* only have been a kangaroo, but it was the last straw, and leaping to Reggie's side I flung my arms about him.

"Save me!" I gasped.

"This is a bit of sport, if you like!" he cried, and shaking me off he was about to take aim at the jaguar, which at that moment rose and stretched itself. But in stepping back he trod on the alligator's tail, and the next moment we were both running for it, hand in hand, as we had never run before, urged by a rattle of scales in our rear. We stopped before a little window in the back part of the hall, Reggie wriggled through first and pulled me after him, and though I left fragments of flesh and frills behind me it was with a thankful heart I found myself once more in the security of the outer air. I turned on my brother.

"Did *you* let them out?" I demanded.

"What do *you* think?" he replied with a wink. "But don't tell the Mater, Sis, for I *did* save your life."

"Very well," I replied, "I 'll consider it—but I think you 'll be wise to go back to school to-morrow."

And he did, while a large notice—POSTPONED—was pasted across the placards of the Bundleby Bazaar.



"And who does the Violin belong to, Mrs. Brown?"
"Oh, that 's me 'usband's, Sir. 'E wouldn't be 'appy till 'e got one."
"But I didn't know he could play it."
"Oh, no, Sir, 'e can't. Why, 'e don't rightly know 'ow to wind it up yet!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

John Chilcote, M.P. (Blackwood) will advance by leap and bound the movement towards the front rank of women novelists achieved by Mrs. Thurston in *The Circle*. The book is marked by originality and power. There is, of course, nothing new in the idea of a man having a double. Oddly enough, whilst the concluding chapters were passing through *Blackwood*, the nation was stirred by disclosure of the Beck story. A closer parallel to the resemblance established by Mrs. Thurston will be found in *Jekyll and Hyde*. But it is here, among other departures from the beaten track, that originality asserts itself. Mrs. Thurston's creature is not one man but twain: a helpless slave of morphia, and a man of rare capacity who assumes his name and lives his life. In skilful hands, following the ordinary lines of daily life, this device offers opportunity of interesting adventure. Mrs. Thurston, greatly daring, essays the House of Commons, and my Baronite, who knows something of the place, observes that in the matter of local incident and atmosphere she treads its intricate pathways with marvellous accuracy. *John Chilcote's* double, in fulfilment of his bargain, not only performs the social and business duties of his employer. He takes his place in the House of Commons, which he electrifies by a great speech leading to the defeat of the Ministry and an offer by the incoming Premier of the Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs. Greatest difficulty of all, in Mrs. Thurston's hand the crowning triumph, is *John Chilcote's* wife. The risky episode in which she figures is dealt with in manner equally daring and delicate. Since this note was written announcement is made that Mr. George Alexander has purchased for stage use the dramatised rendering of the novel. It is safe to predict that the ex-*Prisoner of Zenda* will make a hit with the two *John Chilcotes*.

In *Some Loves and a Life* (F. V. White & Co.) Mrs. Campbell Praed professes to give "A Study of a Neurotic Woman." It is a powerfully-written story. Now, although the clever authoress has successfully achieved the difficult task she had undertaken, namely that of giving a careful analytic study of a Neurotic Woman in the person of *Jean*, wife of a South African exploiter of diamond mines, yet it is the character of the *Reverend Hugh St. Million*, proposed as a type of an English clergyman of the advanced Ritualistic school, that will mainly interest the reader as being a close and life-like representation of a vacillating emotional man, whose intermittent struggles against temptation only intensify his human gratification in ultimately yielding. He hands over a gentle maiden, who devotedly loves him, to be the wife of his invalid cousin; and then, straightway, he conceives a violent overpowering passion for a fascinating married woman, voluptuous and pagan. He will constitute himself her director; he will be of spiritual benefit to her; and so the neurotic woman follows the clergyman's lead and plays at penitence. The *dénouement* is comparatively commonplace. All the characters are carefully individualised, and that of the sculptor *David Boyde*, another of the heroine's conquests, is drawn with a masterly hand.

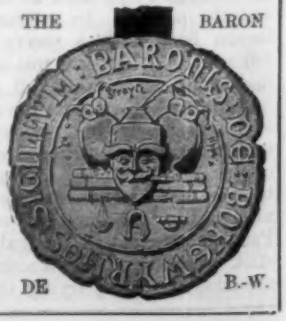
The Food of the Gods (Macmillan) suggests to my Baronite the dream of an otherwise able gentleman who has supped off sausages. The narrative has all the minute details of a well-remembered dream, and much of its incoherence. Mr. Wells has imagined the discovery of a miraculous food, which, taken in accordance with instructions, leads to the growth of a young man to the height of sixty feet. Children in proportion. Not alone with man does the nutriment work these wonders. Hens, wasps or rats getting a taste grow to gigantic proportions. Admitting the fun of the fancy, Mr. Wells plays with it admirably. Bubbling with high spirits, rich in quaint resources, he keeps the thing going for over 300 pages. Whether it is worth doing is a question the reader will decide according to his tastes. Of this form of humour Swift's *Brobdingnag* is enough for my Baronite.

I have read *Lindley Kays*, by Barry Pain (Methuen), with a very deep interest, due mainly to its own admirable qualities, but also in part to the recollection of Mr. Barry Pain's previous writings. Those who remember the humour, the fancy, and the insight shown by his early work in a Cambridge undergraduates' magazine, and who have subsequently watched his rapid progress through the pages of many London papers, will be the first to congratulate him on the success of the present book. In this he describes with a sympathy that lends eloquence to his style, and a humour that makes it brilliant, the struggles and vexations and disappointments, and the final triumph of his hero. *Lindley Kays* is the son of a prosperous, conventional, religious father, carrying on a hardware business in a provincial town. The son has genius; the father has respectability and its attendant phrases. The atmosphere of the home, its pursuits, and its total lack of ideas, are described with a power and a force of conviction that are almost startling in their intensity. From these deadly surroundings *Lindley* ultimately escapes, but after his escape he becomes less attractive. It is, indeed, the first part of the book that gives it its striking value.

If but a ray of sunlight be welcome to a fog-depressed Londoner on a tepid murky morning in October, with what delight will he not hail the radiant apparition of a most sweet *Sun-Child*, coming to him through the Bradbury and Agnew Bowers of Bouverie Street, presenting himself as the dainty elf of Rudolph C. Lehmann's creation, and showing his portrait as drawn by Thomas Maybank who has succeeded to a certain department of *Queen Mab's* Royal Academy, over which entire institution, "once upon a time," Dicky Doyle held undisputed sway. Among the best things in this little book is the Sterne-like episode of the death of old grey Dapple, and the most natural scene, represented as having occurred at Peckwater Towers, when the Marquis and Marchioness condescended to dance in the Servants' Hall. The Baron congratulates both author and artist.

In *The Children's Annual* for next year (Grant Richards), the coloured illustrations by Patten Wilson, especially when representing such sporting subjects as *The Meet* and *The Run*, in which men and horses all come out of a box of wooden toys, are genuinely funny; as also is *A Motor Race* by the same artist. These are the gems of the book, and *The Cruise of the Snowdrop* and *Forest Friends* by Mr. Ames take the next prize. Miss Jessie Pope has some pretty quaint and amusing stories and verses, and a figure in the illustration, signed illegibly, to her *Fine Feathers* is evidently a not very distant relation of one of the late Phil May's inimitable gutter-snipes. It is a good show for the modest sum which *Mr. Pecksniff* professed his decided unwillingness to advance *Mr. Chevy Slyme* by the agency of *Mr. Montague Tigg*.

The Tale of Benjamin Bunny (F. Warne & Co.), by Beatrix Potter, with daintily coloured illustrations, presumably also by the authoress, is a pretty booklet. Suitable as a present. Christmas is coming.



BLUE BOOKS FOR THE MILLION.

The firm of publishers who are the new agents for the sale of Government publications, state that they are convinced that there is really a greater demand for these throughout the country than has hitherto been suspected. They propose, therefore, to push the sale of Blue Books and kindred literature by advertising. We may probably expect to see some such announcements as these in the columns devoted to publishers:—

What shall we read in the winter evenings? is the question which is being asked in every home just now. Our

BIG BLUE LIBRARY

contains bright and amusing literature for everyone. Its pages include, among other admirable features, chatty articles by eminent experts on matters of such everyday interest as Bi-metallism, the Housing of the Poor, the Hall-marking of Foreign Plate, the Income Tax, and the Death Duties, which will delight young and old alike.

Every Young Housewife

should study Mr. Eustace Miles's fascinating article on How to live on two Plasmon biscuits and one lentil a day, which appears in the Report of the Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration.

The same book also contains a closely-reasoned article on Nicotine as a Factor in physical development, with an excursus on the educational value of cigarette pictures, by Messrs. Woodbine and Tabbs.

No Boy's Library

can be complete without Mr. G. R. Sims's thrilling new story, *The Detective's Detective*, which runs through the pages of the Report of the Beck Commission. This story attracted the widest attention when it appeared as a serial in the halfpenny press.

The Fact that no less an Authority than

Mr. Stephen Adams has spoken in the warmest terms of Mr. Caldwell's views on Musical Copyright gives an additional interest to the forthcoming issue of that well-known politician's evidence before the recent Royal Commission (3000 pp., 16 × 12, 6*d*.) This monumental work is prefaced by a short biographical note on Mr. Caldwell, written by Mr. William Boosey, with special reference to his influence on music publishing at the present day.

Every Mountaineer will doubtless Enjoy

that charming book of travels, *Round the Piccadilly Alps in a Hansom*, being a reprint of the Report of the Congested Traffic Commission. Draymen, cab-drivers, and omnibus conductors have all contributed to its pages, which afford, it need hardly be said, particularly bright and spicy reading.

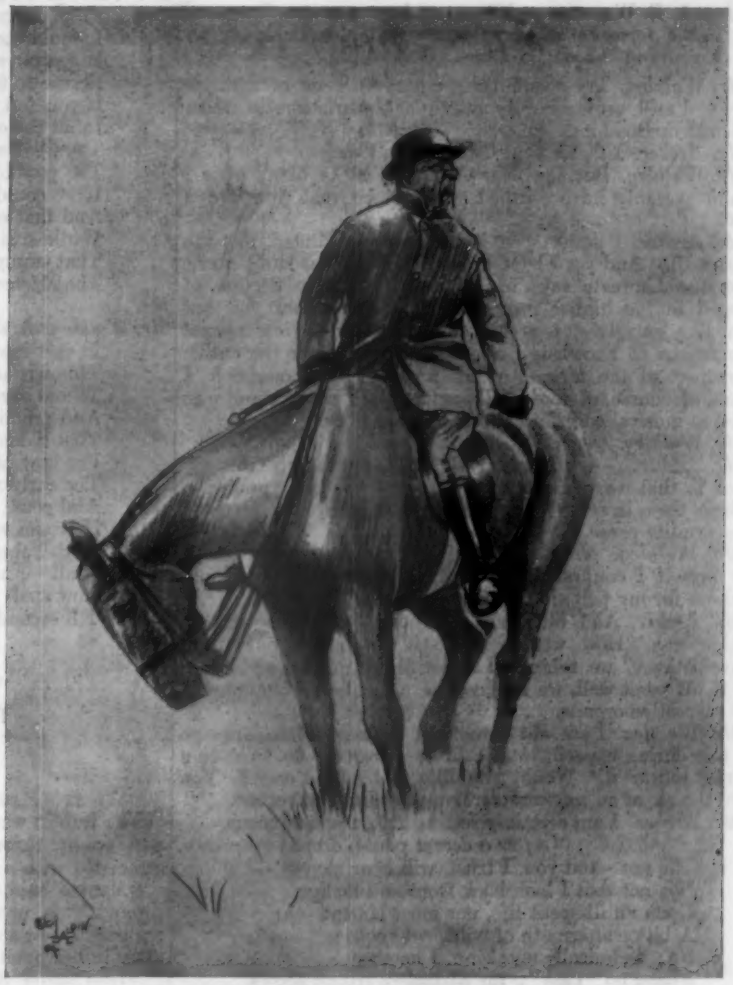
A specially expurgated edition has been prepared for the home circle by Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.

Just Published.

Devolution, being a new and revised edition of that epoch-making work, *Home Rule for Ireland*. This edition has been specially prepared by Lord Dunraven, and two of its principal attractions are an introduction by Sir Anthony Macdonald, and explanatory notes by Mr. George Wyndham.

How shall we Decorate the Spare Bedroom?

is a question which vexes every young couple. They will find the answer in Sir Edward Poynter's contribution to *Pictures, how and when to Buy them*. This admirable little handbook, which is the Report of the Royal Commission on the Chantrey Bequest, may be considered the Art Connoisseur's *vade mecum*.



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

A Cubbing Morning, 6 A.M.

Keen Sportsman (baffled). "Where the doose——"

Football Extraordinary.—Everybody being assumed to be now interested in the deeds of footballers, the following extract from the *Birmingham Argus* should be read. The match was between Preston North End and Notts County, each of which seems to be better than the other, for, says the report, "as the interval drew near both teams tried to further increase their lead, but failed to do so."

THE NEW DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

Messrs. A. B. Walkley *and* William Archer *are re-discovered in the former's chambers just after the conclusion of an Epicurean banquet.*

Mr. Walkley. Try one of those cigars—a relic of Spanish rule, and still preserving something of the aristocratic aroma of decadent Dondom. *Et comme liqueur?*

Mr. Archer. I thank you, I will take a Curaçao.

Mr. Walkley. But, my dear Archer, that is blank verse! Can it possibly have escaped your notice that you are a poet?

Mr. Archer. I assure you it was unpremeditated, like the lark's trill. And yet I have thought a good deal lately about what the Laureate says in his lecture on the decline of interest in the higher poetry. Has it ever struck you that men like ourselves, who exercise authority in our special department of knowledge, owe a kind of duty to the public in respect of the form in which we dress our thoughts? I speak, of course, of the intelligent public; not of those who assist at musical comedies and are therefore past hope.

Mr. Walkley. Quem Deus vult perdere——

Mr. Archer. ——plectuntur Achivi. Precisely. But my point is that we perhaps owe it to the thinking public to address them in some higher form of speech than even the most erudite prose.

Mr. Walkley. Mais, mon ami, que vous êtes impayable! For myself I confess that I find prose a sufficiently handy medium for my polyglottic methods.

Mr. Archer. Ah! but you have never yet attempted the nobler way. How would it be if in one of our "real conversations" we rehearsed a few flights of verse? Later on, if all went well, we might give a public performance in our respective organs.

Mr. Walkley. I am not convinced that the Times are ripe for this daring experiment. Still there can be no harm in a private rehearsal. Would you like to begin at once? You have the air of an *improvisatore*, and it might infect me.

Mr. Archer. I am certainly feeling rather spontaneous.

[*After a decent pause, drops into poetry.*

'Tis not—and you, I trust, will bear me out,—
'Tis not that I look back from middle age
Upon an ill-spent life, nor must lament
A bitter aftermath of wild, wild oats.
No; technically speaking, I may say
I have no "past"; my blameless record shows
How both as critic and interpreter
I have achieved respectable results
In point of quality as well as mass,
And won my Walkley's praise. And yet, and yet—

Mr. Walkley. What are you driving at?

Mr. Archer. And yet, as I
Intended saying when you interposed,
I would that I could have my youth again,
And to the task of criticising plays
Could bring the unspoilt wonder of a child,
The dewy innocence of Mr. Stead!
What say you, Walkley?

Mr. Walkley. If one might only put the dial back——

Mr. Archer. Excuse me; you have got the metre wrong!
You should complete the line I left undone
Before you start another; and, besides,
Dials are fixed; it is the shadow moves.
So—to revert to my above remark—
What say you, Walkley?

Mr. Walkley. What I say is this:
Like you, I would I might approach the stage
In total ignorance of antique lore,
Released from that divine but fatal gift
Of knowledge sucked from out the rolling centuries—

Mr. Archer. A foot too long! Omit the epithet!

Mr. Walkley. Of knowledge sucked from out the centuries,
From Æschylus to Henry Arthur Jones.
I would the hardened tablets of my mind
Might have their old consistency of wax
Plastic to first impressions. Think, my friend,
If you and I could go and see *The Tempest*,
In all the ecstasy of childhood's years,
Twin babes that never learned in Drury Lane
The possibilities of pantomime!
If we could view Pinero's latest play,
And that erotometric marionette,
While still untutored in the peerless wit
That stamps *A Doll's House*; knowing nought about
The Master's energising puppets!

Mr. Archer. Ah!

Mr. Walkley. And is there not a peril lurks for us
In this same portent of perpetual youth,
This wisdom issuing out of infants' mouths
Whose eyes had seen the world ere we were born,
And practise now on their new toy, the drama,
That balanced judgment which belongs to age?
For how can we, who long ago have lost
The early rapture of the unweaned state,
And come to know our drama upside down,
How can we well expect to hold our own
With babes like W. Tithonus Stead?
Shall we not find our occupation gone?
How shall we fill the yawning interval
Till second childhood——

[*Left discussing this appalling problem.*

O. S.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

Chapter XII.

He Disappears.

"Where 's Mabel? I haven't seen her about for two days."

The Rabbit was addressing the black-and-white Cat, who was going through the acrobatic performances usually associated with a feline toilet.

"Mabel," said the Cat, readjusting her off hind leg to the ground, "is unwell. I heard them talk about a high temperature or something of that sort. They put a spike of glass in her mouth and kept it there for a long time."

"How dared they?" said the indignant Rabbit. "It's a cruel cowardly thing to do to a little girl. You shouldn't have allowed it, *Gamp*, really you shouldn't."

"Oh, as to that," said the Cat complacently, "I make it a point never to interfere with humans unless they interfere with me. They think they know such a blessed lot about everything. So I just let them go on in their own silly way. Besides, I'm told that a spike of glass in the mouth is a first-rate remedy for a feverish cold—that 's what 's the matter with Mabel, I fancy—and you don't suppose I 'm going to do anything to prevent her getting cured, do you?"

"No, no," said the Rabbit eagerly, "of course not. That 's not to be thought of for a moment. But tell me, when did you see Mabel?"

"I was with her," answered the Cat, "the greater part of yesterday and the whole of this morning. She seemed to want to have me close to her, poor little thing, so I gave up all my other engagements."

"Has *Rob* been to see her?" asked the Rabbit in a tremulous voice.

"Rather," said the Cat. "He 's with her now. Of course old *Rob* isn't *much* of a comfort in a sick room—he 's such an upsetter—but I suppose he 's better than nothing at all. Anyhow Mabel sent for him, and he 's there."

Now all this was gall and wormwood to poor *Bunbutter*.

Mabel, his dear little mistress, was ill. That was bad enough, but it grieved him to the heart and made him rage with jealousy to know that *Gamp* and *Rob* had been admitted to her sacred room, nay more, had been actually sent for, while he, with all his love and devotion, was kept outside in his solitary hutch.

"Did she—ah—mention my name at all?" he asked after a pause.

"Oh dear no," said the Cat very decisively. "She didn't even hint at it. We were talking about all sorts of interesting things, you see, and somehow your name didn't crop up. But perhaps I might manage to lead the conversation that way when I see her again."

"You needn't trouble yourself," said the Rabbit. "She'll send for me of her own accord if she wants me."

At this moment the gardener's boy appeared, and *Gamp*, who had for him a rooted objection based on the throwing of stones, disappeared into the bushes.

"Come along, Red-eyes," said the boy as he opened the hutch and seized the Rabbit by the ears, "I've got to take you into the house. Miss Mabel's asked for you."

"At last!" whispered *Bunbutter* in triumph to himself. At last he was to be admitted to Mabel's own room. She had asked for him. Wouldn't he swagger over *Gamp* and *Rob* when he saw them again! Even as he was carried along he began to concoct the most marvellous accounts of his forthcoming visit for their edification.

* * * *

"And now, *Bunbutter*," said Mabel, "I'm afraid you must go. It's getting quite dark and I shall have to go to sleep. But I love you very much, very much indeed, *Bunbutter*, and you've been such a dear good sweet rabbit that I'll have you in here again to-morrow for a long long time."

So the Rabbit was carried off and handed back to the gardener's boy, who was waiting for him:—

"You're to take great care of him," said the old nurse, "and put him back safe in his hutch."

"Right you are," said the boy, and off he went.

What happened after that nobody, except, perhaps, the boy, ever knew for certain. The boy said the Rabbit seemed suddenly to swell up so in his hands that he had to let go of him, and the Rabbit scurried into the bushes and disappeared. His story about *Bunbutter's* increase in size was derided, but he affirmed it even with tears. What is certain is that the White Rabbit vanished and was never seen again.

My own idea is that he turned back again into the Prince of Sablonia and that he is now living in state and luxury in that distant and mysterious country. You see Mabel had assured him of her love, and that was all that was wanted to make the spell work.

When Mabel, her health being restored, visited the hutch a day or two afterwards to mourn over the disappearance of her fluffy little favourite, she picked a large white feather from the ground:

"It's just the colour of *Bunbutter*," she said. "I shall keep it in memory of him."

For my part I believe it was one of the plumes from the Prince's hat.

The End.



A TRIFLE MIXED.

"Why, Prudence, where's Dickie? Is this a new Sweetheart?"—"Not so very new, neither, Miss. It be this way. I be courting Samuel, but Dick be courting I."

A Matter of 'pinion.—The members of the London County Council, having been described by their Chairman as our Guardian Angels, may perhaps come to think themselves entitled to wings. It is to be hoped, writes a correspondent, that they will not charge them to the rates.

Well meant, no doubt.—The *Jersey Weekly News*, in its article upon the departure of the Lieutenant-Governor, says, "The departure . . . calls for more than ordinary comment. We say unhesitatingly that the departure of General ——— is an incalculable loss for the Island. We trust that Major-General ——— [his successor] will follow in his footsteps."

Who would want to cook her?—"Girl (respectable, strong) Wanted . . . Must be lean . . . no cooking."—*Daily Chronicle.*

An Equivocal Advertisement.

BLANK'S BREAD

NONE LIKE IT.

"Harty Congratulations" to Sir Robert on his receiving the first-class Japanese decoration of the Rising Sun.

THE AMAZING VISCOUNT.

Meeting of Protest.

A public meeting convened under the auspices of the Old Age Defence Society was held last Friday, to protest against the unwarrantable incursions of immature talent, and to invoke Parliamentary interference to safeguard the interests of middle-aged and elderly authors and artists.

Mr. Max Beerbohm, who presided, stated that no time was to be lost if headway was to be made against the pernicious cult of youth. With great emotion he read from the *Daily Mail* of the 19th inst. a long account of a boy artist, the Viscount de Soissons, of only sixteen, who was exhibiting a collection of pictures at the Doré Gallery, who was also a prolific writer in the Magazines, and had just completed an epic prose-poem of extraordinary length. Personally, he (the speaker) always thought that Doré was a tailor, but let that pass. No one valued the *entente cordiale* more than he, but it was a first principle of modern life that nations must consume their own prodigies.

In conclusion, the Chairman read letters from several eminent Nestors who had been unable to attend the meeting.

Lord Goschen wrote to say he couldn't think what Viscounts were coming to. He himself did not become one until he was nearly sixty-nine. At the age when Viscount de Soissons was painting impressionistic pictures without any artistic training he (the writer) was a healthy Philistine at Rugby.

Mr. Chamberlain, who had been invited to support the meeting, telegraphed from Venice, "Consider myself perennially young—repudiate invitation."

M. Manuel Garcia wrote with feeling on the nuisance of the infant prodigy. He personally did not visit America until he was twenty, in the year 1825.

Sir Oliver Lodge wrote that if the meeting could do anything, however small, to check the alarms and incursions of the youthful interviewer, they might count on his whole-hearted support.

Mr. Frederic Harrison said that since the refusal of the British Government to give back the Elgin marbles, no event had affected him more deeply than this momentous announcement. Youth had its charms, its rights, its privileges, but that was no reason why it should claim a monopoly of public attention. Youth was the time for study, for preparation, not for production or competition with artists and authors of mature years. He did not wish to intrude a personal note, but he could not refrain from saying that he had waited until he was seventy before he wrote his first novel (*Loud cheers*).

Sir Lewis Morris said that he was proud to associate himself with the weighty words that had fallen from his distinguished *confrère*. The best place for the composition of epics was on the Underground, as he had conclusively proved in his own case, and nobody of tender years could stand the strain of prolonged subterranean composition. It stood to reason that anyone who composed poetry in his minority must be a minor poet. He would not, however, go so far as to endorse the revolutionary suggestion that no poet should be allowed to be published until he had joined the majority.

Sir James Knowles here rose and stated, amid loud cheers, that he had recently declined an article entitled "Reminiscences of a Virtuoso," which had been submitted to him by Franz Vecsey.

Sir William Grantham stated with much emotion that, in spite of many pressing invitations, he had not contributed to the *Daily Mail* until he was sixty-nine.

Sir Edward Poynter, the President of the Royal Academy, said that he had no doubt that the usual attacks on the Academy would shortly begin on account of their cruel treatment of the Viscount Phenomenon in not having elected him to their body. He would not deny that an infusion of youth might be useful, but it needed to be very judiciously obtained. In his view youth, like wine, was useless until it was well matured.

Mr. A. P. Watt created a painful sensation by revealing some of the inevitable results of the growing craze for youthful authors. It had been rashly stated that the Employers' Liability Act had made the British workman the largest purchaser of hair-dye in the world. He could assure the audience that the consumption of artificial pigment among the literary classes was astounding. And he could name publishers who required a more searching test than juvenile appearance; who would consider no manuscript unless the author himself brought it (in the speaker's company) and was prepared to leap-frog over the junior partner, or to exhibit a chest measurement at least ten inches in excess of his waist, which was, of course, a very exacting requirement from a man of letters.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the next speaker, was objected to on the ground that his immature age disqualified him from being present. He rapidly, however, demonstrated that age and youth are interchangeable terms, and that it is the youngest who are really the oldest. Is not, he asked, the child the father of the man? As for himself, he was, he said, merely masquerading as a stripling; his real age was eighty-two, but he had been marvellously made up.

A resolution was passed deprecating youthful geniuses.

As the meeting broke up the news was received that the Viscount had been appointed to the Art Editorship of the *Daily Mirror*.

PUZZLES AND PARADOXES.

The lines of the aspiring bard
Much toil and trouble cost,
And yet, alas! like many a rime,
They oft turn out a frost.

The magistrate is called a beak,
I really wonder why.
Is it because he often has
A piercing eagle eye?

They say the swan divinely sings
With its expiring breath,
The humble oyster too may be
A Patti after death.

A tail you'll find is fitted with
A wag, which seldom fails,
Yet many so-called wags I know
Have most unfitting tales.

One gathers nuts in autumn months
From off horse-chestnut trees,
Is it because a chestnut 's hoarse
It 's sometimes called a wheeze?

SHOULD A WIFE OPEN HER HUSBAND'S LETTERS?

Below will be found a few answers which we have obtained to this vital question.

Mr. Henn-Pekt says: "I should prefer that she didn't . . . but she does. Please don't mention my name."

A Famous Politician says: "I hope to send you an answer after I have had an opportunity of consulting with Mr. Chamberlain."

Miss Ohlde Mayde writes: "Only give me the chance."

Mrs. Smith-Smith says: "I have received your letter addressed to Mr. Smith-Smith.—That is his answer."

The Postmistress at Little Puddleton writes: "If she lives in Puddleton she need not trouble. I can tell her the contents of any letter coming into the village."

Bill Bailey says: "If she does, I can't go home at all."

A Poster Contrast.

The Standard.

3000 Russians
annihilated.

The Daily Express (same morning).

Revision of Anglican
Hymn Book.
100 New Hymns.

SYMBOLIC BOOTS.

We have heard much of late years concerning the Degeneracy of the Drama. Careful research has been made for a remedy, and now recent events have encouraged the belief in aid from the outside. Where our dramatists have failed to express emotion and the development of character, our modistes have stepped in and supplied a long-felt want. And why not our boot-makers too?

Appended are a few ideas for the construction of a Four-Act play, in which the desired symbolism is furnished by the foot-gear of the protagonist.

Act I.

The hero wears a pair of flamboyant yellow boots, expressive of youthfulness and hopefulness. A neat and happy combination of red buttons is symbolical of his dawning passion for a charming lady possessed of a husband addicted to heart disease. But *the top inside lining of the boots is of black leather!* This subtle touch (it will be easy for the dramatist to write in a few lines enabling the hero to exhibit the inside lining of *one* boot at least during the course of the Act) is intended to convey to the audience that the hero is suffering from a temptation to stage-manage for the *heart-diseaseful* husband a "short sharp shock," which shall at once carry *him* off and enable the hero to do the same by the lady.

Act II.

The hero wears dead black leather boots, with all the polish rubbed off. He is about to assist at the husband's demise, and therefore wears mourning in anticipation. A bright red tag hanging out from each boot indicates that the victim's death is to be accompanied with violence.

Act III.

The hero wears a pair of obfusc carpet slippers, somewhat down-trodden in the sole and embroidered with mauve pansies (that's for thought), which are naturally painful, seeing that he is filled with remorse (as is suggested further by the mauve which stands for half mourning). He has accomplished his fell purpose, but the lady has rejected him with immediate scorn. The slippers are, of course, indicative of a bootless passion.

Act IV.

After an interval long enough to allow some characters with no particular foot-gear to acquaint the audience with the fact that "a year has now elapsed," the hero makes his entrance, wearing the white shoes of a blameless life. The audience will be struck with the *black toe-caps*, which are of *shining patent leather*, as distinct from the dull, unglossy leather of Act II. They will at once understand that the year has been spent in expiation (shown by the white shoes), mingled with penitence (symbolized by the black toe-caps), tinged with hope (indicated by the "shine"). A closer observation will disclose rubber soles and bronze heels, the former expressive of a buoyant and ever up-springing faith in the future, the latter preparing the audience for his eventual union with the auburn-haired widow, who has at length learned to forgive and forget the past. Then all that is required to bring down the house and the curtain on a big success is a first-rate "tag."



Cockney Sportsman. "Haw—young woman, whose Whiskies do you keep here?"
Highland Lassie. "We only keep McPherson's, Sir."
C. S. "McPherson? Haw—who the deuce is McPherson?"
H. L. "My Brother, Sir."

Con-Fushun.—The *Evening Standard* contents bill recently ran thus:—

FOOTBALL RESULTS
RUSSIAN WOUNDED
POURING INTO MUKDEN.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION;

Or, Harlequin Bunsby and Something Wrong in the Upper Storey at Wyndham's Theatre.

The title of Mr. Pinero's latest production, *A Wife without a Smile*, is unfortunately suggestive of an audience without a laugh. Not that this description would exactly fit such an audience as assisted at the entertainment on the night of my visit, for undoubtedly they, that is, a considerable majority of them, did laugh, and there were also heard faint spasmodic attempts at applause which, being injudiciously timed, met with no response.

There is not a dramatist whose humour I appreciate and whose work on the stage I enjoy more than I do Mr. Pinero's. Yet with all the will in the world to be amused to any extent, I found myself during the greater part of the First Act, and for a considerable portion of the Second, in most unwilling sympathy with Miss Lettice Fairfax, the charming representative of *Mrs. Rippingill*, the "wife without a smile."

Mr. Dion Boucicault, with his well-simulated bursts of idiotic cachinnation, as *Mr. Seymour Rippingill*, the conceited, feeble-minded chuckler, became to me a sample of that worst of all nuisances in a house-party, an oppressively irrepressible amateur humourist. Mr. Lowne as *Wettmarsh*, a sort of amateur who, having once been a society clown, has, by marrying an amateur poetess (cleverly played by Miss Dorothy Grimston), been sobered down into an amateur journalist with amateur dramatic aspirations, is another portentous species of the genus bore. In fact, except *Mrs. Lovette*, perfectly rendered, for all the character is worth, by artistic Miss Marie Illington (how does *Killicrankie* get on without *her* ?), and except *John Pullinger* as represented by Mr. Henry Kemble, there seemed to me to be no single character among the *dramatis personæ* whose sayings or doings, however well said or well done, could be of the slightest interest to anyone.

Of course the play is a mere farce, an extravagant farce of the old Palais-Royal type, and the adaptation of electric bells to the same use as that to which Mr. Pinero puts his wire-hung doll I certainly remember in a very broad piece entitled *Fiacre No.* 117. Also I call to mind a device closely resembling it in *Le Dindon*, as likewise in another French play of a similarly outrageous character. I cannot help thinking that had any author, other than Mr. Pinero, succeeded in getting this piece placed on the stage, its run would have come to a very abrupt conclusion. As the effort of a novice it would have been "returned with thanks" by even the most speculative Manager who might have had the patience to read it.

The sole touch of true comedy in the farce is of Dickensian origin, and no student of *Dombey* can fail to refer the reverence exhibited by *Rippingill* for the words of *Jack Pullinger* to that of honest *Cap'en Cuttle* for the oracles of *Jack Bunsby*. What a *Jack Bunsby* Mr. Kemble would make were the *Florence* and *Walter* episode in *Dombey and Son* treated, apart from the novel, in a brief dramatic sketch!

Mr. Pinero seems to have worked back from a situation that tickled his fancy, namely that of a strung-up doll whose movements, when in a state of suspended animation, would indicate the action of certain persons above who are invisible to those below and to the audience. Suppose, for example, that any individual were taking exercise on the sofa in the second-floor room in order to reduce his weight, the doll, suspended by a wire from the ceiling of the first-floor apartment, would be violently agitated. The idea is scarcely worthy of our leading dramatist. Perhaps, if the laugh had been turned against *Jack Bunsby Pullinger*, there would have been no room (on any floor) for objection; but when the doll's lively movements accompany a duet, then that is quite another story.

NO GRATUITIES?

(By a Conservative Weakling.)

Following upon the success of a recently-opened restaurant, and the "tipping" revelations in a recent County Court case, the idea of "non-tipping" hotels has been mooted. It was inevitable that the *Sortes Shaksperianæ* should be consulted, with the result that some new readings of an all too familiar passage (given hereunder) have been discovered.

To tip, or not to tip; that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous Fashion;
Or to take arms against a host of hirelings,
And by opposing, end them?—To dine,—to sup,—
No more;—and, having supped, to say we end
The heartburn, and the thousand natural qualms
That guests are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To dine;—to sup;—
To sup! perchance to sleep; ay, there 's the rub;
For in that sleep what nightmares may arise
When we have shuffled with a varlet's fee,
Must give us pause. There is the disrespect
That makes calamity of many a life:
For who would bear the scorn of chambermaids,
The porter's flout, the henchman's contumely,
The pangs of proffered but contemnèd coin,
The insolence of office-jacks, the spurns
That patient gentles from the clownish take,
When he himself might a quietus give
With bare-faced guerdon? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a hateful toll,
But that the dread of someone left untipped—
The late-discovered menial from whose clutch
No traveller escapes—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those inns we have,
Than fly to hostels that we know not of?
Thus custom does make cowards of us all;
And thus the no-tip hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and daring,
To husband hard-earned monies, turn awry
And fail of execution.

Just So.

Cheerful Sitter (*showing his own portrait, a crayon drawing, recently finished, to a friend*). He hasn't made me look particularly cheerful, eh?

Friend. Why, what could you expect but a drawn expression?

Young Dordler, who doesn't "do much in a literary way, dontcherknow," heard two friends talking about a recent publication mentioned by the Baron last week, entitled *The Sun-Child*. "What the doose, eh?" asks the severely critical Dordler, "why didn't he call it 'The Boy' at once? You don't call a girl a 'Daughter-child,' do you? It 's reg'lar affectation. Hey, what?"

A correspondent of the *Saturday Review* recently remarked that to him personally the phrase "someone has a great future before him" sounds ridiculous, because it is not possible to "have a future behind him." Isn't it? How about the Greek grammatical tense recognised as the Paulo-Post-Futurum?

"Nine tailors make a man" is an ancient proverbial saying. When this old saw was new, what must one man's tailors' bills have amounted to?

CHARIVARIA.

One of the leading Russian newspapers is now suggesting that the Japanese shall no longer be called monkeys. We doubt, however, whether this proposal, even if carried out, would be sufficient to induce the Japanese to withdraw.

It seems queer that Civilisation should add to instead of decrease the horrors of war. The Poet Laureate has just published a long poem on the Russo-Japanese conflict.

More reckless motor-driving! "The coroner for North-east Essex," says a contemporary, "was enabled by the aid of his motor-car to hold three inquests in widely-distant parts of the country within a few hours."

Each lady patron of the *matinée* performances at the Court Theatre now receives a printed notice to the following effect:—"The enclosed tickets are sold on the understanding that ladies will remove hats, bonnets, or any kind of head-dress." It is as well that it should be known that this refers to the ticket-holders', and not to other ladies', head-dress.

The title of Mrs. Brown-Potter's latest theatrical production, *Forget-Me-Not*, is not being obeyed.

Some clergymen have no sense of shame. Several of them have been bragging, in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, as to the number of sermons they have preached.

With reference to the statement published last week to the effect that a post-card posted in North Shields in May, 1900, was delivered at Newcastle on the 13th of the present month, the General Post Office officials would like it to be known that they have often delivered post-cards even more quickly than that.

Now that a magistrate has decided that a lady has no right to make a lunge at a cabman with a sword-stick, the 'bus conductors, it is rumoured, intend to take action with a view to testing the legality of ladies stabbing them in the back with umbrellas.

The war of the sexes continues. The Principal Boy at Drury Lane this Christmas will be Miss Queenie Leighton, while the Principal Girl, we understand, will be Mr. Dan Leno.

Two convicts escaped from Wormwood Scrubs prison in their official costume. Mingling among the football players in the vicinity, they failed to attract attention.

"When a dog belonging to a signalman at Yatesville (U.S.), on the Lehigh Valley Railway, found that his master had dropped dead, he seized a red flag, rushed into the centre of the railway track, and stopped an oncoming express, which might otherwise have met with a serious disaster."—So says the *Daily Express*. "Do we believe?" asks the *Daily Telegraph*.

A certain section of the Art World has been thrown into a paroxysm of delight, and the airs certain painters are now giving themselves are amusing to behold. The German Emperor, in discussing pictures with an eminent expert, is reported to have said, "Perhaps, after all, those impressionist fellows are right."

The Japanese, who were saying only the other day that they did not need an advance from outside, now acknowledge that the Russian advance was useful to them.

The Chairman of Barmouth Urban Council has described Wales as the natural playground of England. We think, however, that those Welshmen who want to close the schools throughout the Principality are carrying the idea too far.

"An arch political flat-catcher," is Dr. Macnamara's description of Mr. Chamberlain. Some Members of Parliament may well be nervous.

The Catch of the Season.—Colds.



APPRECIATION.

First Mountaineer (to Second Mountaineer, in Switzerland). "What a lovely country—Holland is!"



COMPREHENSIVE.

Owner (as the car starts backing down the hill). "PULL EVERYTHING YOU CAN SEE, AND PUT YOUR FOOT ON EVERYTHING ELSE!"

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

Although the Cricket Season is over, Mr. Frederic Harrison scores his Tenth Century.

CONVERSATIONAL PLAGIARISMS OF THE ANCIENTS.

"'Think me not unkind,' cried the young hero, 'if I have to hasten away from the holy shrine in which your love has suffered me to kneel, to worship and to adore; think me not cold if I hurry off to my sovereign and my command. I could not love thee so well, if it were not that I loved honour even more.'"

THE above extract from Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON'S romance of the tenth century, *Theophano*, shows how idle it is to suppose that any sentiment can be new.

When LOVELACE wrote:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,

he was credited with a pleasing invention. Alas, he was but quoting from *Basil Digenes*, the hero of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON'S romantic monograph, who had, we now learn, anticipated him by at least six centuries.

Mr. HARRISON'S many pages, were they searched carefully, would doubtless yield other scraps of dialogue equally prejudicial to latter-day poets. Thus:—

I.

"Alas, madam," cried LEO the Curopalates to the EMPRESS at Drizibion, "it is preferable of a surety to have loved and have lost than for ever to have endured a vacuum where love ought to reside."

II.

The walls of the Magnaura, in which STYLIANOS stood, communing with himself on his passion for the peerless AUGUSTA, were entirely covered with panels of Proconnesian and Phrygian streaked marbles. "Ah," he exclaimed, smiting his breast, "that man either fears his fate too much, or minute are his deserts, if he dare not put it to the test and succeed, or suffer failure."

III.

"Ho! Ho! Ho! My most incomprehensible of Privy Councillors," cried the Basileus, with a ringing laugh. "Another perjury. But at lovers' perjuries, it is reported, Jupiter does not conceal his merriment."

IV.

"Alackaday!" cried MARIANOS APAMBAS, the dauntless Theodolite of Adana, as the gates of the Chrysotriclinium closed behind him with a discordant clang, "how true it is that where the spirit is free neither the most ponderous mural architecture nor the most massive metal bars can produce a sense of incarceration."

Overheard at the London Art Club Exhibition.

She (before a picture of a Spanish lady). Hundred and ninety-one. (*Refers to catalogue.*) "*Tête Espagnole*"—or however you pronounce it—what 's that?

He. Why, spaniel's head, of course—must be numbered wrong.

THE *Daily News*, in commenting upon the bestowal of the freedom of the city of Bristol upon Sir WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, says:

"For more than a century Sir WILLIAM HENRY WILLS, who comes of an old Bristol family, has rendered loyal and devoted service to his native city."

This makes Sir WILLIAM more than the Father of his City; it makes him its OLD PARR.





VENETIAN REVERIES.

Right Hon. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n. "THIS IS BETTER THAN SOUTHAMPTON WATER!"
Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n. "AH!—POOR DEAR ARTHUR!"



SOUTHAMPTON REVELS.

Miss Conservative Association. "GOOD GRACIOUS, ARTHUR, WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?"
Right Hon. Arth-r B-lf-r (*in costume for the Fancy Ball*). "AH! THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!"

[Meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Southampton, Friday, October 28.]



"A THOUSAND MELODIES UNHEARD BEFORE."

Little Girl (to Sportsman, just dismounted from roarer to adjust his curb-chain). "Hullo, Alfred! Putting on a new tune?"

TO A PERIPATETIC MINSTREL.

Italian, swart and freely oleaginous,
That through the hours anterior to the morn
Dost banish sleep and wake unholy rage in us
By playing "*Christian Soldiers*" on the horn;

O more than skilled to lacerate the tympani
And take the luckless sleeper by the throat,
Thine ear-compelling onslaught leaves me limp, an' I
Writhe in an anguish like a dying stoat.

There is a Something balefully insidious
Pent in thy weapon's penetrating blare;
Its breathings are the most profoundly hideous
That ever cleft the uncomplaining air.

Perhaps the charm that soothes the artless savage's
Intractile breast is wanting from thy strain;
Perhaps thine instrument's peculiar ravages
Are prompted by a love of causing pain.

Perhaps a burning sense of man's ingratitude
Invigorates thy petrifying blast;
Perhaps this merely represents the attitude
Of one who plucks a sweet revenge at last.

Unknown thy motive is; but I suspect it has
Birth in a breast phenomenally hard,
And oh, the dire—the desperate effect it has
Upon the wakeful senses of the Bard!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

Of two evils choose the one that you like best.

If your motor cannot absolutely annihilate time and space, it can account for most other things.

He gives twice who gives quickly, for he is sure to be asked again.

It is easier to be wise for others than for yourself, but by no means so popular—with the others.

The best is said to be the cheapest in the end—but none of us know which end.

It's better not to be a hero to your valet than to be a valet to your hero.

Answer a fool according to his folly often enough and you will find you have written the book of a musical comedy.

Patriotism.—An Isle of Wight vicar writes in his Parish Magazine of the excellent start in life afforded by the National Schools "to countless scholars, many of whom are occupying to-day excellent positions in life, and in Newport."

Breaking it Gently.—A boy having taken a guinea-pig back to school against the rules, was told by his uncle to return it to him to be cared for during term. Instead of the animal came the following considerate letter:—"I am so sorry I can't send the guinea-pig, but it is dying. In fact it is dead. The butler buried it yesterday."

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

III.—THE TWINS OF DESTINY.

THE paths of prophecy are beset by pitfalls and strewn with stumbling blocks. Yet how far more honourable it is to fail in a noble venture than to revel in the ignoble security of surefooted induction!

Among the burning questions of latterday *Weltpolitik* none is of more engrossing interest than that of the future of Austria-Hungary. A congeries of races, a babel of tongues, a welter of conflicting interests—all held together by the thread of a single life—that of the lion-hearted septuagenarian FRANZ JOSEF! Will the centrifugal forces prevail when that heroic figure is eliminated from the garish scene? Will the heritage of the HAPSBURGS be parcelled out among a score of yelping nationalities or be absorbed in the ravening maw of Pan-Germanism? Will chaos or consolidation prevail?

Can the Dual Empire hold together? That above all is the question muttered in fearful whispers in all the Chanceries of Europe. The omens of *débâcle* seem to predominate, but I fearlessly answer—It can. This is no rash or baseless assertion. It is the result of profound study of the racial factors of the situation, of the law of heredity, of the irresistible trend of modern thought. The upshot of these investigations can be succinctly stated in a few irrefragable propositions:—

(1.) A Dual Empire *ex hypothesi* needs a dual throne.

(2.) Of the conflicting nationalities Hungary and Bohemia are the most mutually antagonistic, and their reconciliation is most peremptorily needed.

(3) Bohemia has been accurately described as a race of fiddlers, while in Hungary—*nobilis Hungaria*—the influence of the aristocracy is supreme.

Is it not strange, then, that in view of these facts it should have been left for a simple but consistently impulsive English journalist to indicate where the salvation of Austria is to be found? Are diplomatists so purblind as not to recognise the momentous possibilities of the union of JAN KUBELIK, the prince of Bohemian violinists, with the lovely Hungarian Countess CSAKY—*a union blest with twin offspring!* In default of any direct male heirs of the House of HAPSBURG, how could the claims of collaterals be expected to weigh for one moment against the overwhelming credentials of these superbly endowed and adorable infants? The blue blood of Hungary—the beautiful blue Danubian ichor—flows in their veins; the fiery artistic temperament of the Czech is also their birthright. They are lovely, high-spirited, healthy children, with sapphire eyes and delicately-arched insteps. They are young, but the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. ALFRED HARMSWORTH was only three when he started his first paper. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN wore an eyeglass in the nursery, and ALFRED AUSTIN lisped in numbers before he could speak.

It is a privilege as well as a pleasure to be able to inform the public that KUBELIK himself is fully alive to the momentous responsibilities thrust upon him by the call of Destiny. "Tell the people of England," he said to me yesterday morning in his princely sanctum, "that I do not shirk the awful duty." And then he flung his noble head back, laughed a great quaking laugh, full of the luscious gusto of life, and twisted his limber hands in weird Michelangelesque convolutions. "The twins are splendid, their appetite is Falstaffic, their voices stentoresque. Already they prattle fluently in Esperanto, and dance the Czardas on the slightest provocation. Their education, however, is a serious matter, and a terrible struggle took place the other day as to which twin should be helped first. Eventually the *Ausgleich* was established, but not until tears had been shed."

"Yes," I observed gently, "but then, as the noble Hungarian proverb has it, More was lost on Mohacz field."

"True," he rejoined with a limpid chuckle, for KUBELIK'S sense of humour is only equalled by the luxuriance of his *chevelure*. "They must learn by suffering what they teach in song. They must be cleansed in purging fires before they climb the Pisgah heights of Macassarine majesty on which it behoves the brood of genius to repose. But I have no fears as to their future. Their vitality is prodigious, their bulk colossal," and here the strong-thewed virtuoso almost wept as he told me of a priceless motor-perambulator, the gift of CARMEN SYLVA, which had collapsed beneath the weight of the august pair as they were taking their constitutional in the Andrassy Strasse at Pesth.

Quickly recovering himself he cried in vibrant tones: "But you must excuse me now. I have an appointment with Count BENCKENDORFF in ten minutes at the Russian Embassy," and he sailed out of the room on tiptoe like a great and glorious seraph, his coat-tails quivering with inexplicable emotion.

I sat speechless for several minutes musing on the immutable decrees of Fate, on WEISMANN'S theory of heredity, and the attitude which FRANZ JOSEF of Austria would assume towards his twin successors. Would he bow to the inevitable and proclaim them in his lifetime, or would he declare a truceless war on the great-hearted infants and precipitate an Armageddon beside which the battle of Sha-ho would be mere child's play? But the strain was too great, and rousing myself with a supreme effort I persuaded the major-domo, a Czech of extraordinary beauty and with a rich syrupy voice, to see me safely back to Carmelite Street in a four-wheeled cab.

FEMININE FIGURES.

ARITHMETIC 'tis well to shun,
Of puzzles it has plenty:
For instance, I was twenty-one
When MADGE was sweet and twenty.

Old Time, as fast the seasons flow,
Worked on me with his leaven;
I felt the weight of thirty-two
When MADGE was twenty-seven.

The marvel grew to huge estate,
MADGE proved of time so thrifty,
Remaining simple thirty-eight
Long after I'd turned fifty.

My brain is plunged in awful whirls
By mathematics' rigours,
And who shall now maintain that girls
Have no control of figures?

It is a Wise Child that cures its own Father.

"I HAVE known gun headache cured by the shooter holding between his teeth a piece of india-rubber, a child's sucking ring for preference."—*Correspondence in the "Field."*

A FALSE POSITION.—In the *Daily Mail's* report of the Chartered Company's meeting we read: "Mr. MAGUIRE sat with chin on elbow looking moodily at the gathering." This acrobatic feat is worth trying; better than any elastic exerciser for increasing the flexibility of the joints. There has been nothing like it since JOHN BRIGHT in the House of Commons turned his back upon himself.

AN AUTUMN DELICACY.—Among the cookery recipes in *The Easy Chair* is the following:

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING.—Cut an ounce and a half of dried cherries in small pieces. Put two ounces of bread crumbs, half a pint of milk, and *one ounce of castor oil* into a saucepan, and let it simmer for five minutes. When cool stir in two beaten eggs and the cherries, &c. &c.

The italics are our own. Uneasy is the Chair that eats such a pudding.

IT is rumoured that the French Government may suppress public lotteries. Suggested epitaph:—"Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tombola."



OLD FRIENDS.

He. "Do you remember your old school-friend, Sophy Smythe?"
She. "Yes, indeed, I do. A most absurd-looking thing. So silly too! What became of her?"
He. "Oh, nothing. Only—I married her."

CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

The San Carlo Grand Opera Company made a good start last week under the direction of Mr. Henry Russell, son of *Mr. Punch's* old friend of long ago, whose spirited songs are still heard on the concert-platform and belong to the stock *répertoire* of every well-conducted orchestra. Acting Manager Neil Forsyth, encouraged by summer season results, having associated himself with Mr. Rendle of Old Drury, the two together have started an autumn campaign which, judging from its capital commencement, certainly deserves the success that 'tis not in mortals to command.

Our Muse, who favours us with her gracious company on this occasion, here illumines our matter-of-fact remarks with poetic inspiration:

To the excellent troupe of San Carlo, from Naples
(Where biscuits and ices are prominent staples),
Mr. Punch, who all genuine merit befriends,
The warmest and heartiest greeting extends;
For they prove in a manner convincingly strong
That Italy still is the Mother of Song.



Operatic Ornaments; Manon and her Lovers.

If you ask for a proof, take the scene on the jetty
Where Caruso-*Des Grieux* parts from *Manon*-Giachetti.
But though singing's the strength of the Naples brigade,
Other notable gifts they 've already displayed.
They can act, their *ensemble* 's first-rate, and—a boon
Seldom granted—their chorus is always in tune.
Then the band is a nailer, strong, mellow and slick,
With one eye at the least always fixed on "the stick."
So, to wind up our lay with a bit of advice,
If you want to enjoy, at a moderate price,
A treat operatic, be off in a trice,
Book seats for *Aida*, or *Manon Lescaut*,
Rigoletto, or *Carmen*—they 're none of them slow—
And you 'll be delighted whenever you go.

On Wednesday, *Mr. Punch's* assistant-auditor informs him, there was a grand performance of *La Tosca*. Madame Giachetti as *Floria Tosca* sang well and acted finely, and the audience acclaimed her success uproariously. As her unfortunate lover *Mario* (name reminiscent of triumphant tenor long since gone to take his part in the music of the spheres) Signor Anselmi sang delightfully, and his acting was occasionally powerful. Signor Sammarco was a thoroughly wicked *Baron Scarpia*, that is, melodramatically speaking, the moral qualities of the character being entirely subservient to Sam Mark's excellent vocal and artistic powers. So, not further to particularise, all were good in an opera that will never become a genuine favourite, as it is only a trifle less gloomy than the tragic play from which it is taken.

Thursday.—*Rigoletto* to an enthusiastically appreciative, but by no means a full, house. Signor Anselmi was quite the disgraceful *Dook*, and his great *La Donna è automobile* song twice vociferously encored. Mlle. Alice Nielsen as *Gilda*, like *eau sucrée*, was sweet but not powerful. Madame Ferraris as *Magdalena* the merry, excellent. Last concerted piece well given. All good.

Friday.—House crowded for *Carmen*. Enthusiastic calls for Mlle. Alice Nielsen, Madame Gianoli and, of course, Signor Robinson Caruso, delightfully associated with Friday.

Conductors Campanini and Tanara, and "everyone concerned," are to be congratulated upon a genuine success that augurs well for the short season.

"PA, MA, AND BABBA."

A Personal Message for you about the new Magazine.

To the Reader,

Have you ever asked yourself what life would be like without the Magazines? No? Then don't do so. Such a state of things must not be thought about.

Possibly you have been living in a fool's paradise, and considering that there are already enough Magazines. There are not. One more has yet to come, and that is the biggest of all.

It is coming almost before you can turn round; and you will have to buy it regularly. You cannot escape.

It is called *Pa, Ma, and Babba*, and where other Magazines give one page it gives two, where other Magazines give two advertisements it gives four.

It is a veritable powder Magazine.

The World and His Wife, another forthcoming Magazine, is said by its proprietors to open flat. *Pa, Ma, and Babba* will neither open flat nor be flat in a single page.

It contains something for every member of your house, from the burglar on the roof to the cockroach in the basement.

It is the giant of the Magazines—the Drum-Major of the Kilties and the Fat Boy of Peckham rolled in one. Long before you have got through it the next number will be here.

It will be packed and running over with new features. Every page will contain something novel. There will be stories by Sir A. Conan Doyle and Cutcliffe Hyne, Mrs. L. T. Meade, and Arthur Morrison.

No pains have been spared to produce an entirely new thing. There will be interviews by Harold Begbie.

Another feature of startling freshness will be a prize competition.

The dear children will not be neglected. A first-rate literary aunt has been engaged to prattle for them.

There is not a line nor a picture in this most wonderful production that is not aimed to benefit you. Its proprietors hope to lose by it.

The Magazine will be worth ten shillings. Its price is only sixpence.

You will be able to get quite a lot for the back numbers as waste paper.

Pa, Ma, and Babba is thoroughly up-to-date: the first number went to press two months ago.

Soliloquy.

John Bull (*making a mem. in his note-book*). "We went to Tibet to make a treaty"—Ahem! Let me see. Under what heading shall I enter this? Eh? Ah, I see—"Re-Treaty." Um!

THE BALTIC FLEET.

Month by Month.

Libau, *October* 24, 1904.—It is stated on good authority that the Baltic Fleet will sail for the Far East on the 27th or 28th inst.—*Reuter.*

Reval, *October* 26.—The battleship *Gonashoravlosk* is again aground, but it is hoped to refloat her in three weeks' time. She will have to undergo extensive repairs, and in consequence the date of departure of the Baltic Fleet has been again postponed till November 13.—*Our Own Correspondent.*

St. Petersburg, *November* 12.—The Tsar has expressed his intention of saying good-bye to the Baltic Fleet in person, prior to its departure for the Far East. During some manœuvres yesterday, two cruisers (believed to be the *Runamokia* and the *Strukamineski*) collided and sank in the excellent time of 2 min. 15 sec., thus constituting a record. The Fleet will sail on December 22.—*Our Special Correspondent.*

Libau, *December* 28, 1904.—The Baltic Fleet, consisting of 5 battleships, 7 cruisers, and 96 transports laden with coal, sailed to-day for the Far East at 11 o'clock, but came safely back again in the afternoon. (*Later*) The armoured cruiser *Blowupovitch*, on entering the harbour, came in contact with a floating mine, and will, it is feared, become a total wreck.—*Press Association.*

Paris, *January* 2, 1905.—News comes from St. Petersburg this morning that the Baltic Fleet (consisting of 4 battleships, 6 cruisers, and 130 transports laden with coal) is now ready to start for the Far East. The battleship *Sprungaleekski* will not be able to accompany the squadron as was hoped, but owing to her speed of 8½ knots, she will be able to catch it up when the necessary repairs have been made. The date of departure of the Fleet is now fixed for January 20.—*Reuter.*

Reval, *February* 19, 1905.—The Tsar to-day bade farewell to the officers and men of the Baltic Fleet, and wished them good luck and a safe return. The Fleet (consisting of 3 battleships, 5 cruisers, and 156 transports laden with coal) went for a trial spin immediately afterwards. There were very few casualties, and the Fleet will finally start for the Far East on the 2nd, 3rd, or 15th of March.—*Dalziel.*

Libau, *April* 1, 1905.—To-day has been fixed as a suitable one for the Baltic Fleet to begin its final departure on its eventful voyage to the Far East. The Tsar shook hands in person with the Admiral and his officers. Immediately afterwards, preceded by the flagship *Neversaydieski*, the squadron (consisting of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and 172 transports laden with coal) steamed slowly once more out of the familiar harbour. It is a matter of considerable comment in official circles that this is the first time the fleet has started without a telegram from the Kaiser. At the time of writing the squadron is still in sight. (*Later*) A large fleet (consisting apparently of 2 battleships, 3 cruisers, and about 170 transports) is making for the harbour, and has signalled for a pilot.—*Our Own Correspondent.*



"YOUNG NIGHTY THOUGHTS."

Mamma. "Here comes Nurse to bath you both and put you to bed. Now be good and go quickly."
Little Girl. "Oh dear, Mummie, I wish I was a Night-dress!"
Mamma. "Why, dear?"
Little Girl. "Then I should only have to go to the wash once a week!"

Literary Gossip.—A new motoring novel by the author of *An Eye for an Eye* is promised, entitled *A Toot for a Toot.*

MODES FOR MEN.

Casuist.—The question you raise is a puzzling one. If the overcoat handed to you at the cloak-room is better than your own I should advise you to wait till the other party makes a move in the matter. Since, possessing a better overcoat, he is presumably your social superior, the initiative should come from him. If on the contrary the overcoat given you is a worse one than your own, it will be quite proper for you to make enquiries. Etiquette is merely the application of common sense to social matters.

Cosmopolite.—The shirt problem you name is always with us. Happily the growth of civilisation has to some extent solved it. There are now many Turkish Baths in London where a shirt may be washed and starched whilst you wait. I regret that I cannot say anything in favour of the india-rubber reversible shirts you name.

Constant Reader.—You say that you are certain that an acquaintance always deals himself the ace of hearts at Bridge, and ask advice in the matter. Discretion is advisable. Do not denounce him—scenes are vulgar—but keep him under observation. You cannot do this better than by always arranging to be his partner when you indulge in a friendly rubber. You will find that so much in this matter depends on the point of view.

Millionaire.—By all means wear boot protectors, they are most fashionable. The "chic" boot protector is made of silver with the owner's monogram engraved on it. The boot protector is not only economical but ornamental, if the wearer has the presence of mind when sitting always to put his feet on a neighbouring chair. The gold boot protectors to my mind seem ostentatious.

Desperate.—You are married, you have become engaged to another lady, and now you find that your affections are really placed elsewhere, and come for advice. Have you noticed the advertisement of the Klean Kut Razors in our columns?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

On the Outskirts of Empire in Asia (Blackwood) is enriched by many photographs, snapshots taken in places remote from Charing Cross. They are not the kind of work of art the most indulgent R.A.'s would add to treasures accumulated under the Chantrey Bequest. But they have the value of novelty and accuracy. The proudest illustration of Lord Ronaldshay's book is the map that illustrates his journey. Across a broad section of the earth's circumference stretches a thin red line marking adventurous route from Constantinople to Baghdad, skirting the Caspian, to Baku, on to famed Samarkand, preceding the march of the Russian army in Manchuria, popping in at Pekin *viâ* Port Arthur, debarking at Nagasaki, and proceeding by land to Yokohama. Lord Ronaldshay is a born traveller, with an eye to scenery and a keen scent for incident. Far above the stature of the ordinary globe-trotter, he has in him something of the statesman. He sees in Asia, as saw Prince Henri d'Orleans, the battle-field in which once again will be settled the destinies of the world. The nation which succeeds in making its voice heeded in the East will, he proclaims, be able to speak in dominating accents to Europe. Holding this creed he recognises a kindred spirit in Lord Curzon, whose recent utterances on the proper and possible position of England in the Far East he quotes with warm approval. "Let the people of this country," he writes, "understand that a policy of unsupported diplomatic protest will not always prove efficient in retaining that position of supremacy in Southern Asia which is vital to our being." My Baronite likes that delicate phrase, "unsupported diplomatic protest." Ten thousand miles Lord Ronaldshay has journeyed through Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Transcaspia, Turkestan, Siberia, and Manchuria, sometimes by rail, occasionally by steamboat, otherwise by raft, on land by anything that would go on wheels. He has brought back lessons worthy the study of our masters and pastors in Downing Street and at Westminster.

A Hand at Bridge, by Lance Thackeray (Fine Art Society), is a story without words, told in four coloured "humorous drawings," in which, however, the humour is not too conspicuous, having been, perhaps, a bit toned down in order to show up the six-colour lithographs. No doubt this smart set will catch on to many a hook in the smoking-rooms of country houses, where its brilliancy will be chastened by the artistic hand of Time. From the Bridge point of view the situations, as depicted, are quite sound, though, if the artist be himself a "Bridger," he should have reconsidered the attitude of the Colonel (in Plate 2), who, in his surprise at being "doubled," is showing his hand to both his partner and the leader on his left!

My Nautical Retainer writes:—Like the missionary and the *commis-voyageur*, Mr. Mason travels for others. When he trots by land or trawls by sea, he does it as the agent of a vast public that delights in vicarious adventure. So it is that in *The Truants* (Smith, Elder) he once again embroiders his romance with the colours of far and unfamiliar scenes. This time he has to tell us of the North Sea trawling fleets; of Fez (where I understand that Mr. Mason recently took on my Lord the Sultan at billiards); and of the advanced posts of the French Foreign Legion in the hinterland of Algeria. And it is done with that sureness of touch and particularity of detail which come of knowledge at first hand. But the task of finding fresh excuses for transporting us into these unhackneyed regions is liable to exhaust the most fertile ingenuity; and the difficulty of inventing for his processes that disguise which art demands grows greater with each new novel. In the present case the motive which induces *Tony Stretton* to join the Foreign Legion (and so work Sahara into the book) bears far too close a resemblance to the motive which inspired the hero of *The Four Feathers* to seek distinction in the Soudan. He has the same ambition to restore himself in the eyes of a woman; but, while in the earlier book no other course was possible, here the motive lacks imperativeness; and even the man who obeys it has to work very hard and pigheadedly to convince himself of its adequacy.

These are the flaws in a book which for the rest affords one more proof of Mr. Mason's abiding freshness and charm. He seems, too, to show an advance—though still on this side of subtlety—in the analysis of his women's characters. Of his men, *M. Giraud*, the schoolmaster of Roquebrune, is the least probable. He is situated rather too near Monte Carlo to be so innocently curious about "news of the great world." As for the story itself it is of the most engaging interest; and, if one misses the fascination of certain scenes in *The Four Feathers*, yet perhaps in *The Truants* the author achieves a more level excellence; and in any case he has only himself to blame for so exacting a precedent.

The Garden of Allah, by Robert Hichens (Methuen), is the story of "the journey of a searcher who knew not what she sought." Such is the author's summary description of his own powerfully fascinating novel. The "searcher" is *Domini Enfilden*, the heroine of the story, a strikingly original character, drawn with all the affectionate care that can be bestowed by an artist on the gradual development of his own creation. In the perfecting of her strange lover, *Androwski*, the author has not permitted himself to be led astray from his fixed design of compelling this sinner to do penance. The parable is complete: the self-sacrifice is grand on the part of the woman, while the man, at first reluctant, yields to her will as if in obedience to a divine oracle. The tale is as it were a newly-imagined Christianised version of Cupid and Psyche, pictured in impulsive word-painting, aglow with the deep rich colouring of an Eastern sunset. The atmosphere is of the Desert, that "mystery of space" which the author does his very best to people with living realities. Should the reader feel at all wearied by this wealth of colour and superfluity of detail, it is because he has to plod on through scenes where the chief characters, in whom all interest centres, say little, and do less. Such an one knows that the protagonists whom he seeks are in the crowd, and that he is bound to come up with them, for a few seconds at a time, in the course of many lengthy paragraphs of vividly descriptive narrative. During his search he will be bewildered by Arab boys, praying men, Oriental Jewesses, by sounds like countless multitudes of bees; by feathery palms obstructing his vision, by flies and lizards that bother him; then gazelles, girls with elastic waists and vivid draperies will impede his progress; innumerable smells will nauseate him, orange trees, gums, and fig trees will restore him, hautboys and tom-toms will stun him, until flashing knives awaken him to the necessity of pushing along, extricating himself from the *tohu-bohu*, and regaining the lost heroine and her companion. But all this *mise-en-scène* is put aside when the author clears the stage for real business, and then we are spell-bound to know the issue. This novel has the Baron's *imprimatur* and his strongest recommendation.



The Twins (Nelson and Sons) is a capital "picture book" for the coming Christmas time, with verses by Edward Shirley to suit John Hassall's illustrations, or *vice versa*.

THE CASE OF MR. B.

Professor I. O. Uwins, the Secretary of the Free Loaf Commission, has kindly forwarded us the following interesting summary of the reports issued by the medico-legal experts called in by the Commission to examine abnormal cases of cerebral divagation produced by the stress of the recent fiscal controversy.

In accordance with the rules laid down by the Commission, and to prevent any awkwardness arising from publicity, the names of the experts are withheld and that of their subjects indicated solely by an initial. The present reports are entirely concerned with a person who, for the reasons just mentioned, is known by the simple appellation of Mr. B.

It appears that the first examination of Mr. B. was made in April, 1903. The experts were able to state their conviction that there was a serious deficiency of the fiscal sense, but they asked for a delay of six months in order to keep their patient under observation. In November, 1903, they sent in a further report. In the interim a variety of peculiar and conflicting symptoms had declared themselves. The experts declare that Mr. B. had temporarily abandoned his tastes for healthy out-door recreation, psychical research, novel reading, and classical concerts. He had developed a curious partiality for loud and noisy music, in which instruments of percussion predominated; he had become a victim to the craze for rapid travelling in motor cars, alleging as his reason that only thus could one approximate to the ideal condition of being in two places at the same time; he had come to exhibit an antipathy towards several of his colleagues and indulged in clandestine correspondence with others; he deliberately studied the most obscure and unintelligible philosophers, while his whole conduct was dominated by a desire to mystify his oldest friends and most devoted admirers.

The final report was made in September last, and is a most curious and perplexing document. As a result of further and prolonged investigation, the experts found themselves unable to pronounce definitely whether the patient was afflicted with a grave form of mental malady which would render his continuance at large a danger to the public. But his intellectual condition differed essentially from the normal in that he constantly betrayed symptoms of that curious derangement of the speech-centres known as metaphasia. Ordinary patients suffering from this complaint are in the habit of substituting for the right word some other totally different one. For example, they will say, "I rode here on my encyclopædia," meaning my bicycle, or, "Hand me the parlour-maid," meaning the marmalade. In this case, however, the metaphasia proves to be of a much more subtle and complicated nature. Mr. B.'s interchange of words does not take place merely where concrete facts are concerned, but in relation to abstractions as well, his peculiarity being to substitute for the word connoting a quality or set of qualities another connoting diametrically opposite attributes. Thus the experts found him habitually using the word "retaliation" when he meant "conciliation," "preferentialism" when he meant "free importation," "free-trader" in place of "protectionist," and *vice versâ*. They accordingly assert that there existed in the patient "a totality of symptoms, of psychic phenomena, partly defectuosities, partly absolute defects, which implied a condition which they must describe as a sort of mental hendiadys or spiritual double-jointedness unfitting him for association with ordinary individuals." They accordingly recommend that he should be placed under partial restraint in an open-air sanatorium, taking exercise in a closed carriage, and adopting on alternate days a vegetarian and a meat diet.



WOMAN—EVER UNREASONABLE.

"Hands up! or I fire!!"

"The Rivers Committee" are looking after "the Port of London." This looks uncommonly like a "Wine and Water" mixture, which is rarely satisfactory.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.

AIR—"*The Battle of the Baltic.*"

[It is said that, in his first report to his august Master, the Admiral of the Baltic Fleet referred to his performance on the Dogger Bank as "a serious encounter."]

Of the Admiral of the CZAR
Sing the North Sea night's renown,
When that gallant Tartar tar
Toward the Dogger drifted down,
Heading cautiously and slow for the South,
Full of thankful wonder at
His escape from Kattegat,
And his heart still pit-a-pat
In his mouth.

Cautiously he felt his way
Where the snares were sure to be,
Turning darkness into day
With his lights that searched the sea,
For his Teuton friends had said, "Have a fear!
Where the British trawlers ride,
You are certain to collide
With a foe the other side
Of the sphere."

Ay! beneath the stars' eclipse
Who could say what levin-cracks
Might explode from battleships
In the guise of simple smacks,
What infernal submarine booby-trap,
Masked as mackerel or as sole,
Or a porpoise on the roll,
Might contrive to blow a hole
In his scrap.

Hark! the sudden cry outrang:
Hostile trawling fleet ahead!
And each rustic lubber sprang
Like a rocket from his bed,
And prepared to meet his doom, face to face;
And across the dazzled night
They could see this dreadful sight—
Fishers, by a greenish light
Gutting plaice!

Then the Admiral swore an oath,
And the word went down the line,
And the captains, nothing loath,
Read the flaring battle-sign,
And they took its meaning in at a glance;
"Hearts of Oak! your duty 's plain;
Lay your guns," they cried, "in train;
You may never get again
Such a chance!"

Then the cannon belched their shot,
And the warriors grew more bold,
And the sport more fast and hot,
When they heard no thunder rolled
Back in answer from the dumb-stricken foe;
Till aloud the landsmen laughed
As they watched the helpless craft,
Raked and riddled, fore and aft,
Blow on blow.

But at length their task was through,
And the gunners stood at ease,
And they left each shattered crew
To the mercy of the seas,
Where Destruction walked with Death on the wave;
And the Admiral, much impre ed,
Flashed the signal: *God be blest!*
Pin a medal on the breast
Of the brave!

So the fight with odds was won,
And the victors went their ways,
Flushed with duty nobly done
To the glory and the praise
Of the majesty and might of the CZAR;
And their fame arrived, one day,
Where a British squadron lay,
Somewhere near thy noted bay,
Trafalgar!

O. S.

LOCAL COLOUR.

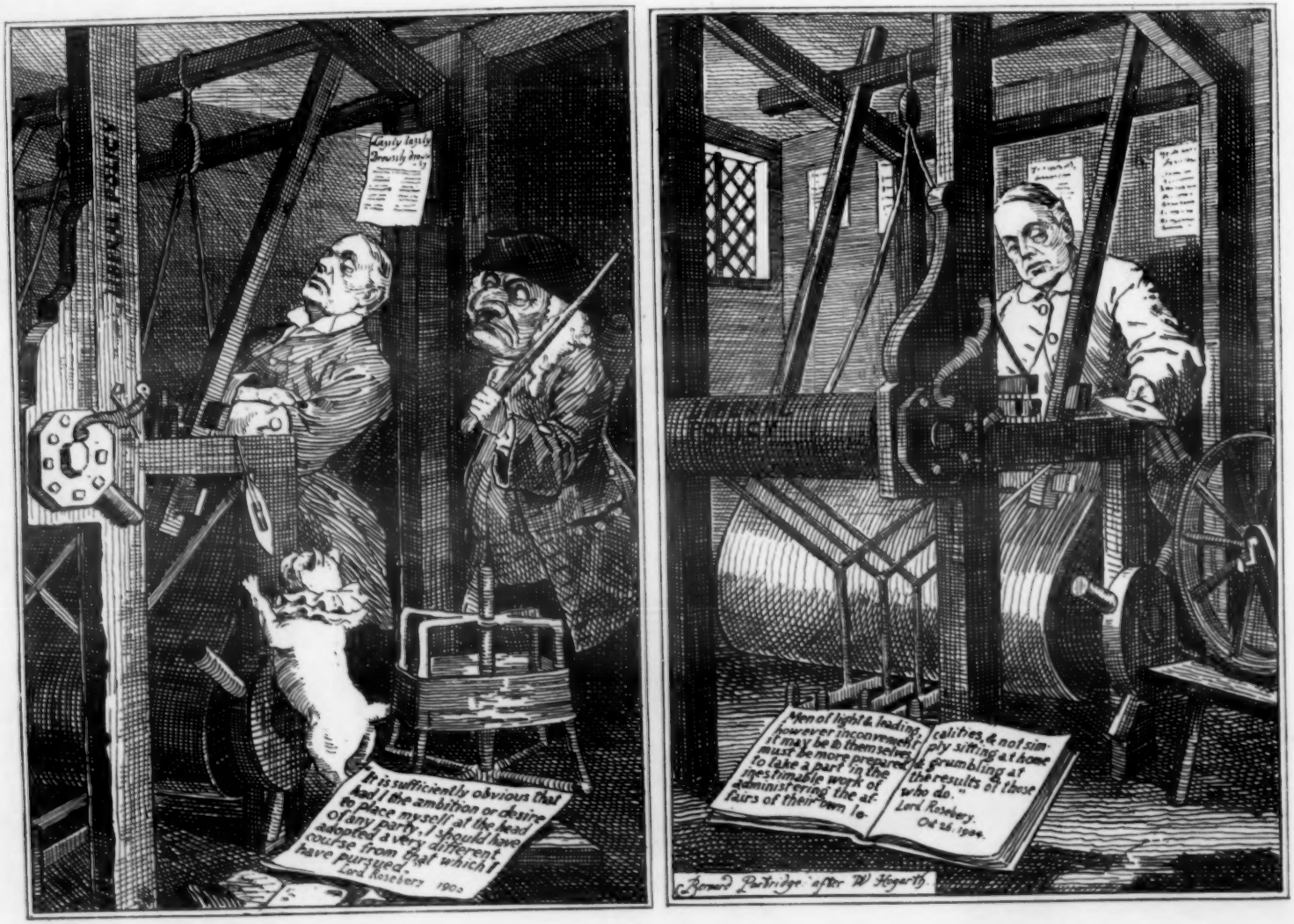
[At the banquet given by the "Pilgrims" to the officers of the American Squadron the waiters were dressed as sailors, and the tables were shaped like battleships.]

IT was a happy thought of the Bachelors' Club to give a dinner in honour of Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND'S return from Tibet, and the manner in which the "effects" were carried out deserves no little commendation. Mr. GILLETTE, superbly made up as the Dalai Lama, took the chair, the rest of the members, appropriately in such a temple of celibacy as the Bachelors', representing monks. From time to time showers of stage snow (kindly lent by *The Hand of Blood* No. 1 Travelling Company) fell from above upon the table, and it was pleasant to see the tactful way in which the gallant Colonel dodged such particles as remained in his soup. The liveliness of the proceedings was further enhanced by the constant firing of jongs by trained marksmen stationed in the doorway. The club waiters, in the character of snow leopards and other wild beasts such as infest the desolate regions of the Chumbi Pass, played their part admirably. Indeed, their practice of springing with a howl on to the shoulders of the diners as a prelude to offering them the choice between claret and hock, may perhaps be termed almost too realistic.

The banquet held in the Pavilion at Lord's by the M.C.C. to commemorate the retention of the ashes was a complete success. The tables were shaped like bats. Instead of chairs, the guests sat on the splice. All the waiters, made up as umpires, were required to have a well-marked crease in their trousers. Much interest was aroused by the novel manner of "helping" inaugurated on this occasion. Directly the brief grace "Play!" had been pronounced by the Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM, plates full of deliciously appetising comestibles began to fly across the room, urged by the trained hands of first-class fast bowlers. The fielding on the whole was excellent, except that there were no slips between the cup and the lip, and Mr. BOSANQUET should have got both hands to the savoury.

At the complimentary dinner given by the Home Office to Mr. ADOLF BECK only waiters whose names were JOHN SMITH were engaged, and Mr. W. CLARKSON made them all exactly like each other and Mr. BECK—with the exception of a few unimportant details, such as the shape of the nose, the colour of the eyes and hair, the size of the head, and the position of the gooseberry marks.

A BIT ROCKY.—"We can almost feel the pavements of London rocking with the movement of the surrounding sea." So says the writer of an article ("Master Worker" series) in the *Daily Mail*. Yet this is not an admission of intemperance on the part of the author; he merely wants to indicate, in his powerfully graphic manner, the effect of Trafalgar Day on the inhabitants of an island like London.



PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

(Adapted from Hogarth's well-known engraving, "Industry and Idleness.")





"THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER."

George (Itinerant Punch-and-Judy Showman). "I SAY, BILL, SHE DO DRAW!"
Bill (his partner, with drum and box of puppets). "H'M—IT'S MORE THAN WE CAN!"

MAFFICKS AND OBSCURITIES.

(An unpublished chapter from Mr. R-dy-rd K-pl-ng's newest, jerkiest, brainiest, brawniest, full-bloodedest, meatiest, marvellousest, moodiest, packed-full-of-meaningest Book.)

[*To the reader.*—Mr. R. K. calls special attention to the verses introducing this chapter. They are not necessarily connected with the subject-matter of the chapter (if it may be assumed, for the sake of argument, that the chapter has a subject-matter), but they speak for themselves and utter a warning that no Government not utterly lost to all sense of duty can afford to neglect. No prizes will under any circumstances be given to those who attempt to interpret either the poetry or the prose.]

OUR KIDDIES TOO.

From—no, it's 'fromm': it's a German word,
  Pious, or, shortly, 'pi,'
Cushioned about on a minor third
  Between the low and the high.

The streets are packed and the busses blocked;
  Constable raises hand.
Far in the distance ears were shocked,
  When up struck a German band.

All that the cabmen do or dare,
  Loaded it is and lone
On the mighty lips of a mighty fare,
  Perched on a purple throne.

All writing-paper, pen and ink,
  All words that spell Desire
Are but a spark of broken link
  To bring again the fire.

From—it is 'fromm,' a German word,
  Pious, or, shortly, 'pi,'
Cushioned about on a minor third
  Between the low and the high.

[If the foregoing verses should be considered too perspicuous the following may be substituted:—]

SONG OF THE YOUNG PORTER.

Look out, look out, the line is clear,
  But all the trains are gone,
The station-master waves his hand,
  The trucks are coming on.
The evil undergraduate
  Proceeds to his degree,
And one is early, one is late,
  But, *All must pay a fee!*

The passengers are spent in vain,
In vain the boilers boil;
The guards are fled, but we remain
The toilers and the toil.
Inspectors by their several needs,
As *Bradshaw* shall decree,
As this retires and that recedes,
But, *All must pay a fee!*

The doors we slammed to make them fear,
Who were not dignified,
Shall all be locked till we appear
On one or the other side.
For when the call for Us is heard
We shall not fly (or flee);
Each man shall collar his own preferred,
But, *All must pay a fee!*

[*To the reader:* Now for the real stuff, K-pl-ng's own pure prose, 100 h.-p. on the brake.]

Rats.

"You know the lot," said the Buster. "Let me see, there 's Palk and Tomkinson, and Bottles and Harmer, and Muspratt and Wonk, and Cronk and Popper and Chopper."

The Buster had gone farooshing in the Punjab for a matter of five years. Hence his lingo.

"What the——"

"That 's just what I tell 'em."

"*Durro muts?*" I asked.

"Now look here, Sonny, I 'm not taking any. See? Besides, where 's the use? Half the men we meet are tight, and the other half don't know. That 's war."

It was at this point that the Water-Rat intervened, the genuine old English black rat, mind—none of your brown Norwegians.

"Blunk, blunk, blunk, oh blunk," said the Rat, as the water soused him. "Has anybody seen my Cat? I confess I am not altogether habituated to the deciduous nature of drops of—er—water—shall we say?—yes, water."

The Grey Cat was also one for language. "My dear fellow," she observed languidly, "you ought not by this time to be unaware that it is the property even of particles to obey the laws of gravity first discovered by Newton—not a bad fellow, Newton, a good friend of my great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother. *Particulæ gravitatem obediunt propria quæ maribus.*"

"Thanks," said the Rat, "I quite comprehend; but you must admit that when once the doctrine of plenary inspiration is introduced into the discussion—*introducitur in discussionem*—the question is raised to a higher sphere of dialectics."

Then the fun began.

Chopper took it on the side of the head and returned it to Wonk.

"Mind your bloomin' crumpet," he shouted, his face puffed and purple with suppressed laughter.

"How 's that, Umpire?" came from Cronk. "Oh, oh, oh, you 'll kill me with cacklin'. Holy Muckins! What a jamboree this is."

They were all bunched up together, sweating, cursing, pushing and kicking, Tomkinson's snub nose appearing and disappearing in the crush like a ripe tomato.

Then with one last heave the pack swayed, broke, scattered and reeled over, Muspratt squealing for joy as the rest floundered in the mud.

It was the best joke I ever saw.

I never laughed so much in all my life.



THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Nothing to do with the Russian Outrage or the Russian-Japanese War, nor with any other European topic of most momentous character—but it is—

How to get *last* season's boots over *this* season's calves?

Many patriots think that we are under the mark in the claims we have made on Russia for reparation. But they are actually quite ample if we are to believe the following poster of an evening paper:—

WHAT
ENGLAND
DEMANDS OF
RUSSIA.
The Sun.

The *Weekly Irish Times* states that a nobleman (who shall be nameless) is "paying a number of shooting visits in Scotland." This looks dangerous for anybody who may be paying flying visits in the same neighbourhood.

CHARIVARIA.

The fact that the Russians stated that they saw two torpedo-boats when they fired in the North Sea has not unnaturally led many persons to believe that there may have been one of the craft there.

The son of the Amir Habibullah, who is to represent his father in the Afghan Mission to India, is but fifteen years old, and, with the exception of Afghan head-dress, he always wears European clothes. Clad in a turban and an Eton jacket, the child, we are told, cuts a not unimpressive figure.

President Roosevelt has invited the Powers to propose a date for the meeting of a new Peace Conference at the Hague. We understand that the only answer received so far is from the Greek Government, which suggests its Kalends as a likely time.

President Roosevelt's action in the matter is taken, it is said, with a political object—to gain votes at the approaching election. Suggested motto for the President: — *Pax Votiscum.*

One of the candidates in the municipal election at Peterborough has spoken his address into a gramophone, and this now harangues the various meetings. The funnel is said to form an admirable receptacle for the eggs and similar trifles that are given away on such occasions.

It is untrue that the recent cock-crowing competition held in Paris took place at the Chamber of Deputies. It is difficult, seeing that there is now an *entente*, to imagine how the mistake can have arisen.

Great Britain has gained a notable victory at the St. Louis Exposition. She has carried off the first prize for Scotch whiskies.

It is feared that the Marquis of Anglesey, who is staying at Dinard, has now become a permanent exile. His twelve cures for sea-sickness have been sold.

The City stationer who is exhibiting a row of portraits in his shop-window labelled "Actresses — hand-coloured," must, we feel sure, be libelling a long-suffering profession.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE has expressed surprise because he was not placed upon the Hymn-Book Revision Committee. We should have thought that the prejudice of the Church against Bridge was well known.

An electric tram-car suddenly burst into flames in the Old Kent Road one night last week. The effect is described by those who saw it as being exceedingly pretty, and a pleasing and effective novelty for street illuminations has undoubtedly been discovered.

Gibson, the Zoo's new gorilla, is dead, in spite of the careful attention lavished on him, and it is mentioned, as showing the amount of distress in the country, that many applications to take his place have already been received.

According to Mr. WHITTLES, a lecturer on dental pathology at the Birmingham University, "Craw-craw" has made its appearance in this country. Mr. WHITTLES' view is that the disease is disseminated by kissing. The theory is now being tested by a large number of students.

We must apologise to the Poet-Laureate for having, by mistake, referred in these notes to his recent poem on the War as being a long one. It seemed long when we were reading it.

More realism! Not only has what is believed to be an exact model of Noah's Ark been constructed at Copenhagen, but it was filled on its trial trip with a number of scientists.

Messrs. HEINEMANN have just published *1001 Indian Nights*. By GHOSH.

"BRIDGITIS."

["'Bridgitis' is the latest complaint the doctors have discovered. . . . It is a name given to a disease which the faculty trace to over-indulgence in the pastime of Bridge."
Sunday Times.]

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE HOSPITAL REPORTS.
CASE 100.

Name of Patient. Lord DUMARESQUE ("DUMMY") DE BROKE.
Address. Clubs (various).
Nature of Complaint. Bridgitis.
Condition on Entry. Ruffled.
Description of Dress. Black suit.
2 A.M. (*pulse*). Very weak hand.
2.5 A.M. Examination showed patient to be in a state of "Chicane"—quite devoid of strength.
2.15 A.M. Patient wild and reckless. "Paying no attention to the score," or so, of students at bedside.
2.30 A.M. "Discarding" rapidly.
2.40 A.M. "Revoke" suspected. Searching operation necessary.
3.0 A.M. Bad heart "revoke."
3.5 A.M. "Grand slam" of all organs set in.

(*Signed*) A. SINGLETON.
A. YARBOROUGH.



A PROMISING PROSPECT.

Adolphus. "I SAY, HARRY, OLD BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MISS BELSIZE? IT'S HER FIRST SEASON."

Harry (who thinks himself a bit of a wag). "WELL, IF THIS IS HER FIRST SEASON, WHAT WILL SHE BE NEXT YEAR?"

FROM the *Daily Telegraph*:—

YOUNG RUSSIAN, who is very sorry for his own country, desires SITUATION in English firm.

Apart from the question of age, this sounds as if it might have come from Admiral ROZHDESTVENSKY; but the epithet "young" is against this view, and it is far safer to attribute the advertisement to the CSAREVITCH.

"FORM" ON THE FIFTH.

(In answer to numerous Guy correspondents.)

A GUY WHO CONFESSES TO BEING RATHER PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS "GET-UP."—If, as you seem to anticipate, you find yourself compelled to go up Bond Street on business next Saturday morning, I really don't think you will look at all "out of it" in a bowler hat, a chintz morning coat, and tweed continuations, even though one of your feet *should* be in an Oxford shoe and the other in a side-spring boot. At this time of year a certain license in costume is always permissible, and everyone will assume that you are merely passing through town to join some smart house-party.

ALL TO PIECES.—You say you are feeling "thoroughly collapsed," and ask me to recommend some cheery place, not too far off, to which you could run down for the week end. I fancy a visit to Lewes would buck you up,—or you might have quite a high old time at Hampstead next Saturday.

SENSITIVE.—(1) You have my sincerest sympathy. As you justly remark, a complexion of a uniform hedge-sparrow-egg-blue tint, contrasted with lips of Royal Mail red, is calculated to attract more attention than is agreeable to a Guy whose sole desire is to escape observation. But if I were you I should not give way to morbid worry over facial peculiarities which, after all, will not excite even a momentary prejudice in any person whose good opinion is really worth having. Choose a costume as far as possible in harmony with your general colouring, deftly steer between the Charybdis of dowdiness and the Scylla of sartorial extravagance, and you need not fear that the unobservant Londoner will notice anything very unusual in your appearance. (2) Yes, I *have* seen the advertisements you refer to, but from all I have heard of face treatment I cannot recommend you to undergo the process.

AMBITIOUS.—You are "extremely anxious to make a sensation on the Fifth, but fear that you are of so ordinary an appearance that there is every prospect of your being overlooked." Considering that you describe yourself as possessing the advantages of "a strongly marked pea-green countenance and a wealth of hair of ultra-Venetian auburn," is it not just possible that you are a little bit over-diffident? However, if you are bent on producing a still more striking effect, you will probably gain some useful wrinkles by consulting a Beauty Specialist.

UP-TO-DATE GUY.—Do let me advise you to give up your notion of hiring an 18-h.p. automobile for the Fifth. Evidently you have no idea of the formidable competition which you will encounter if you adopt this means of progression. Better by far stick to your donkey-barrow.

PERPLEXED.—I am afraid I cannot give you any precise information concerning the character and antecedents of a certain "MR. WILLIAM BAILEY," with whom you say you are identified by a cardboard placard adorning your chest, nor can I enlighten you as to his precise share in the Gunpowder Plot. I seem to have heard his name somewhere, but in what connection I really cannot recall just now.

PRUDENT.—(1) Unless the penny weeklies with which you seem to be so amply provided internally are all of the current issue, I hardly think that the insurance coupons they contain would, even if signed by yourself, entitle you or your representatives to recover in case of accident on the Fifth. (2) Possibly, but your difficulty will be to find a Fire Insurance Company willing to undertake the risk for any premium whatever.

HYPOCHONDRIAC.—Judging by your account, I should not say that the swelling you have noticed in your left shin was a serious symptom. In all probability it is merely caused by a slight congestion of straw or shavings, and could easily be reduced by massage, or the application of a simple ligature. Do you take enough exercise?

"NOLI ME TANGERE" asks, "Which is entitled to rank higher in the Social Scale—a Guy or a Scarecrow?"—and begs for an early reply, as he has "a bet on it with another gentleman." Well, "NOLI ME," &c., you have raised rather a nice point, and one which I am not prepared to decide at such short notice. Guys, like baronets, date their original institution from the reign of JAMES THE FIRST—but I have always understood that the Scarecrows have possessed a stake in the country for a considerably longer period.

A GUY WITH A BLOOMING CHEEK.—Yes, there *are* one or two fine old eighteenth century Sedan chairs in the Victoria and Albert Museum—but, from what I know of the authorities at South Kensington, I should consider it most unlikely that they will accede to your request for the loan of one of these vehicles on the Fifth. In any case, I am strongly of opinion that an ordinary cane-seated chair would be in far better taste, and you would feel more yourself, and at your ease in it, especially if you adhere to your proposed kit of a paper cocked hat, frock-coat, and corduroys.

A GUY WHO WANTS TO COME OUT STRONG ON THE FIFTH.—The price of the patent Muscle Developer to which you refer is 12*s.* 6*d.* But I must not encourage you to hope that, in the limited time at your disposal, any amount of exercise will enable you to resemble in either *physique* or endurance the gentleman whose pictures you have seen on the hoardings.

F. A.

THE WOOIN' O'T.

["In Siam any young ladies who remain unmarried after the conventional marriage age become the wards of the King, whose duty it is to provide them with husbands. Any criminal, murderer, or thief is given the alternative of marrying one of the Royal wards or of suffering the last penalty for his crime."—*Manchester Guardian.*]

Maiden.

PRITHEE, gentle convict, will you marry me?
Can't you see I'm dying all for love of thee?
If you start the billing
You will find me willing—
I am sick to death of living fancy-free.

Convict.

Middle-agèd maiden, you are very kind,
But I must confess I'd other charms in mind—
Something light and active,
Youthful and attractive—
Rather fewer angles and a face less lined.

Maiden.

I had other views too once upon a time;
Criminals I hated with a hate sublime.
Once I would have perished
Rather than have cherished
Passion for a convict who was steeped in crime.

Convict.

Middle-agèd maiden, epithets like these
Will not bring a lover down upon his knees.
Maidens so unsightly
Ought to court politely;
If they would be married they must learn to please.

Maiden.

"Learn to please" be bothered! Convict will not wed,
Forth to execution convict shall be led:
Down comes horrid chopper—
Convict comes a cropper—
Prudence, gentle villain! Would you lose your head?



CORDIAL UNDERSTANDING. (RURAL STYLE.)

Squire (meeting Giles and Higgins, who have been to London "to see the sights"). "Well, Giles, what do you think of *The Entente Cordiale?*"

Giles. "Can't say I know much about it, Zur. Tell 'ee the truth, Zur, I've tasted a lot o' these 'ere Cordials in my time, but I'd raather 'ave a good glass o' Beer than any of 'em."

Squire. "Ah, I see. But this isn't anything to drink. It's a Ballet."

Higgins (with superior knowledge). "That's 'xactly what I thought 'twas, Zur. Some sort of agreement wi' a furrin' country."

Convict.

There are some, I fancy, who would hold this view:
Better axed by headsman than by fifty-two.
Though it don't much matter,
I will choose the latter—
Middle-agèd maiden, I will marry you!

THE CORONATION PICTURE.

E. A. Abbey's picture of the Coronation, which Messrs. Agnew have now on view at the Hanover Galleries, Bond Street, is a sight to see. Comparatively few had the opportunity of being in Westminster Abbey when the Primate placed the crown on the head of King Edward the Seventh, "at sight whereof," as the ancient Office puts it, "the People, with loud and repeated shouts, cry 'God Save the King'; the Peers and the Kings of Arms put on their Coronets; and the Trumpets sound, and, by a Signal given, the great Guns at the Tower are shot off." That is the moment the painter seizes for a picture that will carry down through all time the reality of the memorable scene. It is a marvellous piece of workmanship, beaming with colour, flashing with movement. In ordinary cases, where the difficult task is attempted of painting a public assembly, everybody is obviously conscious that his or her portrait is being painted. No one looking at this work of art—a picture as well as a portrait gallery—would suspect that the splendidly-arrayed multitude severally sat for their portraits. As a matter of fact there were two exceptions to the rule:

Roberts and Rosebery,
Two pretty men,
Refused to sit
At half-past ten.

The painter, always 'Abbey to oblige, offered to make it later. They were, however, immovable, and as their presence was indispensable there they are in the crowd, standing though they didn't sit. Ladies and gentlemen taking a walk down Bond Street (or up, as the case may be) should not forget to turn in at the Hanover Galleries, do obeisance to their Sovereign, and congratulate the painter at having triumphantly accomplished a peculiarly difficult task.



HARD TIMES.

Paterfamilias. "LUCKY BEGGAR! HE CAN ALWAYS MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET."

HOW TO PROGRESS.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mirror*, a new walk (for ladies) is coming into vogue. It requires these essentials — wide shoulders, a little waist, high-heeled shoes with wide soles, and a military bearing. To get ready to walk, says our contemporary, stand erect and throw back the shoulders. Now expand the chest. Next square the elbows, holding them down to the sides, not out, draw in the waist-line, lift the feet high, and walk.

As we do not see why male folk should be left behind in these fashionable perambulations, a number of recently-patented modes of progression may be submitted to their choice. Among these we can highly recommend

THE MARLBOROUGH STREET MARCH.

The chief requisites are a full-sized pair of boots (nothing under twelves), a robust *physique*, a waist-belt of forty-five inches or more, and some little training under the tutorship of a policeman. The evolutions are best performed in single file close to the kerbstone. First the right foot is raised and planted firmly and squarely in front of the other, and then a similar operation is performed with the left foot. In this way no little dignity is imparted to the movement, and astonishing progress is gradually made in a forward direction. It will be found to clear all before it. A variety of this is

THE SUBURBAN BEAT.

The same-sized boots are retained, but the leather soles are exchanged for india-rubber. A more cat-like tread is thereby attained. The other qualifications remain the same. The performance, however, is generally solo and not in Indian file. It has a marvellous effect on area sneaks and sleepers on doorsteps, while few cooks can resist its attractiveness.

Then we have, for more lively temperaments,

THE HAMPSTEAD PUSH.

This method is best carried out in concert. Four or five exponents should link arms and proceed at a rollicking pace with a free swinging motion. It is especially adapted to Bank Holidays. Frock-coats and top-hats are out of place, but any challenging or *insouciant* costume may be worn. Football or other stout boots are advisable. As a contrast, we beg to suggest

THE GROSVENOR STROLL.

Here the executant should invariably appear in patent leathers and eschew muddy pavements. A silk hat, morning coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt with collar and cuffs, socks, undergarments, tie and walking-stick (all of the latest fashion) are absolutely indispensable. A young lady escort, who should keep step, will add completeness.

For back-garden use there is

THE NEBUCHADNEZZAR CRAWL,

a favourite manœuvre on lawns in dry weather when there are small children about. The position is on all-fours, so that any kind of footwear is permissible. Persons of apoplectic tendency should be cautious in employing this means of covering the ground. It is also rarely exhibited in the street, unless quite late at night, on coming home after a festive supper. Even then it is liable to be misconstrued.

Space forbids a detailed description of the Heather Step, the Corn Dissembler, the Agag Gait, the Double Shuffle, and many other forthcoming variations of legwork.

A Delicate Surgical Operation.

PIANO.—For Immediate Disposal, Powerful-toned Upright Iron Grand, removed from a Lady in difficulties.—*Advt. Glasgow Evening News.*



THE COMMON ENEMY.

Britannia. "MADNESS, FOLLY, INCOMPETENCE—CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL—THESE THINGS CANNOT BE SUFFERED ON THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY!!"

October 24.—News arrives of Russian outrage on British trawling boats. *October* 24.—Government demands reparation.
October 28.—Russia agrees to International Court of Inquiry.
["To say that the incident is closed would be too much."—*Mr. Balfour's Speech, Southampton, October* 28.]



ENERGETIC SIGNALLING!

["Apparently disjointed and meaningless messages were received at Portsmouth at many of the wireless stations. This created the impression that Russian ships are somewhere off the Isle of Wight signalling energetically to one another."—*Daily Chronicle, October* 25.]

The Ydrophobik (*flagship*) *to Squadron.* "Good morning." . . . "Not a wink! What sort of night have *you* had?" . . . "Only natural gallant fellows feel strain after merciful escape North Sea. Have tots nerve-tonic served out each man, and extra strong sleeping-draught to-night (if spared). Remember we have great duty to perform. Now off Isle of Wight, likely place for Japanese base of operations. Be cool—but vigilant!" . . . "Why deuce *Samovarevitch* and *Insomniak* clearing for action without orders?" . . . *Samovarevitch.* "Highly suspicious wheeled machines on shore, striped red and white, Japanese colours!" . . . "Quite right to be cautious, and, as our aim is in waters of Far East, perfectly within our rights to blow them to bits. Still, on the whole, better not, perhaps. Barely possible genuine bathing machines."

The Jimjamsikoff. "Just observed sinister sort of shiver under surface. Have put out nets, and opened fire with starboard bow Maxim . . . Japanese submarine retired screened by shoal mangled mackerel. Devilish narrow shave!"

The Gotemagenski. "Look-out reports two sailors, not least like fishermen, strongly-marked Jap features, in small boat laying mines. Have dispatched launch. . . . Two wicker mines discovered containing several savage lobsters, obviously of Japanese extraction. Lobsters since disconnected with splendid daring by Second-Torpedo-Lieutenant TCHELKRAKSI."

The Bhogimanzia. "Disguised Japanese transport approaching. Are we to understand orders fire on *every* boat coming near squadron?"

Flagship. "Certainly, if necessary. However, since she represents herself as Weymouth excursion steamer making last trip of season round Island, reserve fire until offensive demonstration on her part."

The Bhogimanzia. "She has got little brass cannon in her bows, and is training it directly upon us! *Really* think it would be safer to sink her. Band on board playing selection '*Mikado.*' Must have Japanese on board. She has got out of range. Very difficult steamer to hit!"

The Vodkasorloff. "Don't like way lighthouse on rocks is winking—first red, then white—Japanese colours! Suspect signalling to enemy's cruiser in Channel. Mayn't we knock lighthouse smithereens?"

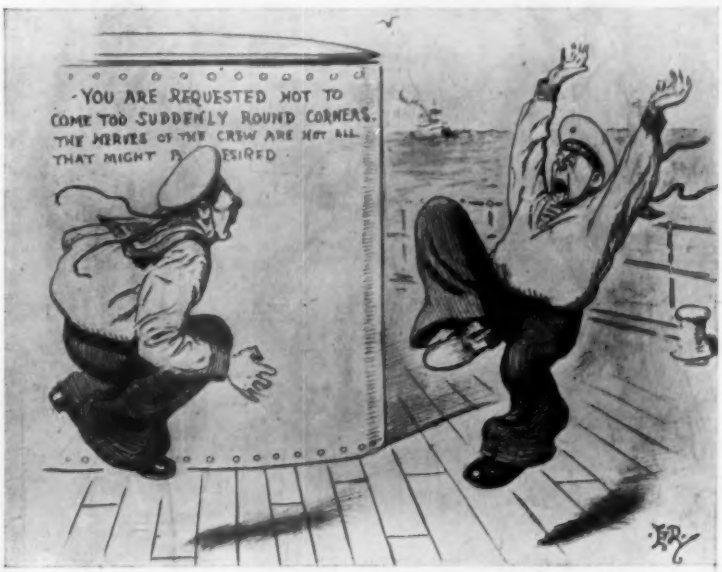
Flagship. "Rather you didn't. Would cost us too much ammunition in present jumpy condition of gunners."

The Runamok. "We are lost! Officer here has just made out, by aid of strong night-glasses, small villa on cliff, with garden hung with Japanese lanterns! Do you authorise bombardment?" F. A.

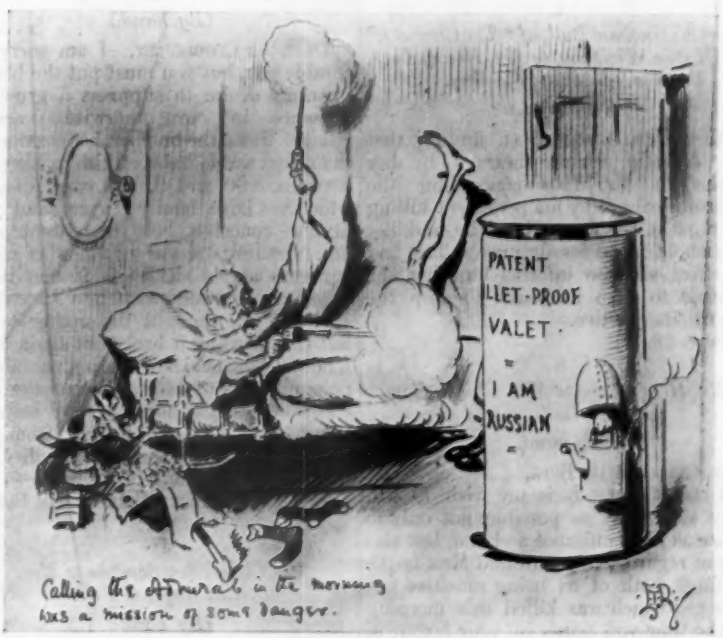
THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

(Some sketches by our Artist on the Imperial Battleship *Nervoski Runamok.*)

I.

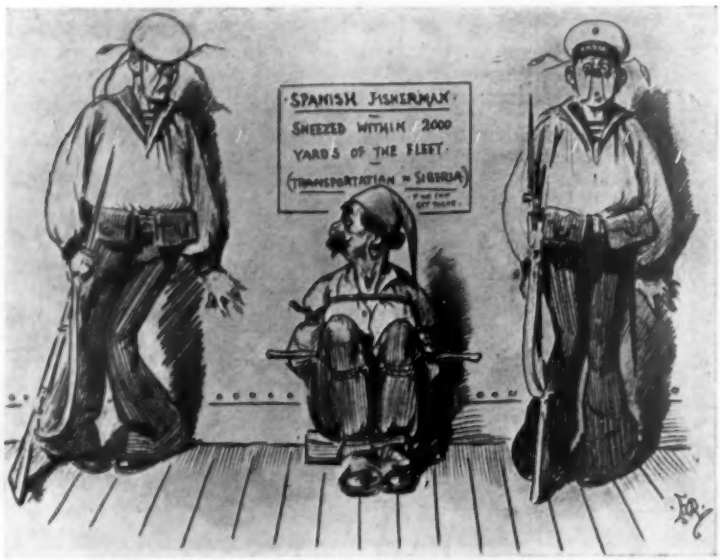


II.



THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.

III.



LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

I.—THE LOIN OF PORK.

I.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull, of "The Cheviots," Little Wickling, to Mr. Henry Ings, Butcher, of Little Wickling.

(*By hand.*)

MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL finding that her friendly verbal message by her butler to Mr. INGS concerning the nuisance caused by his persistent killing of pigs at the time when she and her household are at family prayers has had no effect, she now informs him that she intends to take measures to stop the obnoxious practice.

Sept. 28.

II.

Mr. Henry Ings to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(*By hand.*)

MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL,

DEAR MADAM,—It is my wish to kill pigs as quietly as possible, not only to cause as little nuisance as I can, but also out of regard to my own and Mrs. INGS's feelings, both of us being sensitive too. The pig which was killed this morning at the time you name in your favour of even date was specially ordered by Sir CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS, and could not be kept back owing to its being market day at Boxton and my killer having to be there. I am, yours obediently,

Sept. 28. HENRY INGS.

III.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Sir Cloudesley Scrubbs.

(*By hand.*)

DEAR SIR CLOUDESLEY,—I am sorry to trouble you, but you must put the blame upon my desire to suppress a growing nuisance in our otherwise peaceful village. INGS, the butcher, has contracted the disagreeable habit of killing his pigs between 8.30 and 9, the very time at which we have family prayers, and you cannot conceive how discordant and heart-rending are the screams that reach our ears across the lawn at that time. PERKS remonstrated with him some time ago, and we thought the matter over; but this morning it broke out again with renewed violence, and on my sending a peremptory note INGS says that the pig was killed at that hour by your instructions. I shall be glad to hear from you that you repudiate the responsibility.

Yours sincerely,

Sept. 28. ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

IV.

Sir Cloudesley Scrubbs to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(*By hand.*)

DEAR MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL,—It is quite true that I ordered the pig, as we are expecting friends who are partial to pork. But I specified no time for its demise, least of all that half-hour in which you perform your devotions. INGS, who is the most civil of men, surely must mean that he understood I was in a hurry, and therefore killed the pig directly the post came in. Believe me, dear Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL,

Yours very truly,

VINCENT CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS.

Sept. 28.

V.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Ings.

(*By hand.*)

MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL, having made enquiries of Sir CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS, finds that Mr. INGS was quite mistaken in thinking there was any need for the killing of the pig to occur when it did, and after what has happened she intends to remove her custom to a Boxton butcher as a mark of her displeasure.

Sept. 28.

VI.

Mr. Ings to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(*By hand.*)

Mr. INGS presents his compliments to MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL, and begs to enclose his account of £18 5*s.* 6½*d.*, immediate payment of which would oblige. He also wishes to give notice that the next time he catches any of MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL's fowls in his garden (notice of same having previously been given, and a stoppage of the nuisance promised) he intends to wring its neck.

Sept. 28.

VII.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Sir Cloudesley Scrubbs.

(*By hand.*)

DEAR SIR CLOUDESLEY,—I hasten to send you the enclosed offensive missive from INGS, in response to one from me saying that I could not deal with him any more. I think that you will see the matter in the same light that I do. In such cases neighbours must stand by each other for mutual protection and the harmony of life.

Yours sincerely,

Sept. 28. ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

VIII.

Sir Cloudesley Scrubbs to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

(*By hand.*)

DEAR MRS. CHILLINGHAM BULL,—With every desire in the world to oblige you I do not see my way, as you seem to suggest, to cease to deal with INGS. For one thing we like the quality of his meat; for another—and you must pardon my frankness—I cannot consider that he has shown anything more objectionable than an independent spirit. You say nothing about the fowls, which he seems to look upon as a grievance at any rate not more imaginary than



MOTTOES; OR, "WHO'S WHO?" No. I.—HUNTING.

Captain Flatcatcher, Gentleman Dealer. Family Motto—"Pro lucu et reed."

the pig-killing. Believe me, dear Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL,

Yours very truly,
VINCENT CLOUDESLEY SCRUBBS.

Sept. 28.

IX.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Sir Cloudesley Scrubbs.

(By hand.)

DEAR SIR CLOUDESLEY,—I am sincerely pained at the view which you take. I cannot see what can come of village life if, as I said before, we do not stand by each other. INGS has been most rude to me, and he must be brought to his senses.

Yours truly,
ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

Sept. 28.

X.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Blades, Butcher, Boxton.

Will Mr. BLADES please send to Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL to-morrow morning a fore-quarter of lamb and a wing-rib of beef?

Sept. 28.

XI.

Mr. Perks to Mr. Blades.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL, of The Cheviots, Little Wickling, having decided to change her butcher, and having begun to send you orders, I thought it interesting to let you know that it was by my advice that her choice fell on you.

Yours truly,
Oct. 1. HENRY PERKS.

XII.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Blades.

Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL is very dissatisfied both with the quality of Mr. BLADES'S meat and the excessive proportion of bone and suet to which her attention has been called by her butler. Unless an improvement occurs she will have to change her butcher.

Oct. 5.

XIII.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Earwaker, Butcher, Boxton.

Will Mr. EARWAKER please send to Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL to-morrow morning a leg of mutton and a sirloin of beef?

Oct. 10.

XIV.

Mr. Perks to Mr. Earwaker.

DEAR SIR,—Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL, of The Cheviots, Little Wickling, having decided to change her butcher, and having begun to send you orders, I thought it interesting to let you know that it was by my advice that the choice fell on you.

Yours truly,
Oct. 12. HENRY PERKS.

XV.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Earwaker.

Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL is very dissatisfied both with the quality of Mr. EARWAKER'S meat and the excessive proportion of bone and suet to which her attention has been drawn by her butler. Unless an improvement occurs she will have to change her butcher.

Oct. 15.

XVI.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to the Rev. Dr. Baylham.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am sorry you are away from home, because there is a little difficulty in the village which can be settled only by yourself. Mr. PIPES, though his sermons are irreproachable, and he is most kind, has not the needful tact.

To make a long story short, your petted churchwarden INGS, a few weeks ago, was very rude to me and I had to take away our custom. The Boxton butchers are, however, very bad, and on thinking it over I am inclined to pardon INGS, but I am afraid from the attitude which he took up that he may not accept my forgiveness in the spirit in which it is offered; which would, of course, be very unfortunate and wholly inimical to the harmony of village life. I therefore write to ask you if you would write to him.

PERKS, who is much distressed about it all, tells me that we shall never have good meat from the other butchers, and he is continually urging me to return to INGS. Will you not, dear Rector, once more prove yourself the Little Wickling mediator?

Your grateful friend,
ADELA CHILLINGHAM BULL.

P.S.—I hope you are enjoying Chamonix. I was there with my dear husband in 1885.

Oct. 17.



HEARTY APPRECIATION.

"I SAY, WASN'T THAT A *JOLLY* GAME?"

XVII.

Dr. Basil Baylham to the Rev. Gregory Pipes.

DEAR PIPES,—Our friend at The Cheviots seems to have done something to offend poor INGS, with the result that that good man has been abandoned in favour of the Boxton trade. Knowing both as we do, there can be little doubt as to where the fault lies. Mrs. BULL writes to me asking for my mediation, because, although her spirit is willing to continue the fray, the flesh is weak, and recollections of INGS' excellent fillets seem to be crowding appetisingly upon her, as she struggles with the Boxton gristle. I leave the solution to you with perfect confidence.

Yours,
Oct. 20. B. B.

XVIII.

Mr. Henry Ings to Mrs. Chillingham Bull.

Received with thanks cheque for £18 5*s.* 7*d.* *Stamp.*

Oct. 22. HENRY INGS.

XIX.

Mrs. Chillingham Bull to Mr. Ings.

Understanding from her butler that Mr. INGS has recently killed a pig, Mrs. CHILLINGHAM BULL would be glad if Mr. INGS would send her a loin of pork.

Oct. 22.

THE report that the KAISER has demanded the immediate cession of Port Arthur as reparation for the Russian attack upon a German vessel is denied in the highest quarters.



"PLEASE TO REMEMBER"—WILL HE EVER FORGET?

1. Mr. Woodbee-Loriat, the rising young Poet, requiring perfect quiet to develop his great work, retires on November 3 to a rural retreat. On November 5 his inspiration is at fever heat, when the above seductive vision bursts upon him!

2. Relays of howling demons cheer him through the day, but in a brief moment of peace at nightfall his inspiration returns, when "Bang!"—yells, hoots, and explosives rend the air.

3. "Away from this vile plot of earth," sighs the Poet, as he catches the 6 A.M. train back to London.

THE COVENT GARDEN CARLISTS.

On Wednesday evening the operatic air-gun at Covent Garden was loaded with *Un Ballo*, which, the aim being well directed, took immediate effect and made a palpable hit. Mlle. Trentini was energetic as *Oscar*, though her voice is not quite so powerful as her acting. Signor Arimondi was a first-rate *Samuele*, or colloquially *Sammy*, and his companion in crime, less in quantity and quality than the aforesaid villain of the piece, and called familiarly *Tom*, was appropriately played by Signor Thos, which is a variation of the Christian name something between Thomas and Tom. These three, Thomas, Thos and Tom, rolled into one, did excellently. But why are the names of this conspiring couple of operatic scoundrels changed from what they were originally called, the bigger scoundrel being *Armando*, and the lesser and milder one (perversely) *Augis*? Is there any warrant for this substitution? And if there should be a warrant for their arrest, then perhaps this might be a sufficient reason for *Armando* and *Augis* calling themselves, at all events in London, *Sammy* and *Tommy*.

The lady with a grand title of her own, Madame Buonin-segna, was, as might be expected, more than a merely adequate representative of the heroine of *Un Ballo* with the comparatively milk-and-watery name of *Amelia*.

Madame de Cisneros appeared as a very handsome and powerfully singing representative of the gipsy *Ulrica*.

The entire performance, directed by Signor Tanara, *Maître Bâtonnier* of the foreign musical Bar, went to everyone's thorough satisfaction, though perhaps Messrs. Rendle, Russell and Forsyth would have been better pleased with a repetition of last week's most crowded night.

Thursday.—Nothing for Messrs. Rendle, Russell and Forsyth to complain of to-night at all events. A splendid house for a first-rate performance of *La Bohème*. Mlle. Alice Nielsen charming as *Mimi*, acting perfectly; while as for her singing, only Madame Melba could go half a third of one better. Mlle. Trentini is just the bright little person for the capricious *Musetta;* and Signor Caruso was at his very best vocally and dramatically. We single out these principals, but there was not a weak point either on stage or in orchestra under Signor Tanara's command, and the audience was enthusiastic.

The Japanese, who are always adopting the best of everything from other nations, would seem to have been getting wrinkles from our railway refreshment-rooms if there is any truth in this statement, which we take from the *Dublin Evening Mail*:—"A patrol commanded by Second Lieutenant Turguenieff was shelled at a range of 200 paces by the machine buns, all the horses of the Cossacks being either killed or wounded."

The Real Home Rule Bill.—Bailey.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A Lady in Waiting (SMITH, ELDER) is a series of short stories purporting to be the gleanings from personal experience. As the editors of monthly Magazines know, rarest of literary arts is that of writing a short story worth printing and a cheque. This gift Mrs. ANSTRUTHER possesses in full measure. Keenly observant, dowered with sense of humour, enjoying full opportunity of seeing life, she has a dramatic touch that completes her triumph. She knows when not to say another word—a beautiful thing in woman, especially when she is in process of narration. Whilst the stories are episodical, some of them having already appeared in high-class Magazines, Mrs. ANSTRUTHER has devised ingenious machinery for linking them. The *Lady in Waiting*, a character subtly indicated rather than described, is the friend and youthful companion of a butterfly woman of fashion, another deftly-drawn study from life. In this capacity she goes about among all conditions of men and women, and has the luck of genius in always finding herself with interesting people. Ranging over a wide field of topics, Mrs. ANSTRUTHER'S vivacity and ingenuity never flag. Whilst all the stories are good, my Baronite regards the one entitled "Shadows on the Wall" as a masterpiece.

"Who is *Sylvia?*" The particular young lady to whom the Baron applies this questioning quotation is a charming person who shares with her still more charming and much prettier foster-sister the dual heroineship of a novel entitled *Lady Sylvia*, by LUCAS CLEEVE (JOHN LONG). Though the plot is not startlingly original, yet the materials are artistically worked up to a strong dramatic situation, and the interest, aroused at the commencement, is well sustained to the end.

Like *Mr. Weller's* intimacy with London, Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY'S acquaintance with royalty is extensive and peculiar. But he has his prejudices. Not for him quiet annals of the throne. He finds attraction in the vicissitudes of monarchy, and turns aside from commonplace crowned heads who are neither banished nor come to untimely end. The *Romance of Royalty* (HUTCHINSON) finds its sources in the several histories of LUDWIG of Bavaria, NAPOLEON THE THIRD and the Empress EUGÉNIE, ISABEL of Spain, and the hapless MAXIMILIAN, sometime Sovereign of Mexico, whose tragedy was one of the results of the ambition of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Mr. MOLLOY has the wisdom to consult the chronicles of men and women intimate with the course of events at the various epochs treated. What is more commendable, he has the honesty to acknowledge the sources of his information. For his own part he contributes to two handsome volumes a keen eye for dramatic effect and a glowing style. The book, illustrated by many portraits, my Baronite finds more interesting than the average novel. It has permanent value as contributing many sidelights on the history of the last half-century.

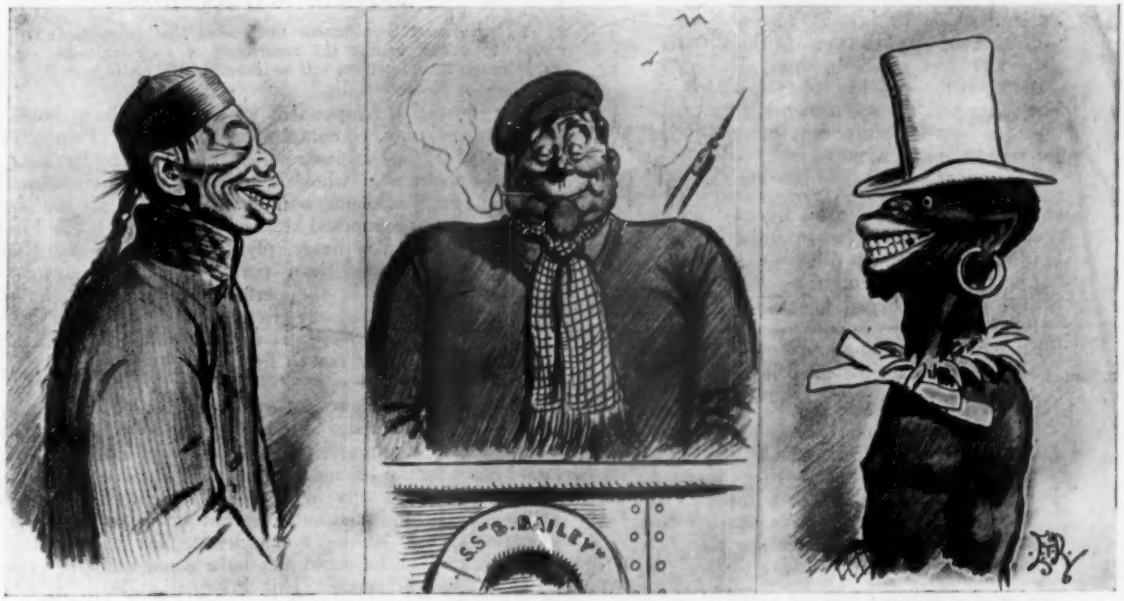
From Messrs. METHUEN comes *Emmanuel Burden, A Novel*, by HILAIRE BELLOC. "Personally," says the Assistant Reader, "I should not have described this book as a novel, but the description may pass if it can be made to cover a really brilliant essay in satire. The exploits of high and Empire-building financiers, their methods for fleecing the public and feathering their own nests, are lashed with a ridicule which is all the more effective and bitter for being in appearance so unconscious and so good-natured. Poor *Mr. Burden*, prosperous, pompous and regular in his dealings, a merchant after the heart of *Mrs. Grundy*, obeying strictly the social laws of Upper Norwood, where he resides, is entangled in the meshes of these exalted company-promoters. He is made a party to their schemes for palming off a loathsome African swamp upon the silly public as a gold mine, and an invaluable addition to the Empire. A hundred shams and hypocrisies and frauds and conventional humbugs are picked off by Mr. BELLOC with unerring certainty. Our self-complacency and our narrow stupidity, admirable in the periods of those who make visions of Empire and wealth their daily bread, become terrible and grotesque when reflected back from Mr. BELLOC'S unpitying mirror. *Emmanuel Burden donne furieusement à penser.*

Opportunely, at a time when Russia looms large in the public eye, comes Mr. JOHN OXENHAM with his *Hearts in Exile* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). The story is part of the life (in some instances it includes the death) of units in the millions who own the beneficent sway of the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. My Baronite does not know whether in his travels Mr. OXENHAM personally visited Russia. However that be, his account of social life at Odessa, fluttered by occasional midnight descent upon the home of the harmless citizen who is secretly haled forth to Siberia, is strikingly told. The long march of the hapless captives, and their settlement in the remote prisonhold, picture a state of things that would be incredible if the narrative were not supported by more prosaic accounts. Through the grim web of human misery and heroism runs the silver thread of a pretty love story.

Should anyone require evidence of the rapid approach of Father Christmas the Baron quotes to him from the legend inscribed on Wren's nest "*Circumspice*," and among the various pictorial presents for the great festival of the children he will not find a brighter, a prettier, nor a more amusing one, both in its verse and prose, than is *Mr. Punch's Christmas Book* ("Punch" Office), edited and illustrated by OLGA MORGAN. Of all the artistic and notably eccentric designs in colour with which this book abounds, the most striking is a double-page representing, poetically and unconventionally, *King Neptune in his Grotto.* The effect is charming, as is also that produced by the gossamer-like traceries, in colour, that appear from time to time interwoven as it were with the letterpress. Its *Games at the Zoo* and *What Amelia used to think* are full of fun. This Christmas Book is just the very thing for a Christmas gift.

To such readers as may be yearning for a stirring romance the Baron unhesitatingly recommends the tale—no, he begs pardon—*The Arm of the Leopard*, written by MARY GAUNT and J. R. ESSEX (GRANT RICHARDS). Since *She Who Must Be Obeyed*, no more original or more exciting romance has been published. It is powerfully dramatic, and deals with ancient African superstitions, which even European education has been unable to eradicate; the moral being, Scratch the polish, and you find the cannibal." The excitement is kept up to fever heat, and the escape of the three men from the city of the savages through "the Kedji country, full of murderers and slave-raiders" is admirably told. The agony is, however, too prolonged, and the reader runs the danger of becoming as exhausted as, at the supreme crisis, are the three heroes and the dauntless heroine. The character of the "educated nigger" *James Craven, M.B.*, offers a fine chance to a leading melodramatic actor, and Mr. WALLER might do worse than turn his attention to the dramatisation of this stirring romance.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.—No. IV.

PORTRAITS OF THREE UNDOUBTED JAPANESE TORPEDO-LIEUTENANTS DETECTED AT ONCE ON THE DECKS OF PASSING VESSELS BY THE "EAGLE EYE" OF THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL. THEIR PERFIDIOUS DESIGNS WERE FRUSTRATED WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A SINGLE BATTLESHIP.

"HORRIDOH!"

["At a luncheon in the Castle the German EMPEROR proposed a "Horridoh" (the German hunting cry) to the noble sport of the chase, and all true German sportsmen who keep and preserve game, hunt as sportsmen, and honour the Creator in the creature."—*Reuter's telegram, Berlin, November* 2.]

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

HARK! the woods are awake to-day
With a "horridoh!" With a "horridoh!"
Out and about and far away
The cry of the hunt rings bright and gay,
With a "horridoh!" and a "horridoh!"
Clear and loud, or echoing low.
The foresters, each at his post, stand keen;
Their hats are green and their coats are green;
Their belts are hung with a hunting-knife
To the honour and praise of the Lord of life.
And the sun strikes down through the tall old trees,
The oak and the beech and the darkling firs;
And the breath of the green-coat foresters
Goes out in smoke on the autumn breeze,
As they stand with hardly a moment's ease,
Or stealthily moving watch the ground
Till the marks of the quarry's flight be found.
They know that the beasts the forests hide,
The russet stag in his antlered pride,
With his wonderful eyes so calm and clear,
And his ears intent for the sounds of fear;
And the shaggy old grunting crook-tusked boar,
A terrible fellow to rip and gore,
And everything else that moves and breathes
Are meant for the knives in the leather sheaths.
But first they are driven and tracked and bayed,
The beasts the bountiful Lord has made,
Tracked to the sound of the winding horn,
Tracked and driven and bayed and torn,
With a "horridoh!" and a "horridoh!"
Shattered with shot and made to die—
With a "horridoh!" With a "horridoh!"
It's a merry hunt and a gallant show—
To the glory and praise of the Lord most high.
For this they know, and full well they know
(The KAISER himself has said it plain,
With a stamp and a shout of "horridoh!")
That all things living shall suffer pain,
And be robbed of the life that the good Lord gave them,
With never a hand to soothe or save them;
That he who kills them is thus made greater,
For in killing he honours the beast's Creator.

* * * * *

But where is the antlered stag to-night?
The stag they have failed to kill outright?
For, oh, that stag was a woful sight.
The shot rang out and the shot went true,
But he bounded away and was lost to view;
And only the startled birds could mark,
As the sun went down and the day fell dark—
Oh where were the shouts of "horridoh!"?—
How first he stumbled, his head hung low,
And then dropped down with a sob, and so
Quivered and lay, while his life's red tide
Slowly ebbed from his wounded side.
Long he lay, till his eyes grew dim,
And the Lord in His mercy pitied him,
And took, nor thought of the honour paid,
The beautiful buoyant life He made.

TO DELIA, BRIDGE EXPERT.

MY DELIA, how the days have gone
Since I, in Cupid's constant thrall,
Considered every goose a swan,
And you the swanliest of them all!
The thing you did was always right;
About your simplest act or motion
Lingered the iridescent light
That never was on land or ocean.

Once, it is true, I thought I traced
A hint of something less refined;
It turned upon a point of taste:—
I asked your hand and you declined;
Still "Youth," I urged, "is seldom wise,
It needs to undergo correction;
Some day she 'll come to recognise
The loss entailed by this rejection."

But now I thank the kindly Fate
Which in the mask of Wounded Love
Left me, just then, disconsolate
Owing to treatment as above;
For you have lost your maiden dower;
You are a Woman in the Fashion,
And Bridge, from fevered hour to hour,
Is now your one and wasting passion.

We meet at dinner: you are pale;
An odour on the ambient air
Of club tobacco, pungent, stale,
Steals from your loosely ordered hair;
I note the vacant eyes that show
Their circling tell-tale lines of sable,
The restless hands that move as though
They sought the little green-cloth table.

My gayest sallies seem to irk
Your absent mind. You eat as one
Who gathers strength for serious work
That waits her when the meal is done;
At last your hostess leads the way,
Bidding curtail our port and prattle,
And lo! you prick your ears and neigh
Like a war-mare that scents the battle.

We follow where the cards are spread;
I mark your animated mien,
Your face a little flushed with red,
Your eye perhaps a thought too keen.
Alert to seize the subtlest clues,
Bold in assault, a stout defender—
If you could only bear to lose
You might be almost any gender!

Yet, as I watch you play the game
That "gives to life its only zest"
(Life, as you understand the same),
Indeed you hardly look your best;
Missing the cool detached repose
That ought to stamp your cast of features,
You miss the charm that Woman throws
Over us men and lower creatures.

There is a thought I will adapt
From someone else's wisdom's wealth
(A polished orator, and apt
To toast aloud the Ladies' health)
In proof how low your lapse must be
From what a start to what a sequel:
You once were worth ten score of me,
And now—I count you scarce my equal.

O. S.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS.

["The Russian Government undertakes that precautions will be taken to guard against the recurrence of such incidents. Special instructions for this object will be issued."—*Mr. Balfour at Southampton.*]

OUR special correspondent at St. Petersburg sends us an advance copy, communicated to him by Prince THIKSKINSKI, of the special instructions referred to by Mr. BALFOUR. The document as a whole is too long for publication, but the following extracts will give an idea of the severe restrictions to be imposed henceforth upon the Baltic Fleet.

Art. V.—Atlantic liners, plying between Genoa, Naples, and British or American ports, sometimes traverse the Mediterranean Sea in the performance of a part of their voyage. In the present circumstances, when the feeling against belligerent vessels is unduly excited, it is an act of international comity not to fire on these liners unless they wilfully get within range.

Art. XI.—If a merchant vessel be hit by Russian projectiles below the water-line, and appear to be in difficulties, the Admiral is authorised, unless he be pressed for time, to send boats for the rescue of a reasonable number of survivors.

Art. XII.—Subjects or citizens of neutral Powers, who have been precipitated into the sea in accordance with the dictates of the Admiral's conscience, may be informed by megaphone that he could not have acted otherwise even in time of profound peace. This information, in order to have its due effect, should be conveyed in as many languages as possible before the temporary survivors disappear below the surface.

Art. XIX.—Pleasure boats, which are also called yachts, have been known to carry cannon, ostensibly for the purpose of firing salutes. Before being sunk these yachts may be allowed to prove that the so-called cannon are not in reality torpedo-tubes.

Art. XXVI.—Should the Fleet, in one of those deviations from its course to which the most competent navigating officers are liable, find itself in the vicinity of the West Indies, due caution should be exercised in discriminating between the large Havana cigars so frequently encountered in these waters, and torpedoes. Except for a certain difference in size the two are difficult to distinguish.

Art. L.—All the foregoing articles, however, are to be construed as applying to the Fleet only so long as it shall remain at least one thousand marine leagues from the seat of war.

CHARIVARIA.

MANY persons think that the punishment of allowing the Russians to go on to meet the Japanese is more severe than the occasion warrants.

The Russians' contention that they never aimed at our trawlers is certainly borne out by the fact that some of them were hit.

Prince ODOLENSKI has declared to a correspondent of the *Petit Journal* his firm conviction that his friend Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY saw exactly what he said he saw. This view is backed up by the reports of the Danish pilots, who state that they noticed a large amount of champagne and vodka on board the Russian vessels.

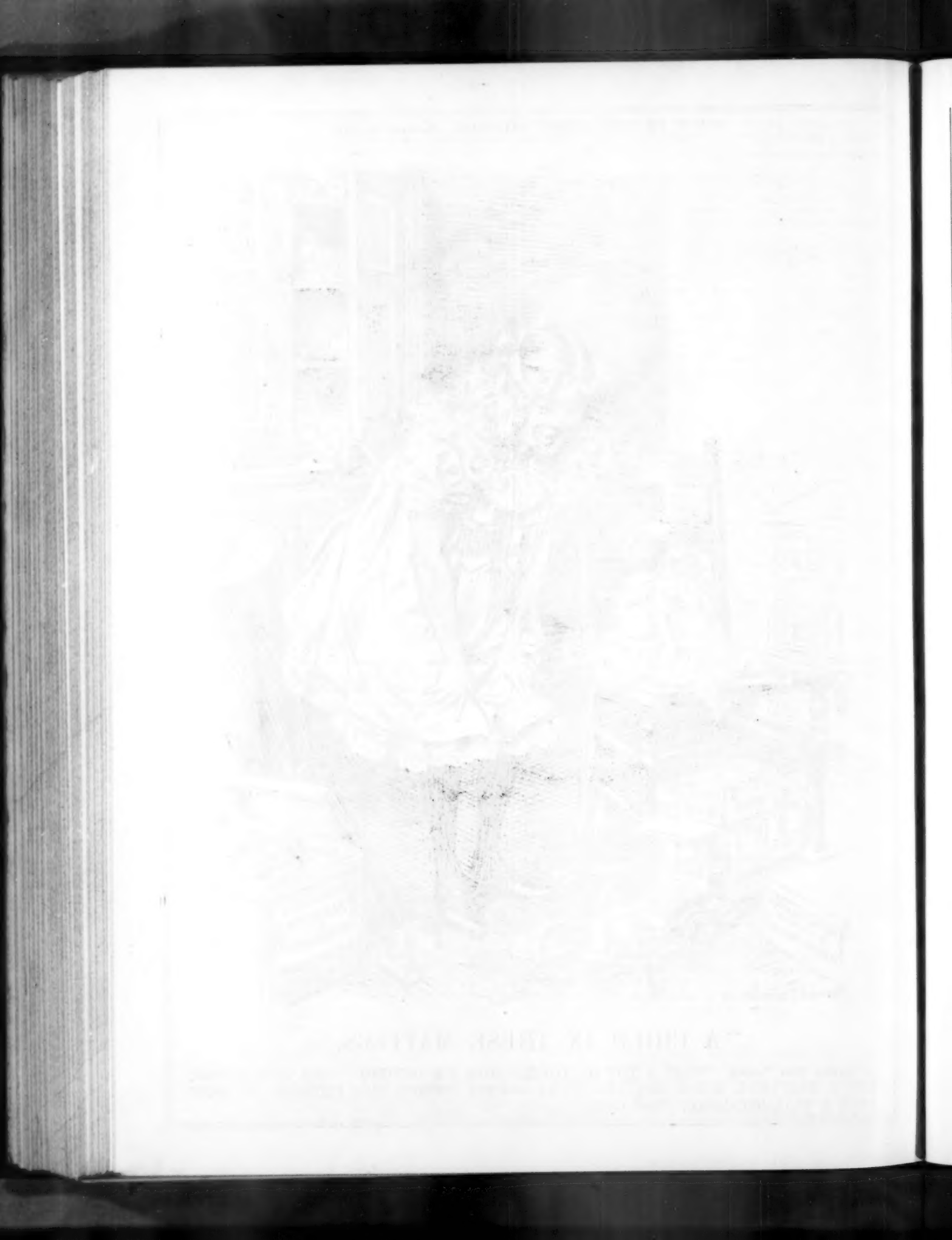
One of our contemporaries was much affected by the sight of what it termed "The Lion lying down with the Bear." As a matter of fact the Bear was the only one that was lying.

King PETER of Servia and Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria



"A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS."

Little Miss London. "WHAT A LOT OF LOVELY TOYS I'M GETTING! NICE NEW HOUSES, AND A BEAUTIFUL MOTOR BUS, AND UNCLE COUNTY COUNCIL HAS PROMISED ME NEXT YEAR A REAL STEAMBOAT THAT GOES!"



have publicly kissed one another at Sofia. The onlookers loudly cheered the monarchs for their pluck.

In a report on the examination of officers for promotion in the Army, General HUTCHINSON mentions that the majority of candidates, in their answers, ignored the enemy, or gave him little credit for intelligence. This, of course, is one of the many dangers of judging others by one's self.

It was not Major EVANS-GORDON but Mr. A. B. BRUCE, the leader of the Scottish Antarctic Expedition, who said, the other day, "I am not a Pole hunter."

Lord ROSEBERY thinks that if a Saxon returned to England he would, at the sight of a motor-car, wish to go back to his grave. The probability is that the motor-car would oblige him.

The fact that the *Weekly Summary* has issued a series of Christmas Cards for the Blind is mentioned as a novelty by many papers; but surely, judging by the designs on them, a great many of the Christmas Cards with which the market is each year flooded are produced for that section of the public?

We consider that the ridicule which has greeted a notice in a Glasgow Music Hall to the effect that "Whistling or cheering with the feet is strictly prohibited" is undeserved. While it may be difficult to cheer with the feet, we believe that it is by no means impossible to whistle with the feet. We imagine that instead of two fingers being placed in the mouth, the whole foot goes in.

No one will be able now to deny that the British Drama is going to the dogs. It is announced that a leading character in Mr. BARRIE's forthcoming Christmas play is to be a St. Bernard hound.

A speaker at a meeting called to protest against the closing to the public of Vincent Square, Westminster, reminded his audience that donkeys once grazed there. Those present at the meeting resolved to attempt to recover the rights they had lost.

Colonel MARCHAND thinks that the real object of Great Britain in the present dispute with Russia is to prevent the Baltic Squadron from reaching the Far East in time. He does not yet seem to be satisfied that he has worked off his debt to Lord KITCHENER for the insolent gift of brandy at Fashoda.

The Vicar of All Saints has protested with all his power against the inauguration of promenade concerts on Sunday evenings at Scarborough. If the people won't go to church, then let 'em go to the public houses.

With reference to the trouble at Kingston-on-Thames in regard to the selection of a former police constable as Mayor, we understand that it is not so much that the objectors do not need the services of such a man as that they do not want them.

A committee has been established in Philadelphia to arbitrate in disputes between mistresses and domestic servants. It is hoped that, when the new building is erected, the Hague Palace of Peace will take over this work.

It is, we fear, only consistent with the lack of business ability which seems to characterise those connected with military affairs that the Brodrick Caps, which it has been decided to discard, were not offered for sale to the public before the 5th November.

It is rumoured that Messrs. PEARSON are about to bring out a rival publication to Messrs. HARMSWORTH's *The World and his Wife* under the title of *The Hub of the Universe.*



HER FIRST RACE-MEETING.

Old Lady. "OH, ADOLPHUS, WHAT A DEAR, SWEET LITTLE JOCKEY BOY! WHERE'S YOUR PURSE? LET ME GIVE THE LITTLE DEAR A PENNY."

[*Disgust of Canter, the famous jock, who is a married man with a large family, and a corresponding income.*

THE SMALLEST SUGGESTION THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

The "Times" has invited its readers to send recommendations as to varying the arrangement of its pages, the various types employed, the form and contents of the Literary Supplement, and "in respect of other details which are matters of taste rather than of fundamental principle."

The following communications are, Mr. Punch believes, fairly typical specimens of the correspondence which is now pouring into Printing House Square.

No. I.

The Cockyolly Club, Covent Garden.

Dear old Timesiboss,—As you seem to me to be taking what our cheery neighbours across the Channel would call the "plea-biscuit," let me give you the straight tip, and tell you exactly where I think you are a bit off it. I have taken up one of your numbers at the Club occasionally, when all the other papers were in hand, and I must say I found it deuced heavy—not a laugh in it, dear boy, no snap, no go, no "vim," if you know what I mean! Well, since you ask me how you can make it more readable, *my* advice is: Chuck the foreign correspondence, and, instead of it, start a column of smart spicy pars—*you* know the kind of thing—something that will be quoted on the Stock Exchange, and yelled over in a Club smoke-room, and that it will take a Man about Town to see the point of! Just you weigh in with one or two real good 'uns like that per week, and I can promise you your reputation 's as good as made. Being in the know, I can supply you with some fair screamers at the very moderate rate of a golden Jimmy-oh goblin apiece.

Yours as you treat him,
One who Mixes in all Sorts of Society.

No. II.

13, *Tadmor Terrace, Tollington Park, N.W.*

Dear Mr. Editor,—We are regular subscribers (taking our turn after two other families in the same terrace) to your excellent periodical, and, I can assure you, would not miss it for the world! We *all* say that it is *quite* the most respectable of all the morning papers, besides being *so well written!* Still, if you won't mind me speaking *out*, I confess that, as a Lady Reader, I *should* like, just *now and then*, to see a Column devoted to purely *feminine* topics, such as "how to make a tasty *entrée* with a tomato and a few spare sardines," "how to cure blackheads," and "the best method of getting the moth out of a 'lined rabbit' opera-cloak."

I feel *positive* that an article of this kind—say, every Saturday, with, *perhaps*, a pattern for a tea-gown, or a yoke, or a toque, or what not—would be enthusiastically welcomed as a highly-agreeable substitute for your Literary Supplement by each of your readers who can subscribe herself, as I do,

A Daughter of Eve.

No. III.

Telegraphic Address—
"Tealeaves," London.

Sir,—Understanding that you are inviting suggestions for additional attractions in your esteemed periodical, we beg to state that we are now in a position to offer you the second serial rights of a high-class Society Novel, *Who Drowned the Duchess?* which, as you are doubtless aware, has excited such an unusual amount of sensation during its appearance in the columns of your contemporary, the *Halfpenny Hooligan.*

Awaiting the favour of an early reply, we are,
Yours obediently,
The Pure Literature Supply Syndicate (Limited).
To Business Manager, "Times."

No. IV.

Sir,—If you 'll excuse the liberty, it seems to me that you are not sufficiently up-to-date in the matter of head-lines. After over thirty years' compulsory Education, the average citizen has at least learnt to pay no attention to any news which is not printed in heavy-leaded type, and expressed alliteratively. Also he likes to be saved the trouble of reading a leading article by a note in the margin, telling him what it 's supposed to be about. This you *do not supply.*

During the recent crisis, for instance, who knows how you might have sent up your circulation by a few telling scare-lines, as per example:—"Baltic Fleet Bolts from Vigo." "'Condor' Charlie Clears for Action." "Big Guns heard Booming!" "Who 's Afraid?" and similar spirited sentences?

Believe me, Sir, this is the *only* way to gain the respect and admiration of that enlightened and far-seeing Party,

The Man in the Street.

No. V.

Sir,—I must say I think it perfectly scandalous that such a paper as the *Times* should devote over two pages to the War in the Far East, and scarcely as many lines to the Association Cup Match between the Army and Oafshire at Mudford!

Yours indignantly,
True Briton.

No. VI.

Sir,—Is the *Times* quite wise in so persistently ignoring the proceedings of Societies in which are cultivated what I may, perhaps, refer to as the germs of the Oratory of the Future? As Honorary Secretary of the Peckham Prytaneum, I shall be happy to furnish you with *verbatim* reports of our weekly debates. I enclose a report of our last discussion by way of sample: Subject, "Was Queen Elizabeth justified in executing Mary Queen of Scots? Next week the question will be: "Is the Earth round or flat?" As I believe Parliament is not sitting just now, I cannot but think that such reports would serve, so to speak, to fill the gap.

Yours faithfully,
Ernest Poshleigh Stodge (Hon. Sec. P. P.).

No. VII.

"Lady Vaseline Haresfoot thinks that the Editor of the *Times* newspaper shows a great want of enterprise by so persistently ignoring really important private theatricals. She begs to inform him that she is now getting up amateur performances of *Turn him Out* and *Plot and Passion* (in both of which pieces she plays the leading part) at the Town Hall, Toshborough, on the 16th, 17th, and 18th instants. As the entertainment is for a charitable purpose, Lady V. will feel obliged if the Editor will send down the young man who usually does the theatres for his paper to report on one or other of the aforesaid evenings. Considering that the majority of the performers will certainly buy the paper next morning, if only to cut out the notice for pasting into their albums, Lady V. is confident that the Editor will on reflection see the advantage of complying with her request."

No. VIII.

Dear Mr. Times,—Mummy says you would like me to tell you how to make your paper more attractive to the family circles. Well, I think it would be *ever* so nice if you would have a collum specially for children. Don't you think "Uncle Time's Little Tots" would be a nice heading for it? *I* do. I am sure you would simply love my kanary. He is yellow all over, and such a dear. He eats seeds. I have a kitten, too. My kitten does not eat seeds. It eats sop. I enclose my fotograph, in case you would like to publish it with this. No more at present from

Your loving little Friend,
Posie Prinkerton (*aged* 8½).
F. A.



FEMININE AMENITIES.

Visitor. "Your Governess seems *very* good-natured."

Lady of the House. "Yes, poor thing, her father lost a lot of money, so I took her as Governess for the children."

Visitor. "Poor, poor thing! Isn't it terrible how unfortunate some people are!"

THE RABBITS OF RICHMOND PARK.

["Tenders have been publicly invited for the destruction of the rabbits in Richmond Park."—*Daily Paper.*]

To his most Excellent Majesty—these,
We, his servants, do humbly pray,
Greatly desiring his health and ease,
So to continue for many a day.
We are not wise in the courtier's way,
But live our little lives in the dark,
Save for the dawn and the twilight grey;
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

Quietly, under the ancient trees,
Prim and sedate, our games we play;
In the deep dells, where nobody sees,
Is right of warren, with none to stay.
Mid bush and bracken unharmed we stray,
We sup with the owl, and rise with the lark,
Once in the year a toll we pay;
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

But now this news is heard on the breeze,
That men with snares are coming to slay,
Our tender young the trapper will seize,
And the ferret our hiding-place betray.
There is no more peace—for anyone may
Chase us with terrible dogs that bark!
Have we no friends with a word to say?
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

Envoi.

Great King, will nothing your wrath appease
Ere all of your servants are stiff and stark?
We are very sad—if your Majesty please;
We are the Rabbits of Richmond Park!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

An honest tale speeds best being plainly told, but a sportive one will go pretty well however you recount it.

It is well to be aspiring in society. Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself and falls on the opposing side frequently crushes it.

If you be a wise man and want to get on with your *entrée* in silence, tell your neighbours a good-natured story about virtuous people—with the fish. You will be left in peace.

Always be kind, even when it seems least likely to pay; in a democratic age one never knows who will be King.

Better a dinner at Prince's where love is, than two stalls at the theatre and a dull play therewith.

The "Fram" as an Airship.—From *The Egyptian Gazette* we learn that "the Duke of Orleans is negotiating for the purchase of Nansen's famous vessel, the *Fram*. If all be well, His Royal Highness hopes to start next year for Solar regions." There seems promise here of a new Myth on the lines of the legend of Icarus.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

II.—THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

I.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—It would be a *great solace and satisfaction* to me if you would in future kindly change your hour of call from half-past eleven to *half-past ten* every morning.

Yours sincerely,
Oct. 27. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

II.

Dr. Tunks to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR MRS. BARING-RAYNE,—Your very reasonable request puts me, I regret to say, in a position of some delicacy. It has long been my habit to call on Miss CANN at half-past ten, and Col. STUBBS at eleven, reaching you at 11.30. Both these patients have been in my care for some years, and I feel sure that you will see at once on reading this how difficult it would be for me suddenly to change a custom of such long standing. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
Oct. 27. WILBRAHAM TUNKS.

III.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am sorry to say that I cannot share your view. Health, as I often heard you say, is the *most important thing* there is, and I am convinced that my health would *in every way* benefit if I could begin the day *earlier*. I have been reading a very interesting pamphlet on the subject of early rising, and am convinced that to wait for you until half-past eleven, when so much of *the sweetest and freshest part of the day* is over, is *a great mistake*. Of course when I wrote I assumed that you have been sincere in your interest in my health, and would immediately comply with so *simple a request*. But life, as I have often heard you say, is but *one long disillusionment*.

Yours sadly,
Oct. 27. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

IV.

Dr. Tunks to Miss Cann.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR MISS CANN,—I have been thinking lately a good deal about your new pains, and I cannot help feeling that it would be better if you were to rest longer in the morning before being disturbed. I therefore propose in future to call at 11.30 instead of 10.30, at any rate for a sufficient time to test the accuracy of this theory. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
Oct. 27. WILBRAHAM TUNKS.

V.

Miss Cann to Dr. Wilbraham Tunks.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Your letter has so shaken me that I fear the worst. It is quite impossible for me, as I thought you knew, to remain in bed so long. I know of nothing so depressing as these long, solitary morning hours. Please never refer again to the subject, and believe me Yours sincerely,

VICTORIA CANN.

P.S.—Sometimes I think it would be better for all of us if I gave up the struggle altogether. V. C.

VI.

Dr. Tunks to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR MRS. BARING-RAYNE,—It grieves me exceedingly to have to say so, but I see no possible way of meeting you in your request as to change of visiting hours. Nor can I agree with the author of your pamphlet that it would be well for you to begin the strain and worry of the day a minute earlier than you now do. You must, however, do as you think fit. As you know, I am the last person to wish to impose any tyrannical system upon my patients and friends. I should also say that Miss CANN, much as I should like to effect an interchange of hours, is not, I consider, in a sufficiently robust state to bear it. Believe me,

Yours sincerely,
Oct. 27. WILBRAHAM TUNKS.

VII.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

DEAR DOCTOR,—You of course know best, but from the number of tradesmen's carts that draw up at Miss CANN'S door it is clear that *she* at any rate has an *appetite*. Whereas I, *as you know*, have eaten *nothing for years*. But it is evident that there is more in this distressing business than *meets the eye*, and I shall therefore take my own steps to protect my health. Do not therefore call to-morrow at all.

Yours truly,
Oct. 27. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

VIII.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Mr. Llewellyn Boakes, M.R.C.S.
(By hand.)

MRS. BARING-RAYNE presents her compliments to Mr. LLEWELLYN BOAKES, and would be glad if he would call to see her to-morrow morning at half-past ten.
Oct. 27.

IX.

Mr. Boakes to Mrs. Baring-Rayne.
(By hand.)

Mr. LLEWELLYN BOAKES will have great pleasure in calling upon Mrs. BARING-RAYNE to-morrow morning. He regrets, however, that owing to appointments with other patients he will be unable to reach Mrs. BARING-RAYNE at the hour she names, but he will be at her house certainly not later than eleven-thirty.
Oct. 27.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Baring-Rayne to her Sister-in-law.

If you ask why my letter is so dismal, it is because I have lost my regular medical attendant. It is a long story, but owing to a *very curious line of conduct* which he chose to take up, we...
Nov. 2.

X.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Mr. Boakes.
(By hand.)

DEAR MR. BOAKES,—I have been feeling of late so *much worse—much worse* than I have told you, for it is not right to burden others with *all our troubles*—that I have been reading a little pamphlet which has decided me upon a complete change of routine, the leading principle of which is *total avoidance of all vegetable food*. Although I do not as a rule put any faith in such literature, yet I am convinced that the writer of the pamphlet in question—a member of your profession, by the way—*tells the truth*. Knowing as I do from remarks that you have let fall that you are *largely a vegetarian*, I feel that under these circumstances to ask you to continue your visits would be not only wrong and *tactless* on my part, but *painful to yourself*.

Yours very truly,
Nov. 4. EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

XI.

Mrs. Baring-Rayne to Dr. Tunks.
(By hand.)

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I have been a very *impulsive and masterful* woman, but all that is over. My heart to-day is *like a little child's*, that knows its *true friends*. Do let us forget this terrible week of misunderstanding and cross purposes. I shall expect you to-morrow morning at half-past eleven just as in the *old days*. Imaginative sympathy is so rare. Yours sincerely,

EDITHA BARING-RAYNE.

P.S.—How odd is this occasional re-appearance of old *forgotten* characteristics! You know how *grey*, how *sad*, how *humble*, my life is. Yet suddenly there breaks out this mood of imperiousness, which years ago at school earned me the nickname of Boey (short for Boadicea). Where has it been slumbering all this time? These are among the mysteries. E. B.-R.
Nov. 4.

TO AN OLD STAGER.

MR. PUNCH was delighted, and everybody present was as pleased as *Punch*, to see our old friend that excellent comedian LIONEL ("LAL" for short) BROUGH as the guest of the evening at the banquet given by the Old Playgoers Club at the Criterion to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his going on the stage. "I didn't 'go on the stage,'" explained LAL BROUGH in his excellent after-dinner speech, "I was kicked on." But he did "*go*" on the stage, and went on "going" until he achieved the position he has now held for many years, and in which, as a youthful veteran, true to the *corps dramatique*, without a superior in his own line, may he long flourish to delight audiences and to "give a lesson to the lads" who, with light hearts, are entering upon a histrionic career.

AN ENTREATY.

KINDLY PHYLLIS votes it stupid
That our hearts were never made
To withstand the glance where Cupid
Lurks in deadly ambuscade.
So a lofty sense of duty
Bids her don the mask, and mar
Every semblance of her beauty
When she drives her motor-car.

Measure kind, though somewhat drastic.
Though our hearts are brittle ware,
They, like tyres, and things elastic,
Lend themselves to quick repair.
But our limbs are not pneumatic,
And they suffer from a fall.
PHYLLIS, lovely but erratic,
Prythee do not drive at all.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Naval and Military.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.—Yes, the Russian Government will no doubt make enquiries as to who gave the order to fire, but you may trust them to do nothing rash or hasty in the matter. As you say, we don't want another BECK case.

PRO-RUSSIAN and SUSPICIOUS.—I cannot tell you whether the vessel was insured.

PATRIOT.—MACDERMOTT, I fancy.

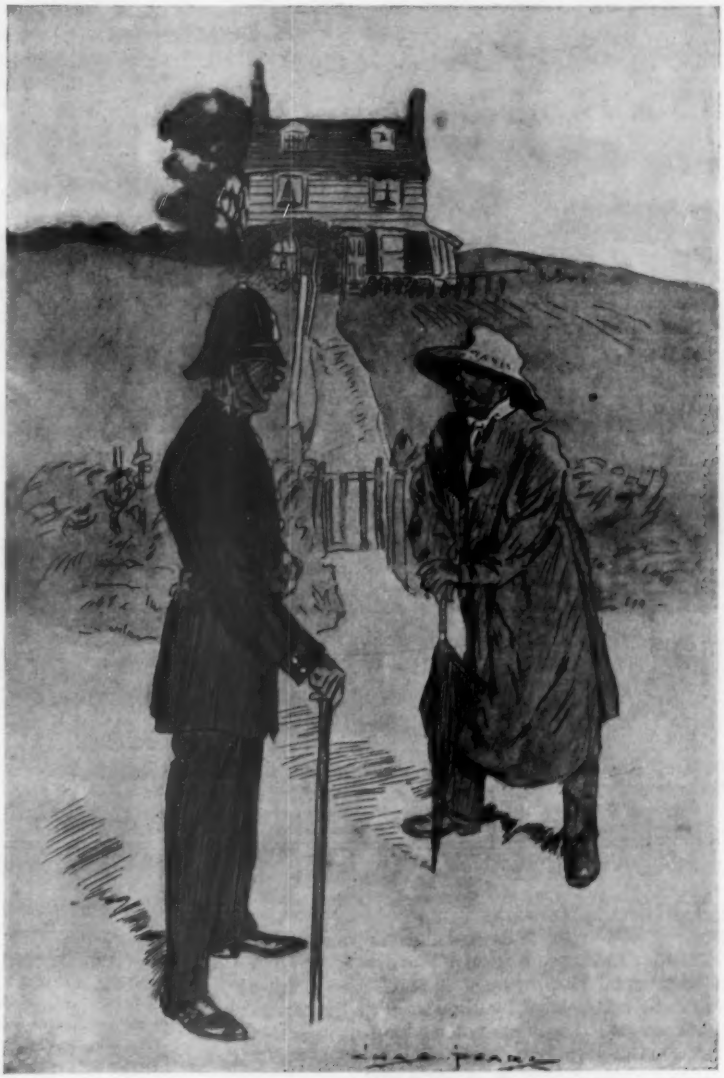
Legal.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, if Mr. BECK had only said at first that he was innocent, all this bother would have been saved. No, he is not likely to be prosecuted for impersonation.

EXPERT WITNESS.—I doubt if an action would lie. But if it wouldn't *you* might.

Sport and the Drama.

"MAIL" READER.—He kept goal for his College, so may be presumed to know something about it. "Put paid to the Spurs' account" is not so technical as you seem to think.



SUSPICIOUS.

Strange Constable. "COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE THE VICAR LIVES?"
Giles. "WHY, WOT'S 'E DONE, ZUR?"

PINEROTOMETER.—No, the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* is quite a different person. Their resemblance is only superficial.

General.

TARIFF REFORMER.—You were quite justified in calling him a pro-Boer, but the retort has lost something of its piquancy lately. Seeing that we get a good deal of corn from Russia at present, why not call him a pro-Russian? With this, and the aid of the music-halls, you should have no difficulty in winning.

CARLTON WAITER.—If that threepenny bit that you kept back still troubles your conscience, you should put it in the plate on Sunday.

WAR OFFICE ECONOMIES.—A correspondent at Esquimalt (British Columbia) forwards a catalogue of an "Auction Sale" in which one of the lots, coming under the head of "Army Ordnance Stores," includes "2 Tommies." Is this the beginning of the Army Reduction which is to save the country's pockets?



MISTAKEN VOCATION.

Major Missemall (an enthusiast on sporting dogs). "CONFOUND THE BRUTE. THAT'S THE DOG I WAS GOING TO RUN IN THE RETRIEVER TRIALS, TOO. BUT I WON'T NOW."

Friend. "I WOULDN'T. I'D RESERVE HIM FOR THE WATERLOO CUP."

A MIDDLE-SEX DIFFICULTY.

"SHOULD *Ariel* be played by a boy or a girl?" is a question that has not infrequently arisen among those supernumeraries who linger to discuss the many and great merits of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's production of *The Tempest* at His Majesty's and the graceful performance there of Miss TREE as *Ariel*, already fully appreciated by *Mr. Punch's* signatured critic.

In our opinion it matters not as long as the intelligence, the grace, the lightness, and the humour, are there. In theatrical language *Ariel* is "a boy's part," which means that it has usually been played by a girl. What is *Ariel's* own testimony? It—we use the impersonal on the warrant of SHAKSPEARE, who makes *Prospero* address *Ariel* as "Thing"—It, the sprite *Ariel*, says:—

> "For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
> Assume what sexes and what shapes they please."

And this very *Ariel*, who declares—

> "Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful sprite, and *Ariel* is my name,"

is described as a "Guardian Sylph" and as

> "A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau."

And further, this description of him is given:

> "His purple pinions opening to the sun,
> He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:—"

POPE'S *Ariel* was SHAKSPEARE'S, only it was after WILLIAM had finished with him, and had discharged him, with a first-rate character, from *Prospero's* service.

So far our contribution to the discussion. Miss VIOLA TREE is still the dainty *Ariel*, and her flights of fancy continue to puzzle the squatters in the stalls who want to know "how it's done." But, so long as the present impersonator of the tricksy sprite is on the scene, so long must *Ariel* remain a Miss-T'ree to the public.

ODE TO AN OYSTER.

[Among the guests at the ancient oyster feast at Colchester this year was Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The highest individual consumption was nine-and-a-half dozen oysters.]

ENCRUSTED bivalve! though statistics state
That tasteless fluids in thee represent
A clear and disconcerting ninety-eight
per cent.,

Thou hast such charms, a single feaster ate
Nine dozen of thee (duly washed with wine).
On reading this I wept tears salt and wet
as thine.

What pearls wouldst thou not gladly leave unworn
Still to be sitting in thine ocean-cave,
Sitting and waiting, waiting for thy morn-
ing shave.

Facilis descensus! Would it were unsaid
How, rudely plucked from out thy native foam,
Forth on that journey, thou, to thy last bed
slid'st home!

If words may aught alleviate thy doom,
Accept this mournful epitaph from me,
Who write, instead of "*Ci-gît*," on thy tomb,
"C.-B."!



JAPS "IN BUCKRAM."

Prince Hal (Mr. Punch). "*WHAT!* FOUGHT YE WITH THEM *ALL?*"

Admiral Falsetoff. "*ALL?* I KNOW NOT WHAT YE CALL *ALL;* BUT IF I FOUGHT NOT WITH FIFTY OF THEM I AM A BUNCH OF RADISH; IF THERE WERE NOT TWO OR THREE AND FIFTY ON POOR OLD JACK, THEN AM I NO TWO-LEGGED CREATURE."

Prince Hal. "PRAY HEAVEN YOU HAVE NOT SETTLED SOME OF THEM."

Admiral Falsetoff. "NAY; THAT 'S PAST PRAYING FOR; I HAVE PEPPERED TWO OF THEM; TWO, I AM SURE, I HAVE PAID; TWO ROGUES IN BUCKRAM!"—*King Henry IV.*, Part I., Act II., Scene 4.

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

"Keep moving," is Mr. Seymour Hicks's managerial motto. Exercise the heads of the profession by all means, but on no account let its legs be deprived of their full share of work. *The Catch of the Season*, having caught on, has been running for some months, during which period Mr. Seymour Hicks as the youthful *Duke of St. Jermyns*, and Miss Zena Dare as *Angela*, otherwise *Cinderella-up-to-date*, have been dancing, singing, love-making, and laugh-provoking night after night, from *matinée* to *matinée*, with only a comparatively few intervening hours of rest. Mr. Sam Sothern as *Lord Dundreary*, a lineal descendant of the first peer, a creation of the Victorian Era, is very amusing, making the most of a small part. Some of the dialogue in this cinematographic piece is unusually smart, and the sharp-pointed lines are given for all they are worth, and a trifle more, by everyone who has anything at all to say for himself or herself, including the small boy, Master Valchera, whose "Page" deserves a special laudatory footnote.

Miss Camille Clifford as a "Dana Gibson Girl" dances with distinctly humorous appreciation of the type she is illustrating, and wins a hearty encore. But what is this type which is now brought into prominence as such a novelty? It is simply Du Maurier's "Society" girl writ large, and minus a considerable part of her costume, the material having been taken off the shoulders and added on to the skirts.

In the programme this advertisement appears—"*Modern Costumes by Lucille, Limited.*" Decidedly "limited," a most appropriate description. *À propos* of Mr. Dana Gibson's drawings, it was only the week before last that there appeared, in a weekly illustrated contemporary, a specimen of Dana Gibson's "modern husband, wife and child." At first glance we wondered why a specimen of the George Du Maurier's drawings, from *Mr. Punch's* collection, had been reproduced in this paper,, and we could scarcely credit our eyes and memory on finding that this was a picture of Dana Gibson's, whose work is pretty generally known, it must be admitted, as that of "the American Du Maurier."



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.

Irate M.F.H. (who has had half an hour in the big gorse trying to get a faint-hearted fox away, galloping to "holloa" on the far side of covert). "Confound you and your pony, Sir! Get out of my way!"

[*Little Binks, who has been trying to keep out of people's way all day, thinks he can quite understand the feelings of the hunted fox.*

PUTTING IT NICELY.

[Commenting upon the proposal (since contradicted) that, until the whole Tibetian indebtedness is discharged at the rate of one lac of rupees a year, the British should remain in occupation of the Chumbi valley—the key of Tibet, *The Daily Telegraph* recently observed, "It is reported that this arrangement meets with the approval of the Tibetians."]

In deference to a generally expressed Russian desire, the Japanese have kindly consented to extend their Autumn tour so as to include Mukden, Harbin, and if possible St. Petersburg. The enthusiasm to which this delightful prospect has given rise amongst the followers of the Czar is described as absolutely touching.

It is reported that a project is on foot and being largely supported in Armenia for a presentation to H.M. The Sultan of Turkey from prominent residents in that Province, on the occasion of his next birthday. The gift will be accompanied by an address setting forth the attachment of the subscribers to the Imperial recipient, and expressing their pleasure at his continued good health.

Curiously enough we are in receipt of a letter in which the gallant writer adopts the conciliatory attitude of the Tibetians. It is from Col. Chutny (late H.M. Indian Army), who writes us as follows from Kipling Lodge, Upper Norwood:—

"Sir,—As an old campaigner of many years' standing I have found that the great drawback to a permanent residence is the manner in which a house speedily becomes overcrowded with silver, china, and other articles of value. Thanks however to the energy and ability of the well-known firm of William Sykes and Sons, I am happy to say that the whole of this difficulty has now been removed *in a single night*. While expressing my gratitude to these gentlemen for their trouble and courtesy, I cannot help wishing that certain other departments of British industry were conducted with equal celerity and absence of parade. Yours thankfully,

Reginald Chutny (*late Colonel*).

"GO TO JERICHO" AND SEE ITS "WALLS."

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is to be heartily congratulated, first on having secured for his theatre the best play that has been seen in London for some considerable time, secondly upon the excellent company by which it is performed, and lastly on the simply perfect artistic rendering of the two principal parts in it, for which he has cast Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH (Mrs. ARTHUR BOURCHIER) and himself. This sterlingly sound "play," as it is styled in the programme, which may fairly be classed as true comedy, offers small chance to the sharp-shooting critics. There are a few weak points in Mr. ALFRED SUTRO'S comedy, the first and principal one being its unfortunate title, *The Walls of Jericho*. So unapparent is its application to any situation in any one of the four Acts, that at last an explanation of it has to be lugged in somehow, weighted with a very indifferent and quite unnecessary pun, uttered by a minimus poet, a "Society" verse-maker, *Bertram Hannaford*, aptly represented by a clever young actor, Mr. JUNIUS B. BOOTH.

The Walls of Jericho fell at the blast of trumpets; but here woman's obstinacy (signified, as I suppose, rightly or wrongly, by "the Walls" aforesaid) holds out, and only yields quite suddenly, and most naturally, to the interior voice of her own better self. There 's no blast of a trumpet to shake the walls, nor any flourish after they have fallen. Indeed, when the trumpet of the justly-incensed and firmly-determined husband is heard in the Third Act, *The Walls of Jericho*, meaning (again I suppose) *Mrs. Frobisher's* false pride and stubbornness, firmly resist all assault, yielding neither to the battering-ram of the husband's wrath, nor to his last attempt at undermining her resolution by a loving appeal to her better nature. No, the title is altogether wrong, that is, if I am right in my interpretation of it.

Rarely if ever in any previous piece, out of the many that I can call to mind, have Mr. and Mrs. BOURCHIER played throughout so perfectly: and, most certainly, never within my recollection has Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER risen to such a height of passionate intensity as in this Third Act. Neither Mr. BOURCHIER as *Jack Frobisher*, nor Mrs. BOURCHIER as *Lady Alethea Frobisher*, over-act this, or any other of their strong scenes, by so much as a hair's-breadth. They hold the house spell-bound; and in nothing that they do or say is there the slightest suspicion of anything even suggestive of ordinary theatrical claptrap.

Then Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, as the genial, straightforward, warm-hearted, uneducated friend and companion of *Frobisher*, the digger *Hankey Bannister*, who has made his pile, gives us the character to the very life; not a flaw in his impersonation, nor is there any in Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT'S *Lady Lucy Derenham*, the charming *ingénue*, who thinks she knows so much, and who affects such slyness and pertness as only deceive herself, while at heart—so the author seems to wish us to believe—she is sound. But this, to me, is another weak spot in the piece: for I am not at all sure as to what the author does intend this young lady to be, since, while she is represented as avowedly in love with her penniless cousin, and ready to marry him had he only the requisite wherewithal, she cheerfully accepts *Hankey Bannister*, simply because he is a millionaire; and "*Hankey Panky*," as she calls him, beamingly accepts the situation and appears idiotically happy!

In the difficult part of *Harry Dallas*, the ordinary unprincipled lover of other men's wives, Mr. NYE CHART is excellent, never once adopting tone or manner of the conventional stagey villain, though the author has led this character perilously near the abyss of deepest melodrama; and from falling into it Mr. CHART has been saved by his own artistic self-command, and by sensible stage-management, the effect of which is evident throughout.

But here again is another weak spot. This intending gay Lothario has written a letter to the wife, which falls into the husband's hands; the husband hands it back to him and commands him to read it aloud. Lothario sees the game is up, and that there are two strong men against him, by either of whom he would be physically overmatched. Why does he not tear up the letter at once? It could be done in a second. The answer to this of course is, that this letter *must* remain intact so that the wife may see it open, and be told that its contents are known to her husband. But, *there ought not to be this dramatic necessity:* the end should have been attained by some other means, and then a situation so original, as the apparent *impasse* resulting from the destruction of the letter, would have been dramatically staggering. Now, one only feels, however much you may side with the husband, that the two strong men have acted as bullies, and not according to any recognised code of honour. The foregoing is *the* weak point of the piece; but it is condoned by the acting, which emphasises the rough and ready character of the two men who have had more to do with diggers than drawing-rooms.

Miss KATE SERGEANTSON as sensible, charitable *Lady Westerby*, the good woman with a queer past, gives the requisite authority to a character that it would be difficult to place in better hands.

As the *Marquis of Steventon*, the impecunious, match-making, dandified old peer, Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, one of our cleverest character actors and a master of "make-up," is inimitable. His representation must be ranked side by side with the very best impersonations of "Stingy Jack" in *Money*, of *Brigard* in *Frou Frou*, and with JOHN HARE'S two noblemen, my lords *Ptarmigan* and *Quex*. There is just a touch in it of *Brother Potter* from *Still Waters Run Deep* which still holds the stage, as this play will do, or I am much mistaken, long after "Bridge" and present manners and fashions have become as antiquated as are now the game of "*ombre*," the *vers de société* of *Sir Benjamin Backbite*, and the snuff-box of *Sir Peter Teazle*.

Mr. SUTRO is reputed to be our best translator of MAETERLINCK'S works, and his own One-Act piece, entitled *A Marriage has been Arranged*, recently achieved a decided success, largely due to the finished acting of Mr. and Mrs. BOURCHIER.

BRAWLERS AND TRAWLERS.

(*Being more echoes of the Baltic Fleet.*)

A FEW junior Russian officers have been detained to attend the "Fishing Interrogatories" which are to be held in connection with the incident of the Mad-Dogger Bank. *Mr. Punch* offers his sincere condolences to all the other officers who missed being selected for this purpose.

It is reported that when Lord CHARLES BERESFORD ran across to Tangier the other day the Russian Flagship flew the complimentary signal *Please don't chase me, Charley.*

Of the Russian Admiral's account of the North Sea outrage it has been well said: *Se non è vero, è ben torpedo.*

On the other hand there is a theory, supported in influential quarters, that the fish held up on one of the trawlers was only at first considered to be a torpedo, and on closer observation under the search-light was declared to be a plaice, *but not a plaice within the meaning of the Act.* The Russians therefore resorted to summary jurisdiction.

In any case the Russian Admiral is alleged to have said that he acted in accordance with his conscience. Very possibly. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."



THE SLOCUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Amateur Violoncellist. "WHAT'S THE NEXT PIECE IN THE PROGRAMME?"
Neighbour. "SOUSINI'S ORCHESTRAL FANTASIA, 'NIGHT AMONG THE PYRAMIDS!'"
A. V. (*much taken aback*). "WHY, SIR, I'VE JUST *played* THAT!"

ESSAYS IN UNCTION.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Harold Begbie.)

IV. (AND LAST).—WHY DR. ALF ABEL WROTE "THE INFANT PRODIGY."

IT has been the eternal privilege of genius to be misunderstood from the days of CHEOPS to those of CLEMENT SHORTER. Cast but a fleeting glimpse on the stained palimpsest of time, and you shall see not scores but thousands of *âmes incomprises*—to quote the noble phrase of PUFFENDORF—whose motives have been misinterpreted, whose generosity has been aspersed—victims, in a word, of the Eternal Spirit of Calumny. *Ay de mi*, my masters, but it is a mad world that turns and rends the pure and pinguid souls of the noblest hierophants of Altruism, and burns its choicest incense before cynics, scoffers and misanthropes!

You will pardon this outburst, gentle reader, when I tell you that ALF ABEL, the noblest, simplest, most modest and humble of Seers—not even excepting RAY LANKESTER and OLIVER LODGE—has been accused of self-seeking, of vanity, of a mania for self-advertisement! One has only to look on his perfect countenance—a picture post-card will do—to realise the detestable mendacity of this odious insinuation. That spacious brow, exuding benevolence at every pore, those pitiful eyes, that exquisitely chiselled nose, whose downward drooping curve is eloquent of patient resignation, those ambrosial moustaches, those carmine lips—every lineament repels the foul charge with irresistible power. It is one of the elementary postulates of the science of psycho-physiognomics that the man who looks noble must act nobly, think nobly, write nobly. The truth was faintly adumbrated in the old world adage "handsome does that handsome is": its abiding truth is proclaimed with trumpet-tongued reverberations in the life and the life-work of ALF ABEL.

Still I hear you asking with feeble insistence—the last refuge of pusillanimous souls—"Why did he write *The Infant Prodigy?* Are there not infant prodigies enough in the bleak world of reality without transferring these ineffectual figures to the transcendental plane of imaginative fiction?" Gentle reader, have you ever visited the great Republic across the great salt splendid Atlantic? Have you ever seen one of those wonderful oilfields where a spring, impelled by irresistible subterranean pressure, spouts unceasingly upwards in a great sleek column of virgin petroleum, refreshing the air with its deliciously saponaceous perfume? They call them "gushers." The simile is perhaps homely, but 'twill serve. The gusher gushes because it has got to gush. The great soul issues in song—whether prose or poetry matters little—because genius, like murder, must out, or burst into infinitesimal smithereens in the attempt to repress its sacred, nay its sanctimonious, ebullitions. Mediocrity may batten on silence, but reticence is the suicide of genius. And this is more than ever true of this hustling, feverish, truculent age of ours in which, to gain a hearing, a man must speak high, and loud, and often. The day of the robin's gentle pipe is over: the true prophet must emulate the glutinous *abandon* of the gramophone.

He writes because he must—can there be a more conclusive justification than the prompting of the categorical imperative? But motives are always complex, and in the case of ALF ABEL the inward call is reinforced by many other puissant forces. Benevolence first of all. For he is animated by the sincere desire to limit the reckless output of prodigies by illustrating once and for all in one grand and comprehensive concrete parable the incalculable dangers of precocity. The annals of art and letters teem with poignant instances of the Nemesis that waits on premature efflorescence. ALEXANDER THE GREAT cut off in his early prime by the brainfag induced by his overzealous study of ARISTOTLE; RHAMPSINITUS, HIMILCO, SKANDERBEG—is it necessary to multiply instances? Let it suffice to add the crucial case of SHAKSPEARE, who, but for his insane habit of overproduction, might have lived to attain a more perfect resemblance to HALL CAINE than he succeeded in achieving. But irresistible impulse, complicated by the desire to benefit posterity, do not exhaust the motives of our author. To these must finally be added an infinite compassion for those unhappy races who, blessed with no literature of their own, are entirely dependent on translations of the masterpieces of more highly favoured people. It is this which renders the publication of a novel by ALF ABEL an event of cosmic importance, for no other writer has ever appealed to so many million readers. Why is this so? Because his novels are full of elemental truth, full of that rich, massive and viscous humanity which is the same in Putney and Patagonia. In his adorable romances there are found no solecisms, no lapses in taste or grammar, nothing but what is pure, great, generous and noble. His works appeal alike to all nations, and it is no wonder that on November 4 his new work was published in nine countries simultaneously. It will be published in six more, according to the following list, which gives the title in the different languages, indicating also the local publishing houses:

Tibet: Jingal Jong Lop-nor. Lhasa: Dorjieff & Co.
Albania: Bleßer-um-skita. Shkodra: Bib Doda & Co.
Etruria: Ulat tanalarezul. Clusium: Phuhpluns & Co.
The Basque Provinces: Jaincoac hantik itoiteco. Guipuzcoa: Zumalacarregui & Co.
Koutso-Wallachia: Filului Prodigolului. Krushevo: Apostol Jankovitch & Co.
Iceland: Namdo Ogsdog. Rejkjavik; Magnusson & Co.



"Waviness of the hair is this season to be suggested rather than asserted. This is a relief, as a look of over-elaboration is ruinous to a plain face, and injurious to a pretty one. But a soft crinkliness is always to be encouraged."—*Truth.*

ZUTKA AND KEEPING THE POT A-BOILING.

THE Hippodrome has an excellent show on just now, one of its many excellent "shows *et autres*," and it has a capital orchestra under the direction of Mr. CLARENCE C. CORRI, who keeps his instrumentalists going with only a very few bars rest between the varied performances, which are accompanied by selections as appropriate as possible to the different occasions. The dramatic compositions of our old friend, Maître JACOBI, are to be heard, musically illustrating the startling situations in the Grand Equestrian Drama of *Siberia* that still continues to plunge actors, horses, and audience into the watery depths of despair, whence everybody emerges safe, sound and very dry.

The special attraction just now, and likely to be, we should say, for some time to come, is *Zutka, or Jack in the Box*, which is the legitimate successor to the once mysterious *Phroso*. A small box is brought in, and the Professor, after removing a lot of paper packing, extracts from it a doubled-up figure which, being stretched to full length, becomes a Pierrot of nearly seven feet high with, as it seems, a man's head and neck, also hands and feet, but as to the arms and legs, no one can affirm their existence. This figure is apparently put in motion by electricity, and when its performance is over it is doubled up and replaced almost anyhow in aforesaid small box. The box is carried about open among the audience, who are warned not to touch the figure. How is it done? Personally we do not wish to know. When the trick is found out, we shall regret that yet another illusion has been destroyed for ever.

As to the *Mysterious Kettle*, which has already been immortalised by *Mr. Punch* in one of his Cartoons, it is no trick but a matter of scientific fact. Ice merchants should be its great patrons, and coal-owners its enemy. But will it be cheerier at Christmas-time to gather round a kettle full of compressed air, or as heretofore to enjoy ourselves in front of a blazing fire? For ourselves, we prefer to be warm worshippers at the shrine of Grate St. Blaise.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

Youth (to gentleman about to go for a drive). "ULLO, OLD MAN! THEY FORGOT TO BURN YOU ON THE FIFTH, THEN!"

JOURNALISTIC NEWS.—The *Standard*, having been for a long time so easily taken in (a penny a day would do it), has now at last been regularly sold. The future policy of the paper will be Protection Pearsonified.

VERY RIGHT AND PROPER.—In the recent case heard before Mr. Justice SWINFEN EADY, the "Shivering Telephone Girls" received the sympathy of EVE, who appeared for the defendant Company.

"QUICK, THY TAIBLETS, MEMORY!"

[Sir HENRY IRVING is turning his triumphant Northern tour into a veritable pageant of reminiscences. At Sunderland he remarked that his first appearance on any stage was in that town in 1856; at Dundee he confessed that, on a previous visit in 1858, he had, as *Hamlet*, drunk to the King of DENMARK in a marmalade jar. Similar incidents of his tour which have hitherto escaped the reporters are narrated below.]

RESPONDING to the toast of his health proposed by the Mayor at a banquet at Drumnadrochit last week, Sir HENRY IRVING remarked that when he was last in that enlightened town, in 1813, he played *Othello* in a company which was so poor that it could not muster even one cork with which, when burnt, to supply the dusky hue required by popular prejudice for the *Moor of Venice*. In this dilemma he had recourse to a pickled walnut which fortunately had been thrown at the lady who played *Juliet* on the preceding night.

In his reply to the gift of a silver-mounted philabeg, for which the inhabitants of the Bass Rock subscribed as a token of their admiration and esteem, Sir HENRY IRVING reminded his hearers of his first appearance in their neighbourhood as *Macbeth* in 1793, when the performance was stopped by the arrival of a message from France with news of the death of MARAT in his bath. Few actors of that day, the speaker added, could have met their end in a similar environment.

Speaking at a smoking concert at Glencoe, which he attended after the evening performance on Monday night, Sir HENRY IRVING said that he had a curious experience when he was last acting there, in 1692. Every seat was sold in advance, but by an unlucky chance (to which the theatrical profession are not less subject than any other class of human beings) it was the night of the Massacre, which proved so great an attraction that his company performed *The Tempest* to what might be called a beggarly array of empty benches.

On receiving the freedom of Bannockburn, Sir HENRY IRVING, as he picked up the casket containing the precious document, told his enraptured audience that on his first visit to the local theatre, in 1314, he had the inestimable privilege of acting with ROBERT BRUCE himself. The play was *The Silver King*, ROBERT BRUCE playing the title part and himself (the speaker) the Spider.

ON the Metropolitan Railway a firm advertises its Lime Juice in the following terms:

NO MUSTY FLAVOUR AS SUPPLIED TO HER MAJESTY.

Why this invidious distinction of persons?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FROM early life up to the closing years of the last century, the Princess CATHERINE RADZIWILL knew most people worth knowing and was a guest in many historic homes. Born in St. Petersburg, daughter of one of the oldest and most illustrious families in Poland, she married the Prince RADZIWILL, whose headquarters were at Berlin. His position and her own brought her into personal acquaintance with the late CZAR, with the old Emperor of GERMANY and the Empress AUGUSTA, with the CROWN PRINCE before and after he became Emperor, with the Empress FREDERICK, and with Lord and Lady SALISBURY, whom she visited at Hatfield. This range of acquaintance presents rare opportunity for writing an interesting book. In *My Recollections* (ISBISTER) the Princess has made the most of her chances. Thanks to her keen observation and graphic pen, there is not a dull page in the portly book. One of the most vividly written passages is that which describes her presence at the POPE'S private Mass. Her womanly touches of description of the Empress FREDERICK add much to knowledge of the lady who was, perhaps, the most gifted of Queen VICTORIA'S family. The book is made more pleasant by the absence of anything like malicious hints at old, now parted, friends. Even in the remarkable chapter of which CECIL RHODES is the hero the Princess is amazingly self-restrained. One exception, significant in its singularity, is the suspicion of spitefulness that marks references to the consort of the present CZAR. My Baronite suspects that the niece of the much appreciated Empress FREDERICK did not take kindly to the Princess RADZIWILL.

The two volumes of *The Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins, Baron Brampton* (ARNOLD) are delightful reading. To many Sir HENRY'S start in life and his early days at the Bar, of which he was destined to be so great an ornament, will be not the least interesting part of this most entertaining and instructive work. Excellent advice does it contain for commencing barristers, and very plainly expressed are Lord BRAMPTON'S opinions on everything that appears to him as faulty in practice and derogatory to the dignity of both Bench and Bar. Many improvements he, in his time, has strenuously urged, and not a few has he lived to see carried out. Diffidently in the brief preface does Lord BRAMPTON disclaim any merit for these volumes, which, his Lordship says, "is due to my very old friend RICHARD HARRIS, K.C.," who with great skill and tact, most judiciously exercised, has put together a series of anecdotes, personal recollections of events tragic, serious, or mirth-provoking, that keep the reader interested and amused from the beginning to the very last page. If Lord BRAMPTON has deputed Mr. HARRIS to write for him, it is because his lordship is satisfied with having made his mark. As with his advocacy, so with his literary work, Lord BRAMPTON, as he says of himself in conducting a case, "knows pretty well where to begin," and he also knows where to leave off. Once again to quote *Sam Weller*, who abruptly concluded his letter so that *Mary* might "wish there was more," which he considered "the great art o' letter writin'" this Wellerian dictum is applicable to Baron BRAMPTON'S *Reminiscences*, as we all "wish there was more." And perhaps one of these days there will be.

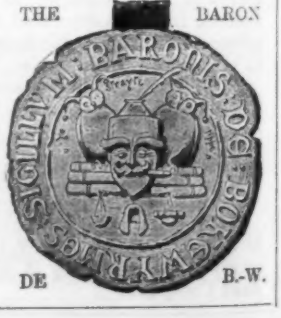
The Closed Book, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (METHUEN), opens well, but the interest gradually wanes, the narrative becomes prolix, and the action monotonous. The construction of this romance somewhat reminds the Baron of the old transpontine melodramas, in which, whenever things were going a bit slow, one frowning villain of the deepest dye and blackest wig was wont to grasp the arm of his accomplice, whose villainy and wig were of a somewhat lighter colour, and, bringing him down to the footlights, would hiss out in a hoarse whisper, audible to the smallest boy in the uttermost parts of the gallery, "Now for the gir-r-rl!" Whereupon both ruffians would steal off to mysterious music, and, flagging attention having been revived, the drama was set going again for another twenty minutes. Thus is it with this novel; and so, if any one of the Baron's trusting clients be hard up for something new to read, the Baron might prescribe a trial of this novel; otherwise he would advise him to let it remain as it is, *The Closed Book*.

Thibet having been casually added to the skirts of the Empire upon which the sun never sets, Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish a summary of a work issued six years ago under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction. The author, Monsieur GRENARD, was a member of a scientific mission to Upper Asia despatched and subsidised by an intelligent Government. *Tibet and the Tibetans* he calls the book, dropping the "h" after a manner not unfamiliar in certain social districts of London. The journey to Lhassa is graphically described, a considerable portion of the volume being devoted to an account of the manners and customs, the social and economic life, and the political conditions of Thibet. Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND has, since the original was published in Paris, added some new and startling chapters to the story. But the elder narrative, written under quite different circumstances, preserves its value, indeed has it enhanced by more recent events.

After Work (HEINEMANN), by EDWARD MARSTON, is a rather useful book of desultory reference, for those who may be specially interested in certain periods of journalism and literature. Why this book is called *After Work* the Baron fails to perceive.

The Doré Dante, in two large volumes (CASSELL & Co.), handsomely got up, is certainly what it claims to be—at the price of sixteen shillings a volume—the cheapest issue of this immortal work ever published. DORÉ'S illustrations are well known, and admiration for these wonderful creations can only be intensified by such constant and close study of them as this *édition de luxe* enables us to make.

"We cannot have too much of a good thing."—(*Extract from my Baronite's Commonplace Book.*) THACKERAY was a particularly good thing, and his memory is nowhere more warmly cherished than round The Old Mahogany Tree where he once sat and of which he sang in undying verse. It seemed at this time of day that we had garnered all possible personal memorial of the generous-hearted cynic. When out comes a little volume that bares to the eyes of the present generation his inward nature in its simplicity and strength—the gentle heart and the caustic tongue. Disclosure is made in the form of *Letters to an American Family* (SMITH, ELDER). THACKERAY made the acquaintance of the BAXTERS fifty-two years ago, when he went to the United States on his first lecturing tour. The friendship, promptly formed, was kept up through correspondence to the year of his death. The letters, rattled off in divers places at odd quarters of an hour, more fully disclose the nature of the man than might a painstaking biography.



A PAIR OF PANTOUMS.

I.—PESSIMISTIC.

THE trivial round, the common task
I sing; 'tis not a lofty theme:
It doesn't furnish all I ask,
I hold it not in high esteem.

I sing ('tis not a lofty theme)
The life of somethings in the city:
I hold it not in high esteem,
And yet it suits this kind of ditty.

The life of somethings in the city,
'Tis nothing either strange or new,
And yet it suits this kind of ditty;
It may not quite appeal to you.

'Tis nothing either strange or new:—
Cold bath at some unearthly hour
(It may not quite appeal to you,
'Tis apt to make the temper sour)—

Cold bath at some unearthly hour,
A sadly unsuccessful shave,—
'Tis apt to make the temper sour.
A missing stud: that makes me rave.

A sadly unsuccessful shave,
The booming of the breakfast gong,
A missing stud: that makes me rave,
The scheme of things is surely wrong.

The booming of the breakfast gong,
A hasty, ill-digested meal;
The scheme of things is surely wrong;
A mutineer at heart I feel.

A hasty, ill-digested meal,
A rush to catch my morning train;
A mutineer at heart I feel,
I curse the sad November rain.

A rush to catch my morning train,—
I must cut short this harrowing tale;
I curse the sad November rain,
I curse, but what will that avail?

I must cut short this harrowing tale;
The trivial round, the common task
I curse. But what will that avail?
It doesn't furnish all I ask.

II.—OPTIMISTIC.

November 's a capital time,
Whatever the poets may say;
Away with your querulous rhyme,
I 'm off with the beagles to-day.

Whatever the poets may say,
The best runs I ever remember
(I 'm off with the beagles to-day)
Have mostly occurred in November.

The best runs I ever remember
(The scent will be splendid, I know it)
Have mostly occurred in November:
A fig for your pessimist poet!

The scent will be splendid, I know it:
Just look at the dew on the grass.
A fig for your pessimist poet,
Your poet is mostly an ass.

Just look at the dew on the grass,
Just look at the tints of the trees:
Your poet is mostly an ass—
Sniff up the soft westerly breeze.

Just look at the tints of the trees:
Even now do you think I am wrong?
Sniff up the soft westerly breeze,
Here 's true inspiration for song.

Even now do you think I am wrong?
Is there anything fairer in spring?
Here 's true inspiration for song,
If you really feel called on to sing.

Is there anything fairer in spring?
"But the fogs . . ." Your suggestion I spurn,
If you really feel called on to sing,
Give the joys of November a turn.

"But the fogs . . ." Your suggestion I spurn,
What I 've said I reiterate here
Give the joys of November a turn,
It 's by far the best month in the year.

What I 've said I reiterate here,
November 's a capital time,
It 's by far the best month in the year;
Away with your querulous rhyme!



MOTTOES; OR, "WHO 'S WHO?" No. 2.—HUNTING.

MRS. PRETTYPHAT. FAMILY MOTTO—"*MEDICI JUSSU.*"

AN APPEAL.—"*We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves.*" Passengers are respectfully requested to stop the car as seldom as possible, especially when going up an incline. The re-starting is a great strain on the machinery.—*A Lover of Motors.*

"RUSSIAN RESERVISTS."—The officers who have given their account, so far, as to the North Sea outrage.

THE FREE CHURCH CRISIS.
BIG Frees have Wee Frees
Upon their backs to bite 'em.

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF AN ALTRUIST.

[In an article in the *Daily Mail* under the title "How to go to sleep," Mr. EUSTACE MILES, after touching on some of the more popular physical devices for inducing slumber, recommends that one should not allow one's meditations to be "self-circumferenced," but should "send out thoughts for the health of others." Composed, in all probability, during the night-watches, the KAISER's telegram to President ROOSEVELT, containing a prayer, couched in Latin, for his moral health, furnishes the most recent public example of this benevolent and non-egoistic attitude.]

WHEN the hours of day are ended,
And the stars are overhead,
And your figure lies extended
On a sanitary bed;
When you sample all specifics
From the latest sleeping tract,
And the footling soporifics
Fail to act;—

When, to soothe the veins that beat in
Your ebullient head, you hold
(Turn and turn about) your feet in
Tubs of water, hot and cold;
When you irrigate your seething
Temples with a garden hose,
Or adopt a rhythmic breathing
Through the nose;—

When you check a flock that hustles,
Sheep by sheep, across a stile,
Or relax your facial muscles
In a large and fatuous smile;
When you eat a raw cucumber
With an onion sliced in oil,
Yet no faintest sign of slumber
Crowns your toil;—

When you 've run through every poem
Learned verbatim long ago,
And recalled, from JEROBOAM,
Israel's monarchs in a row;
When, in fact, you 've vainly tested
All the known hypnotic wiles,
Are you beaten, are you bested,
Mr. MILES?

Do you rise in your pyjamas
(Natural wool throughout) and pore
Over IBSEN's earlier dramas
Till you ultimately snore?
Short of this, or HOMER's *Iliad*
In the undiluted Greek,
Have you else no balm in Gilead,
So to speak?

Yes! you turn your thoughts to others
Far beyond the selfish zone,
To a world of men and brothers
With digestions not your own;
There your heart goes gently stealing
(That's the true narcotic spell!)
And you trust that they are feeling
Pretty well.

Noble fellow! I salute your
Altruistic frame of mind,
And, if in the immediate future
Sleep forsake the undersigned,
I shall pray, in KAISER's Latin,
For a fleet (which Heaven preserve!)
Just at present rather flat in
Point of nerve.

I shall wish those wobbly Russians
Better health of eye and brain,
And to 'scape from fresh concussions
With the monsters of the main,
I shall send across the foam a
Prayer for each afflicted crew,
And I 'm sure a state of coma
Must ensue.

O. S.

GUILDHALL AND AFTER.

THE LORD MAYOR'S procession was not favoured with the most perfect weather. This was regrettable, as in its arrangement it had gone back to old familiar forms, when the "showman" element was its great feature. One car alone kept up the ancient tradition, and certainly—in the exhibition of "a car whereon one of the supers" (according to the *Times* account) "carried a picture of a woman which was intended," as the bearer of it explained in reply to a gibe from someone in the crowd, "to be a likeness of his grandmother"—the original idea invented by *Mrs. Jarley* for the triumphal entry of her Waxworks Exhibition into a provincial town was copied to the very life. In spite of the day, the Show was successful, and the popularity of the new LORD MAYOR was made very evident by the heartiness of the reception accorded him.

The Banquet was a grand affair on the old lines, but great speakers were absent, and Lord LANSDOWNE's matter-of-fact statement concerning our North Sea difficulty with Russia was listened to with respectful attention, but without much heartiness of appreciation. Evidently there was a depth in the deep-sea fishery question which, as everyone felt, was not yet plumbed.

The other speeches were perfunctory, and added nothing to Guildhall gaiety. The nearest approach to a light touch in the heavy speeches was when somebody, perhaps it was the light Lord Chancellor, alluded to Lord Mayor POUND as the Sovereign of the city. But the audience didn't rise to the witticism, and it passed with scarcely what the reporters would enter in brackets as "a laugh."

The eloquence was not up to the brilliancy of the ancient Guildhall. But the turtle sustained its ancient civic reputation.

Not the least pleasant feature of the Lord Mayor's Banquet is that the next day one hundred and fifty of the deserving poor get their desserts and their dinners, as, so the *Times* informs us, "sufficient had been left to provide each recipient with several substantial meals in meat, poultry, game, and sweets." As neither wine nor turtle is mentioned in this category, it may be presumed that of these there were no contingent remainders. But even without these extra luxuries, such a finish to a feast is highly satisfactory. Long live our LORD MAYOR, and may our Corporation never be less!

AVE, CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS.

["I now bid you all good-bye for ever. Port Arthur will be my grave."—*General Stössel's message to the Czar.*]

WE slept and ate and drank
And rose to play;
He cheered each patient rank
Which stood at bay,
Uplifting hearts that sank—
The hero's way.

No pause, the summer through,
In that fierce strife,
Each day, each night anew
He gave his life,
With, close beside him, you,
Heroic wife.

We sleep and eat and drink,
And rise to play,
You on the deadly brink
Each night, each day,
Still comfort hearts that sink—
The woman's way.

Here glows the fire-lit room
When night is nigh,
There, on the edge of doom
Content to die,
Together in the gloom
You say good-bye.

TOY BOOKS.

ON reading the advertisement of a recent publication, *Toy Dogs: Their Points and Management in Health and Disease*, by F. T. BARTON, M.R.C.V.S., an Old Lowther Arcadian writes to say that he trusts that the other toys will have a like service rendered them, and suggests that some of the next volumes in the series should be as follows:

1. *The Monkey on a Stick:* How to treat him for sore feet.
2. *Leaden Soldiers:* Their Management in Warfare, with Chapter on Soldering by a Master Plumber.
3. *A Monograph on Eye Treatment for Wax Dolls.*
4. *Wooden Horses:* How to set broken Legs. With special Chapter by an eminent R.A. on how to transform a Chestnut to a Piebald.

A Brief Change of Air.

SIDMOUTH (South Devon).—For two or three minutes, from first week in November, furnished house.—*Advt. in "The Lady."*



AVE, CÆSAR!

(Dedicated to the gallant defender of Port Arthur.)

["The honour of the Russian Eagles is untarnished, and to avoid further bloodshed humanity desires with one accord the surrender of the heroic remnants of the garrison."—*Times, November* 12.]





A BIG PILL.

"What is it, my Pet?"
"Oh, Mum—Mummy—I dreamt I'd sw-swallowed myself. Have I?"

LEGS AND THE MAN.

[*The Clarion* scents class distinction in the "knee-breeches for evening wear" movement.]

We have fought the fight of freedom for the masses,
We have won a hundred triumphs in the past,
Till the Upper Ten, assembled
In their marbled halls, have trembled
At the echo of *The Clarion's* silver blast.
We refused to differentiate the classes
By distinctions which are nothing but a fluke,
And our very souls have revelled
When we saw them fairly levelled,
And the waiter being taken for the Duke.

In the blessed state of nature men are brothers,
Every one of them as good as all the rest,
And the mighty empire-maker
Is no better than the baker—
Each is just a straddling radish till he 's drest.
'Tis in clothes that one man differs from the others,
And we thought the day of tyranny was done,
For in evening dress at present
Who can pick out peer from peasant?
Prince and pauper in their swallow-tails are one.

But the forces of reaction re-awaken,
And the Dukes are on the war-path once again;
They resent to seem no greater
Than the ordinary waiter,
They are wild to find their glories on the wane.
They have sworn an end to trousers; they have shaken
Both the pillars of democracy, and swear,
Though there 's nothing else to show them,
By their breeches ye shall know them,
For they 'll swagger in the costliest of wear.

Shall we take it lying down? Are we to suffer,
And without a word of murmuring endure
While the vulgar man of riches
Flaunts his silk and satin breeches
In the faces of the humbly-trousered poor?
O my brothers, it is clear to any duffer
Aristocracy is hatching some vile plot.
Let us raise our ancient war-cry,
And as in the days of yore cry—
Banish breeches, brothers! *Vivent les Sans-culottes!*

The Kilties.—This band having achieved popularity, the question as to whether they are to be included in any concert takes the form of "Kiltie or not Kiltie?" and a jury of musicians decides.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

III.—THE CRICKET CLUB CONCERT.

I.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

DEAR LADY BIRD,—It will give so much pleasure in the village if you could see your way to carry out a promise which you very kindly made in the summer, and be the moving spirit in the concert which is to be held on the 19th for the Cricket Club. With the many well-known artistes whom you expressed yourself able to induce to perform, the concert cannot but be an unqualified success, and the new roller assured to us.

I might say that the names of Miss ELLALINE TERRISS and Miss ADA REEVE, whom you felt confident of getting, when placed before the Cricket Club Committee elicited the warmest enthusiasm. So also did that of Mr. CHARLES (or was it GEORGE?) ROBEY.

Believe me, dear Lady BIRD,
Yours sincerely, CÆSAR DEAR.

II.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am sorry that engagements keep me in town, as I should have liked to have talked this concert over with you. I will certainly manage it; but I have a feeling—mere instinct, perhaps, rather than reason, but I always trust my instinct implicitly, and have never known it fail me: indeed, all my troubles have come from want of faith in it—that to get London performers would be a mistake. After all, this is a village concert, and the rustics will feel much more at home if the performers are their own people. Will you therefore send me a few names of singers in the neighbourhood to whom I can write? You will be glad to hear that I have prevailed on Sir JULIAN to tell some stories of Big Game shooting in Nigeria, and my cousin Captain IDE has promised to imitate Sir HENRY IRVING. My own contribution will be a share in a little French duologue.

Yours sincerely, MILLIE BIRD.

III.

Lady Bird to Mr. Hall-Hall.

Lady BIRD having undertaken, at the request of Dr. DEAR, to get up the concert on the 17th, she would be enchanted to learn that Mr. HALL-HALL would be willing to give one of his delightful recitations. Mr. HALL-HALL will be glad to hear that Sir JULIAN has promised to deliver a short address on his experiences with Big Game in Nigeria.

IV.

Mr. Hall-Hall to Lady Bird.

Mr. HALL-HALL presents his compliments to Lady BIRD and will be very glad to assist in the concert on the 17th. He does not, however, recite, as Lady BIRD seems to think, but sings bass.

V.

Lady Bird to Miss Effie Plumber.

Lady BIRD presents her compliments to Miss EFFIE PLUMBER and would be very glad if she would sing at the Cricket Club Concert on the 17th. Lady BIRD recently heard a very attractive song called "*Sammy*," which she would recommend to Miss PLUMBER's notice. Lady BIRD herself intends to take part in a short French duologue, and Sir JULIAN will give the audience the benefit of his Big Game experiences in Nigeria.

VI.

Miss Effie Plumber to Lady Bird.

Miss EFFIE PLUMBER presents her compliments to Lady BIRD, and begs to say that she will be pleased to sing at the Cricket Club Concert on the 17th. Miss EFFIE PLUMBER thanks Lady BIRD for her suggestion, but she is in the habit of singing "*The Lost Chord*" and "*Jerusalem*" on these occasions, with, for an encore, "*Daddy*," and she cannot see any reason for departing from custom.

VII.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

DEAR LADY BIRD,—Chancing to meet Miss PLUMBER this morning, I find that she is under the impression that she is to sing for us on the 17th. I hasten to correct this misapprehension, if it is also yours, because the date is the 19th. I am, dear Lady BIRD, Yours sincerely,
CÆSAR DEAR.

VIII.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—Owing to the very unfortunate way in which you made the figure 9 in your first letter about the concert, I took it for a 7, and have asked every one for the 17th. Will you therefore change the date to that night?

Yours sincerely,
MILLIE BIRD.

IX.

The Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

MY DEAR LADY BIRD,—I regret exceedingly the ambiguity in the numeral. My writing is usually considered so clear. I regret also that the alteration of the date to the 17th is impossible, for several reasons. I have no doubt, however, that you will be able to get most of those who are helping us to come on the 19th, and to find among your great circle of friends and acquaintance others to take the place of the one or two that cannot. I should like to have a complete list of names as soon as possible. Believe me, dear Lady BIRD, Yours sincerely,
CÆSAR DEAR.

X.

Lady Bird to Mr. Hall-Hall.

Lady BIRD presents her compliments to Mr. HALL-HALL and regrets to say that owing to a mistake of the Rector's the date of the concert was given in her letter as the 17th instead of the 19th. She trusts that the change of evening will make no difference to Mr. HALL-HALL, and that he will still favour the company with one of his charming recitations. Did Lady BIRD say in her previous letter that Sir JULIAN was intending to relate some of his experiences with Big Game?

XI.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

DEAR RECTOR,—I am very sorry that you will not alter the date. This luckless piece of illegible writing of yours may ruin the whole evening. As my uncle the Archbishop used to say, "Great events often have the smallest beginnings." But now that the date is the 19th for certain, it must not be changed, and we must do what we can. Perhaps the most unfortunate thing is that, on a little capricious impulse, I decided after all that a slight leaven of the real thing might be good, and asked Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mrs. BROWN POTTER for the 17th, and both promised, saying that that night was the only one that was free to them for months and months. This is truly the irony of fate. At present all I can count on is Sir JULIAN's Big Game stories, which promise to be very interesting, especially as he is taking lessons in elocution; Captain IDE's imitations of Sir HENRY IRVING; my own share in a little French duologue; and a few local efforts, including one of your friend Mr. HALL-HALL's recitations. (Not "Ostler JOE," I hope!) Yours sincerely,
MILLIE BIRD.

XII.

Telegram from the Rev. Cæsar Dear to Lady Bird.

Am altering date to seventeenth to secure COFFIN and POTTER. DEAR.

XIII.

Telegram from Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

Do not alter date. Have just heard both COFFIN and POTTER uncertain. No reliance on artistic temperament.
BIRD.

XIV.

Mr. Hall-Hall to Lady Bird.

Mr. HALL-HALL presents his compliments to Lady BIRD, and regrets that he will be unable to assist in the concert on the 19th by reason of an old engagement. Mr. HALL-HALL begs again to assure Lady BIRD that he does not recite, but sings bass.

XV.

Lady Bird to the Rev. Cæsar Dear.

MY DEAR RECTOR,—I am exceedingly sorry, but the responsibility of this concert has worn me to such an extent that Sir JULIAN insists on our leaving at once for the Riviera. Ever since the discovery of that unfortunate slip of yours in the date I have felt the strain. I am one of those who cannot take things lightly. I am either all fire or quite cold. I have been all fire for your concert and its dear charitable object, and the result is that I am worn out, consumed. Wreck, though, that I am, I would persevere with it to the end if Sir JULIAN would allow it; but he is a rock. I therefore enclose all the correspondence on the subject, which will show you how the case stands, and make it very easy for you to complete the arrangements. All the hard work is done.

Believe me, with all good wishes, yours sincerely, MILLIE BIRD.

P.S.—Sir JULIAN is having his Big Game reminiscences type-written for you to read to the audience. They are most thrilling. I have instructed GRANT to send down the lion-skin hearth-rug for the evening. It should be hung over a chair so that the two bullet-holes show.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

REPORTS of the uninterrupted series of triumphs achieved by Professor BILGER during his tour round the world continue to reach his agent, Herr GOGO BERLITZ. In Nigeria the Professor was positively mobbed by the Yorubas, and presented by their chief with an ambidextrous chimpanzee, who has since evinced extraordinary aptitude for the pianola. On Professor BILGER'S reaching the Solomon Islands a grand corroboree was organised in his honour, at which the hero of the hour was pelted with yams and other honorific missiles, and given the native title of Pomaluka Tarabomba, or "the long-haired lightning-fingered chief." Herr BERLITZ is further authorised to contradict the rumour that Professor BILGER has adopted the polygamous habits of his hosts, or that his son, by way of protest, has changed his name to BULGER.

Another client of Herr BERLITZ'S, Madame CARLOTTA KLUMBUNGUS, met with a romantic accident the other day while travelling on the Underground. On arrival in a Circle train at Portland Road Station, on her way to fulfil an engagement at the Zoological Gardens, Madame KLUMBUNGUS missed a priceless diamond-hilted watch, presented to her by the Sultan of the Canary Islands. Inquiries were made, and ultimately the watch was found on the footboard of the same train at the same station, after it had made a complete round of the Inner Circle. The fortunate discoverer of the watch, a railway porter named HERBERT WORPLE, has been presented by its grateful owner with a panel portrait of herself in the national costume of the Canary Islands.

Mlle. CHRISTINE FABOLA, the new vegetarian soprano, will give her first recital at the Mixolydian Hall on Tuesday evening next at 8.30 P.M. A special feature of the programme will be the performance of "*With Verdure Clad*" by the concert-giver, with *obbligato* accompaniment on the plasmophone by Fräulein MILKA PROTENE. Miss PAMELA PIM has kindly consented to give her humorous sketch, *Nut Cutlets*.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. ANDREW JUBB, the distinguished musical critic, at the age of seventy-six. Mr. JUBB, who was originally brought up to the hardware trade, used to utter the proud boast that he had never sat out a WAGNER opera, and to the day of his death never succeeded in distinguishing BRAHMS from BRAHAM. It was he also who made the famous retort to the amateur who asked him if he liked CORELLI'S music: "I've read all her novels, but I never knew she was a composer before." Mr. JUBB, who wrote for two dailies and seven provincial papers, used to bathe daily in the Serpentine until he was past seventy, and always drank claret-cup for lunch, winter and summer.

Dr. KRUMBASCHER, the famous Illyrian pianist, has just returned to Volo after a successful tour in the United States, during which he played 294 times in public, composed variations on "*Yankee Doodle*," and was received into the Mormon Church at Salt Lake City. Dr. KRUMBASCHER, who is an ardent philatelist, has been a teetotaller from birth, and is the youngest of nine brothers, none of whom weighs more than fourteen stone.



INNOCENTS IN THE CITY.

Mrs. Fitznoodle (evidently not well versed in the delicacies of a Guildhall feast). "FREDDY, DEAR, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT *IS* THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'CALIPASH' AND 'CALIPEE'?"

Colonel Fitznoodle (hesitating, and looking round for an answer). "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. EXACTLY THE DIFFERENCE THERE IS BETWEEN 'GOG' AND 'MAGOG'!"

THE PROSPECT KING.

(An Interview of the Near Future.)

["American millionaires have now a new fad . . . they are planning and bringing about by the potent influence of their gold nothing less than the bodily removal of certain European landscapes."—*"Chronicle," San Francisco.*]

"YES," I was informed, on presenting my credentials at the Hôtel Sybarite, "Mr. SPLOSCHMACHER was in, and would see me." And, shortly afterwards, I was ushered into the palatial suite of apartments which Mr. PYTHAGORAS K. SPLOSCHMACHER retains, at an enormous annual rental, for his usage during his brief and very occasional visits to our metropolis.

It was difficult to realise at first that the spare, almost homely individual in the frock-coat and wispy black necktie, with the rugged features and stubbly beard and moustache, whom I found lunching unpretentiously upon a charcoal biscuit and a wineglassful of barley-water, was the famous American multi-trillionaire, whose energy and resources have enabled his native country to boast that all the most celebrated scenery of the Old World is now transported to the more appreciative soil of Columbia.

"What was it first led me to think of collecting scenery?" said Mr. PYTHAGORAS SPLOSCHMACHER, repeating my inquiry thoughtfully. "Well, it was pretty much of an accident. As a business man, I'd no time, naturally, to devote any particular study to the subject. In fact, when I began, I don't hardly believe I knew one end of a view from the other! It was all along of my daughter that I came to take it up as a regular hobby. She was a poetically-minded girl, at that period, and she got a sort of hankering to see the cragged and castled Rhine. Perhaps I should tell you that, though I am an American citizen and proud of the fact, my ancestors were originally of German extraction, which possibly accounted for it. Well, the trouble with my daughter was she was about the poorest sailor I ever see— the mere sight of an ordinary rocking-chair would set her heaving! She could not be induced to cross the Atlantic Ocean—not even to behold the Rhine—and yet you could see the child was fretting herself to a rag for a sight of that romantic stream with its numerous legendary associations.

"So, as she couldn't be got to the Rhine, it occurred to me that the Rhine—or, at all events, a characteristic section of the same—might be got to *her*, and I went into the thing from a practical point of view. I got a few scenery experts to give me some pointers as to which part of the river was considered the most representatively picturesque—and then I waltzed in with a business offer to the proper local authorities. As I surmised, it turned out to be merely a matter of dollars; they don't seem to have any use for their old peaks and things nowadays—except to set up factory chimneys upon—so I was able to purchase both banks, from Bacharach to Boppard inclusive, comprising the island of Pfalz, the Loreleyfelsen, and several highly interesting mediæval ruins, complete, with a sufficient consignment of real Rhine water to supply the section, at a considerably lower figure than I anticipated. I let them keep the railway track along each side, which was all *they* were anxious about. Of course the problem was getting it all safely home, and having it set up in its original condition in my own grounds. There were some mistakes. I can see that now. Owing to incorrect lettering, the remains of Rheinfels were re-erected on the wrong side of the river, while the castle of Sterrenberg got dumped down on the island of Pfalz, whose own tower unfortunately got mislaid altogether—but my dear daughter was just as pleased, not knowing the difference. She said she guessed there wasn't one of America's most pampered daughters ever received a bullier birthday present!

"Well, that was the start—the nucleus, so to speak. Dating from that little birthday gift, I became kind of inoculated with the collecting virus. I read up guide-books and scenery manuals, and whenever I came across a Europian landscape highly mentioned by competent judges I'd send my agent around with instructions to secure the article the moment it came into the market.

"Likely you're aware that I am now the sole proprietor of the celebrated French forest of Fontainebleau, with the adjoining château or pleasure palace of the French monarchs? Yes, Sir, all those majestic sylvan giants, together with an assortment of rocks said to be unique, were carefully numbered and transported in specially constructed vessels to our side of the herring-pond, and set up in a spare back lot of mine, where they may now be inspected, on production of visiting-card and certificate of respectability, every Fourth of July!

"I've my representatives now in every part of the Europian Continent, engaged exclusively in picking up prime portions of the picturesque. I never know what I've purchased till it's unpacked. I shouldn't wonder if I didn't find time to examine most of them—but still, I've the satisfaction of knowing I haven't let a good thing slip through my fingers!

"Not but what," continued Mr. SPLOSCHMACHER, "I haven't had my disappointments. There was Tivoli, now. I should have dearly loved to have acquired Tivoli, with the temple of the Sibyl, falls and appurtenances, as a going concern, and I'd put the contract through with the Syndic and all—but it was not to be!

"If you'll believe me, a benighted and despotic Government stepped in at the last moment and declined to allow Tivoli to leave the Italian dominions!

"And I don't consider I was any better treated over the Jungfrau either. I bought that mountain for my boys, so as they should get some rock-climbing, which they're partial to, without having to travel for it. And, though they did make me pay pretty considerable for such fixtures as railroads, I got it cheap enough. But, when I came to estimate the time it would require to take that peak down and re-erect it on American soil, Sir, I began to realise that, before it was fit for use and occupation, my boys would be a deal too elderly to get any appreciable enjoyment out of it, and I was glad to cancel the purchase on forfeiture of the deposit. Those Swiss officials are smart men, Sir, and that's a fact!

"Do I intend to acquire any of your English scenery now I'm over here? Well, I can't say for certain. I've made an offer for Stratford-on-Avon as it stands, because I reckon the purchase would be generally appreciated by my fellow-countrymen, who would like to feel that what remains of it will be preserved from further vandalisms. But I doubt it's scarcely worth the outlay—being by now more of a curiosity than a genuine antiquity.

"If you've got such a thing left as a typical English lake which isn't being utilised as a service tank, or suffering from an extensive deposit of your national two-storied villa-residences, I don't know as I mightn't secure it—just for its rarity—but I want to know where I'm to *find* it first!

"The views from Richmond Hill and Hampstead Heath have been a good deal cracked up, I allow, and my agents have been in treaty for one or the other—but as soon as I came to inspect them myself I cried off. I'm not purchasing any landscapes with jerry-built foregrounds to them. Not much!

"Do I find my acquisitions have made me at all unpopular on the Continent? Why no, I haven't observed the fact. My experience is that the majority of the residents, after some unrivalled stretch of their local scenery has been shipped off to the United States, do not notice any particular difference. You see, a love for scenery is an acquired taste—it comes, as you may say, with Culture. If any inhabitant sets a money value on the view, it's a consolation to him to feel he's got the money in his pocket. . . . Besides, he's bound to

lose his prospect sooner or later, owing to the increase of commercial enterprise—in which case he knows he wouldn't have got a red cent in compensation. No, I reckon I 'm an all-round benefactor.

"I tell you, Sir, if it wasn't for Me, the next generation of Europian citizens wouldn't begin to have any idea what their world-famous scenery used to be before it was all laid out in building lots!" F. A.

CHARIVARIA.

THE new edition of *Great Inventors* is to be embellished with a "cut" of Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY.

"Owing to the various conflicting orders given to Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY," says the *Daily Express*, "his may be described as the 'Don't-know-where Fleet.'" Fortunately few persons have availed themselves of this permission.

The Army Council has decided that henceforth recruits may be accepted with artificial teeth "upon their undertaking to maintain them in serviceable condition." The kit inspection of the future will undoubtedly gain in picturesqueness when, here and there, among the other articles placed upon the ground, a well pipe-clayed set of teeth appears.

The Poplar Union, in an endeavour to become still more so, has abolished the word "pauper" in connection with the institution. It has not transpired what expression is to take its place, but we trust that it has been appreciated that a stigma attaches to the word "millionaire" also.

An election leaflet issued by the Free Fooders makes the following gruesome statement:—"The value of boots consumed in the United Kingdom last year amounted to £41,000,000." This accounts for many an exceptionally tough steak.

With a view to allaying the alarm caused by the frequent ignition of motor omnibuses, we are requested to state that in no instance, so far, have the passengers been more than slightly singed.

Face-smacking has come into fashion again in the French Chamber of Deputies.

The New York man who wagered that, if President ROOSEVELT were not re-elected, he would let his hair grow until 1908 fortunately won. We have met musicians who made similar bets, and unhappily lost.

Let War take a lesson from Peace. President ROOSEVELT gained his great victory with a loss of only thirteen lives.

The present attitude of the Russian newspapers to this country is said to be due to our taunts that the Russians could only act on the defensive. They wish to show that they are also masters of the offensive.

We all know that Americans can lick creation. It therefore came as no surprise when Mr. ALEXANDER, the leader of the revivalists now in this country, informed an interviewer that his arms had become like iron from beating time.

According to a Blue-book on differential duties which has just been issued, asses once paid duty. There was not always a Passive Resistance movement.

The young lady who represented Britannia on the summit of the allegorical car in the Lord Mayor's Show received, it has transpired, a fee of fifteen shillings, a bottle of lemonade, and a Melton Mowbray pie. Her dignified bearing was due, we understand, to the bottle of lemonade.

THE "WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC" ONCE MORE.—"The Earl of LONDESBOROUGH has intimated to the tenants on his Scoreby Estate, near York, and his Tathwell and Hallington domains, in North Lincolnshire, that he is about to have them put up for sale by auction."—*The Standard.*

THE CZAR has described the Baltic Fleet as a "dear squadron." This is surely but a modest estimate of its extraordinarily expensive tastes.

FEARS have been expressed that Admiral ROJDESTVENSKY, on finding the Equator across his path, will fire on that imaginary object.



UNNECESSARY QUESTIONS.

Lady (with gun). "AM I HOLDING THE THING RIGHT?"



A FAILURE.

Farmer. "WELL, GEORGE, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ON THAT THERE BICYCLE AS YOU BOUGHT LATELY."

George. "NO, FARMER. HE BEAN'T NO GOOD TO I. HE *CAN'T* FIND HIS WAY 'OME, AN' HE *WON'T* CARRY CIDER!"

MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

"LOOK here, young Tenweeks, toe the line, will you!" ejaculated Twoyears from the other end of the slowly-moving perambulator; "you begin by unexpectedly monopolising the better half of my mail-cart, and end by kicking me in the sash."

"I'm sorry—but it's really not my fault," returned the other in a moody whimper. "If I draw my knees up further towards my chin they'll immediately give me dill-water, as you may remember from your own experience; —if not too far back."

"Dill-water—dear, dear!" said Twoyears, somewhat mollified, "what youthful memories that name recalls! So you don't like it either?"

"It has its uses," replied Tenweeks, "but as a universal remedy it is overrated. Dill-water cannot cure the consequences of an unlatched safety-pin, the trials of the toilet, or the suffocation which results from a tight neck-string, yet it is freely administered for all these complaints."

"But why take it? You should do a choke every time—that's the tip."

"I've tried that," returned the infant morosely, "and now they mix it in my bottle."

"Well, I can't advise you not to take *that*, my young friend," said Twoyears, with a dimpling smile; "and to judge from the commotion at your end of the nursery before meals it wouldn't be much use if I did."

"As for that, don't misunderstand me," said Tenweeks. "It is not my own internal requirements that irritate me so much as the servants' gross unpunctuality. I have never had a meal yet without having to call for it repeatedly."

"So I've noticed," replied Twoyears. "Fortunately I've left all that behind me, being at the bread, gravy and spoon stage myself."

"But do you get enough?"

"Never; though by playing 'bow-wow' round the table one may often extract a little something from an appreciative Auntie."

"Don't mention Aunties—they'll be the death of me!" exclaimed the other bitterly. "It's a pity they can't employ their time better than by making more things to tie round my neck—as if I hadn't got enough already. Too little to eat, too much to wear—that's my grievance. What was yours last night, by the way? I fancy I heard you at some length."

"Oh yes, I did make things hum a bit. They're trying to break me of going to sleep with my comforter in my mouth, but as I have no intention of relinquishing it now, or at any future time, I am prepared to protest till all's blue—myself included."

"I noticed the man came up eventually, and insisted on your having it."

"The man?—that's father! He's not a bad sort when you know him. 'Anything for peace' is his motto; besides, he's always sucking a comforter himself—one of those queer-shaped ones that leave such a penetrating smell behind them."

"But what curiously ineffective beings these fathers seem to be, though," remarked Tenweeks. "He picked me up once. Great Bibs and Tie-ups! I thought my back had gone."

"Ah, but you'll find they become less helpless as you grow older and can take them about a bit. And talking of tie-ups I don't understand why yours are yellow, while mine, as far as I can remember, were red."

Tenweeks paused a moment before replying, then said significantly, "Far be it from me to infer why yours were red. Mine are yellow, to match my hair."

Twoyears stiffened, then said with a puzzled smile, "Your *what*?"

"My hair," replied the infant defensively.

"Which is that?" inquired the other, and went off into a gurgle of laughter.

Hurt beyond measure, Tenweeks replied by resuming the position objected to at the beginning of the dialogue. Twoyears pushed him back roughly, and received a sharp tap on the shoulder from a white-thread-gloved hand, which deserted the handle at the back for that purpose. A howl arose from either end of the mail-cart, and, comforters being promptly applied, further conversation was rendered impossible.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 16, 1904.



OUR GUNLESS ARMY.

Mr. Bull. "WHERE ARE THESE QUICK-FIRING GUNS I WAS PROMISED *AGES* AGO? I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT 'EM."

President of the Committee of National Defence. "QUITE SO. QUITE SO. BUT OUR FIRST CONSIDERATION IS THE BUDGET."

[In spite of the undertaking given by Mr. Arnold-Forster as to the re-arming of the artillery with quick-firing guns of the new pattern, only about one-twentieth of this equipment has at present been supplied. See recent articles in the *St. James's Gazette*.]

THE SAN CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

New opera based (and tenor'd) on old play. Better perhaps for both works had composer Cilea shown his Calabrian calibre in an original libretto and not listened to the voice of the writer Signor A. Colautti, write he never so nicely. However 'tis done, and this "Lyrical Drama" (why not simply "Opera"?) "based on Scribe and Legouvé's play", and version'd in English "as she is writ" by Percy Pinkerton, was presented to an English audience by the San Carlist Company, under Mr. Russell's direction, at Covent Garden on Tuesday 8th, eve of Lord Mayor's Day as also of His Gracious Majesty's Birthday. These two Eves should be the best of English fairy godmothers to *Mlle. Adrienne* (preferable to "*Adriana*") *Lecouvreur*.

To convey to others a first and correct impression of this new work we should say that the music is pretty throughout, though there is scarcely one number of any note (so to speak) of which we can rob the opera by taking it away with us. A very tuneful piece was encored in the Second Act, and the opera in its entirety was received enthusiastically by a well-filled, if not packed (of course we do not mean an "artfully packed") house. Certainly we could hear it again with pleasure, and extracts from it may achieve popularity.

The opera was most effectively placed on the stage, both as regards scenery and costumes, especially that of Madame de Cisneros, who looked strikingly handsome as *La Princessa di Bouillon*, and worthily divided the honours with Madame Giachetti in the grand duet of the Second Act between the *Princessa* and *Adrienne*. Madame Giachetti as the heroine was charming, both vocally and histrionically. Signor Anselmi played better than he sang, as he seemed to be lacking in that touch of sympathy which the part requires. Signor Sammarco as *Michonnet* and Signor Paroli as *L'Abate di Chazeuil* (rather difficult to recognise the portrait of *L'Abbé de Choiseul* painted in Italian oils) acquitted themselves artistically as vocalists, and fairly well as histrions.

As *Il Principe di Bouillon* (which sounds to the ignorant as if he had obtained his title through writing a treatise on the essence of beef-stewing) Signor Angelini Fornari was as satisfying as a good *bouillon* ought to be. The ballet in Act III. is a dance of no particular importance. Everyone was called by the call-boy, and all the principals by the audience, who then vociferously cheered Signor Campanini for his admirable conduct in the chair (in the orchestra), and gave the composer a thoroughly hearty and most gratifying reception. The *entr'actes* were too long, which is always dangerous, especially at a *première*.

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend—beware however of his prescriptions.

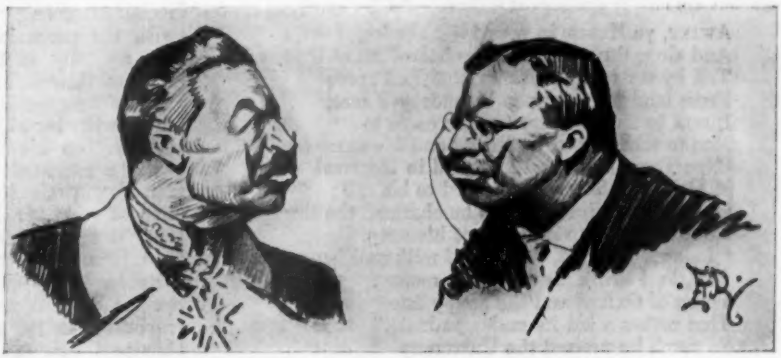
The love of our own country should be implanted early or the climate will win.

There are lots of compliments that a woman thinks bad form; they are paid to the others.

Labour overcometh all things, except the capitalist.

He lives longest that is awake most hours, but he yawns a good deal.

To a brave man every soil is his country; that accounts for our colonies.



KINDRED SPIRITS OF THE "STRENUOUS LIFE."

(The Kaiser and President Roosevelt.)

MR. SQUEERS ON THE EMOTIONS.

[A reviewer in the *Yorkshire Post*, *à propos* of a recently-published volume, the theme of which is the poet's grief for the loss of his mother, remarks:—"Had the poem been inspired by love for a woman lost ere wed, or for a passionately-beloved wife dead in her prime, such an expression of ferocious sorrow might have been accepted as not absolute madness. But when used concerning one's mother—well!"]

Oh, Brother Bards, who make your griefs the subject for a sonnet,
And when your heart is broken write an elegy upon it,
Who mourn (perhaps) a parent or some other near relation,
Be careful to express yourselves with fitting moderation.
That sort of loss is bound to come, most people have gone through it,
So write your poem if you must—*but don't you overdo it!*
These little ills of human life that seem to you so bitter
Excite in the reviewing mind a tendency to titter;
And don't suppose your snuffling will disarm the critic's curses,
He may respect your feelings, but he 'll drop upon your verses.
For it is clear as clear can be that filial devotion
Is not a theme for genuine poetical emotion.
If the lady you 're engaged to dies a week before the wedding,
Some allowance will be made for any tears you may be shedding;
Or if a wife's decease inspires your melancholy ditty—
That is, if she is young and more than usually pretty;
But a mother!—It is patent that no reasonable person
Could select *her* of all people as the peg to hang his verse on.
It 's true that Cowper did so. But the only consequence is
That no one ever afterwards believed him in his senses.
While Byron, with his strong good sense, his fire and force and passion,
Apostrophised *his* mother in a very different fashion!
A mother's only business (and, I 'm told, her sole ambition)
Is to supervise the niceties of infantile nutrition,
To hang above your baby cot with rapture, scarcely breathing,
To nurse you through the hooping-cough and soothe the pangs of teething,
To buy the toys you gaily break, endure your childish chatter—
And that is really all that need be said about the matter.

So bear this warning well in mind, oh my poetic brothers,
And never, never, NEVER write a poem to your mothers!

OXFORD'S EXPANSION.

["Dr. PARKIN's mission has been very successful. Many RHODES scholars are now in residence at Oxford."—*Daily Paper.*]

AWAKE, ye Muses, in your blest abodes,
And sing, through me, the scholar-host of RHODES;
Tell by my tongue how PARKIN sped apace
From land to land upon his moneyed race,
Intent to find in every spot he came to
Men to take RHODES's shilling and his name too.
Cape Town has heard him, and in Montreal
McGILL's professors hearkened to his call;
On Morrumbidgee's banks he charmed the throng,
Mount Kosciusko sparkled at his song.
"I sing," he cried, "a land of milk and honey;
And, lo, I bring the necessary money.
I sing of Oxford and the happy fate
That makes a lad its undergraduate."
So much he praised the University
He caused a boom in Oxford oversea,
And even advertised her on the Spree.
The KAISER saw that there was money in it:—
"Go in," he said, "my merry men, and win it;
Geht, meine Kinder, nehmt die Pfeifen mit,
And make the British fellows to up-sit;
Drink beer and, drinking, spread your KAISER's glory,
Dann kehrt zurück, and tell me all your story."

Much in the States did PARKIN spend his breath;
His message tickled every Yank to death:
In fact he very earnestly impressed
The great Republic of the fruitful West;
Told her, since fairy-stories there 's no tax on,
All kinds of tales about the Anglo-Saxon,
His heritage, his fair Columbian daughter,
And how his blood is thicker far than water.
Utah beheld the missionary gleam;
It flashed and flew across Missouri's stream.
Now here, now there, it lingered not in vain,
In South Dakotah, Kansas, and in Maine;
Glanced o'er Connecticut, and had to use its
Best work to be allowed in Massachusetts
(Rhodesian lures seemed rather to be lost on
The hard-shell Puritans who dwell in Boston);
Sped through New York, and, glowing like a light-house,
Lit up the teeth of TEDDY in the White House.
New Hampshire knew it; in Virginia's view
It seemed a something strange and rare and new.
High in Ohio it was seen to flare;
Montana's skies were ruddy with its glare;
And hardy Western men relate with awe
How bright it shone in distant Arkansas.
It stayed awhile with Mr. CORTELYOU;
Beamed on the good grey head of C. DEPEW,
And, having spread through districts all was dark in,
Returned, unwearied still, with Dr. PARKIN.
But not alone: across the stormy main
A host of youths it carried in its train,
Youths who had packed their pants and shirts and collars,
And left their homes as Mr. RHODES's scholars,
Seeking in Oxford with a holy rage
The last enchantments of the Middle Age.

"What strange new rivers have flowed down from far
To mix with Isis and combine with Cher!
Learning I love; I love not learning's booms"—
So growled an Oxford Don, and left his rooms;
And next was found, with wife and child and pram,
At home and happy by the simple Cam. TIS.

A PIRATE KING.—Jolly ROGER-DESTVENSKY.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THERE are some very ancient stage jests, rather to be reckoned among "bits of business," that seem to be gifted with the perennial power of giving intense gratification to the majority in a crowded audience, who spontaneously express their delight in bursts of irrepressible laughter and by the heartiest handclapping applause. Any experienced actor will be able to tick off such certainties as "safe laughs," on his fingers, and the truth of the calculation will be admitted on all hands. There are some of these in Mr. ZANGWILL's *Merely Mary Ann*, one being the misdirection of whatever liquid it may be that the actor is pouring out (it matters not from what jug, bottle, or syphon, the last being the most modern form), so that, instead of the tumbler being filled, an actor's legs are drenched, whereat, on its first occurrence, the audience is convulsed. On repetition in the same piece, however, this humorous bit of business falls flat. It is no use laughing over twice spilt soda-water. The fun has fizzled out.

Then, in the course of a merry, successful musical piece at another theatre, a most popular actor who can act, sing, dance, and generally keep the ball a-rolling nightly to genuinely delighted audiences, gives with utmost *verve* a song with a swing and a lilt in it that makes it "catch on" at once, and in the course of this, at the end of one line where the word, if we remember aright, should rhyme with "cram," and be represented by the last syllable of "Amsterdam," the sly singer does not utter the monosyllable, but it is expressed by a bang on the drum, and is thus rendered intelligible to the meanest capacity wherever its possessor may be seated, whether in the stalls, in the upper middle circle, or among the highest intelligences at the greatest distance from the stage. And what is this rare example of exquisite humour but a survival of the ancient "business" that invariably formed an essential part of the old song that, years and years ago, used invariably to be sung by the clown in a Drury Lane pantomime on its being insistently demanded by the "gallery boys" and "pittites" whose fathers and grandfathers had been wont to applaud to the echo the song known as "*Hot Codlins*," originally sung by Mr. JOSEPH GRIMALDI in every pantomime wherein this King of Clowns took part at Old Drury Lane Theatre?

Some time ago there was a re-action against this style of fun which was temporarily voted vulgar; superfine critics of the period classed such exhibitions with the performance of burlesque which they condemned as "inane," and professed to welcome with ardour the change to "musical pieces" which have gradually become little more than a patch-work put together anyhow, into which any song or dance or dialogue, however irrelevant, can be introduced at any time, so as to keep the entertainment going as "a variety show," with disjointed prose, plenty of rhyme, and very little reason. And the moral is simply the old one, as forcible now as ever it was, and as it always will be, that

> The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
> And those who live to please must please to live;

and after all, as *Nancy* inquired in *Oliver Twist*, so may the question now be asked, "what might be the amount of odds so long as a lady or gentleman was happy?" And if it pays—*voilà tout!*

AN OFFICIAL WARNING AGAINST MAL-DE-MER.—From a printed receipt given on board the Queensboro'-Flushing Mail Boat:—

"Passengers are particularly requested to obtain from the Stewards, coupons, showing the amount, paid for refreshments *and to retain the same.*"

The italics are *Mr. Punch's*, but the sole credit for the punctuation is due to the original author of this *brochure*.



THE EGOIST.

Gallant Colonel. "EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU KNOW YOUR HORSE IS KICKING?"
Lady (on hireling, and out for the first time). "OH, THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR MENTIONING IT, COLONEL, BUT I *REALLY* DON'T MIND IT AT ALL."

THE SOLE OF HONOUR.

ARE YOU SHOD WITH SHODDY?

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[These footnotes were prepared by one of MR. PUNCH'S *artful advertisers, and the observations they contain are guaranteed to be wholesome, palatable, and free from all injurious ingredients.]*

THE ancient philosopher PYTHAGORAS is recorded to have met an acquaintance in the market-place on one of those inclement days which, even in the normally serene climatic conditions of Greece, are apt, although with comparative infrequency, to depress, not less by their intrinsic unpleasantness than by their contrast with that ideal atmospheric serenity beloved by the Hellenic race, every [*When is this sentence going to end?*—ED. *I always start like this. It impresses the reader. Besides, I'm just coming to a full stop.*—ARTFUL ADVERTISER] citizen. Noticing that his friend's sandals were far from water-tight, the philosopher strongly advised his friend to go home. The latter, however, protested that if his sandals were worn out at least his *chiton*, or tunic, was in excellent order. "That may be," returned PYTHAGORAS with withering sarcasm, "but your tunic will not keep your feet dry." [*What is the point of this story?*—ED. *Wait, and you'll see.*—A. A.]

This profound aphorism may well be impressed upon the British public of to-day. How frequently we may observe a man, well-dressed in other respects, whose boots quite obviously have not been made by a really first-class firm! Doubtless the fact may be attributed by some to the scarcity of really first-class bootmakers. That they are scarce, we do not question; indeed, the title cannot with accuracy be conferred upon more than one London house. If this were a mere barefaced advertisement, we should immediately give the name of that firm. But this is a literary article, designed merely to interest the casual reader. Wild horses shall not drag us into revealing the name of the firm to which we allude.

Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co. (547, Regent Street, right-hand side; be *very* particular about the address) are, by common consent, the best purveyors of foot-wear in the world. To them, therefore, we have applied for an expert analysis of two sample boots, and the results are so striking that we hasten to set them before the public.

SAMPLE 1.—A boot made by any firm *but one.*

2nd quality leather.....	25·45	parts.
3rd " "	24·55	"
Brown paper, &c.	49·95	"
Best leather	·05	"
	100·00	

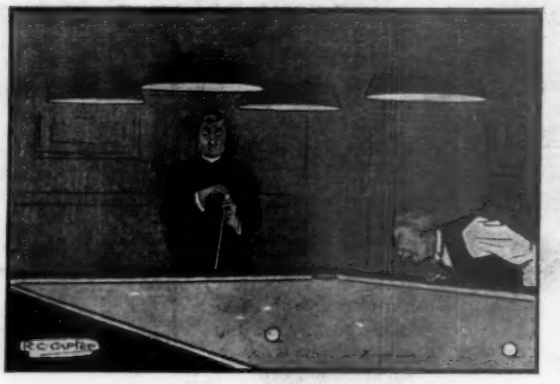
SAMPLE 2.—A boot made by Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co.

(Don't forget the only address, 547, Regent Street.)

Best leather.....	100 parts.
	100

The moral of this is obvious, and if these articles were written with any idea of recommending a particular firm (which of course they are not), we should say that the man is foolish indeed who buys his boots elsewhere than at 547, Regent Street. But this is no vulgar puff. We will only say (i) Buy your boots at a first-class house; (ii) Messrs. TAG, LACE & Co.'s house is undoubtedly first-class; (iii) There is only one first-class house in England. These are incontrovertible facts; if the reader draws certain deductions from them, that, of course, is no fault of ours.

In our next six articles we shall speak of the different kinds of footwear, giving information that is suitable to the Times. [*No doubt; but not to "Punch."*—ED.]



Owner of Table. "LOOK HERE! YOU ARE ALWAYS REMINDING ME TO RESPECT *YOUR* CLOTH. I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D PAY A LITTLE MORE RESPECT TO *MINE!*"

ORIENTAL MIXED DRINKS.—During the excitement caused by other news from the Far East the following item, which in quieter times might have excited notice, has been overlooked. The *North China Herald*, dealing with the ceremony of opening the Shanghai Rowing Club Boat House, says: "On a long table were many dozens of glasses being filled with champagne, sandwiches, and cigars."

A WARNING TO MOTORISTS.

WE hear, on good authority, that the practice of riding in motors, with its attendant lack of exercise, is leading the smart set and society at large to put on adipose tissue at an alarming rate, and at the same time to develop a Gargantuan appetite. Before it is too late, it is as well to point out what this is all leading to, viz., the fatal steps of a downward devolution, or the giddy vortex of a vicious circle (at the moment of writing we are not sure which). At any rate,

A Motorocracy which is obese and voracious, especially in its feminine members, will speedily bring about, we prophesy, the state of things which prevailed at the Court of GEORGE II., where the ladies' credentials were ombongpong and a handiness with knife, fork, and fingers. This will be the psychologic epoch for the reappearance of

BEAU NASH, with his train of Deputy M.C.'s and *petits-maîtres*. NASH *redivivus* will necessitate a revival of

Bath and its goings-on (see any old comedy).

The next move will undoubtedly be the reintroduction of Bath and Sedan chairs.

Among the concomitants of the latter we shall have a renewed importation of

Negro Page-boys; in other words, we are being precipitated downwards into the bad old horrors of slavery, out of which it was fondly hoped that the world had emerged. From Slavery and the Slave-market set up in our midst it is but a short step to the re-establishment of

The Press Gang (we shudder to write the word, but the truth will out). It has nothing to do with the able and energetic members of the Fourth Estate who make things lively in Fleet Street in the small morning hours, but it involves the abolition, or at least the suspension, of Habeas Corpus, the undoing of Magna Charta, the Recrudescence of Robber Barons, the re-erection of Portcullises and Machicolated Battlements, and a general outbreak of

The Darkest Middle Ages. This means nothing more nor less than a renewal of the grossest superstitions, which will have to be stamped out by a series of

Autos-da-Fé. We have here slipped forward a century or two, but no matter!

From an *Auto-da-Fé* it is the easiest possible transition into an Automobile, and (as we feared at the beginning) we have the whole dreadful story all over again. Let, then, the Upper Teuf-Teuf be warned in time. The British public has had enough of motor ataxy.

A GUNLESS WAR OFFICE.

Members of Army Council deliberating. Table littered with papers, in the midst of which reposes a Brodrick cap, which the members have evidently been trying on in turn before a pier-glass in the background, during a discussion as to the responsibility for the introduction of the head-dress in question.

First member (*despairingly*). No, the thing doesn't suit *any* of us—hardly a fair test perhaps. Wish the thing was in Tibet. Too bad of B. trying to shirk his responsibility for it, after telling me he would approve of anything that wouldn't stop recruiting and be to the taste of the British Nursemaid. Hang the—no, I don't mean that, but it is really most annoying, after all our trouble, that the British Nursemaid should object to the cap. We shall have to get a British Nursemaid on the Council, I suppose.

Second member (*impressively, struck by a brilliant idea*). There's nothing like testing the matter personally to get at the truth. As a family man you must have a British Nursemaid somewhere on the premises. Now suppose you take the cap home, put it on, have the Nursemaid sent for in a casual, incidental kind of way, and watch the effect.

First member mildly but firmly and decidedly negatives the proposal.

Second member (*disappointed*). Well, of course if you object, there's no more to be said. By the way, I got an anonymous letter this morning from some fellow who says he knows another fellow who saw an article in an evening paper (an influential evening paper, he says), stating categorically that the guns of the Field Artillery are utterly out of date, and inferior to those of every other European Power—scarce a quick-firer amongst them, except some German guns which we got with great difficulty and in a great hurry when the Boer affair was on; and backs up his statements with the authority of an officer of high rank in the British Army—wonder who that can be? You don't happen to know anything about it? I suppose the public will as usual want to know who is responsible, and how such things are possible after the re-organisation that brought Us into being, and all the rest of it. Why can't these newspaper follows *and* the public mind their own business! What do they know about our work? Some of 'em would know what work is if they had to design an undress cap! I've got that cap on the brain—rather neat that, eh?—not the cap, but the joke. Well, I dream of that cap all night and think of it all day, and then, on the top of all this, they want to worry us about guns!

First Member. Well, I rather fancy, now you speak of it, I *did* hear of something of the kind. They say they've got a splendid gun designed—an 18½-pounder, a long way the best in the market—but they couldn't get the money out of the Treasury, and the manufacturing people actually refuse to make the guns unless they get paid for them—so much for patriotism! But (*with a sudden inspiration*) why not wire down to Woolwich and see if *they* know anything? The KING was down there the other day inspecting the Artillery, and he would have noticed fast enough if there had been anything wrong. Don't believe there is, but perhaps, to satisfy the Public, we might wire, or drop a line to someone down there.

Third Member. Well, we can't possibly see to *everything*. Let's get back to business, or we shall be late for lunch. Now about this cap . . . .



THE HIGHWAY; OR, THE GHOST'S MISTAKE.

Shade of Turpin. "GADZOOKS! TIMES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE CHANGED MUCH, AFTER ALL!"

SOME GAS-FREAKS.

A "GREAT Gas Exhibition" is to take place shortly at Earl's Court. We understand that among the exhibits and side shows there will be found the following:—

A Set of Fully-Inflated Gas-bags, lent (during the Recess) by the Lower House of Parliament. A large number of these are of Irish manufacture and liable to explode without warning. One of the remainder, a Welsh specimen, is highly-charged and warranted to operate for six hours at a stretch. Another, contributed by a Lancashire firm, is practically inexhaustible. The two latter, with many more of similar construction, will be employed for the illumination of platforms throughout the country pending the approach of the General Election.

Some American "Spell-binders," as used for touring purposes in the West during the recent Presidential campaign. They shed a somewhat garish light, not unmixed with considerable warmth, on impromptu crowds in railway stations, market squares, and other places of public resort.

An Incandescent Mantle, exhibited by the Prophet ELIJAH DOWIE, at white heat by reason of the resistance and non-conductivity of British atmosphere.

A selection of Simple Household Meters (on the Penny-in-the-slot Principle) displayed by the Poet Laureate. They are Made in England, are guaranteed against being "fraud-pilfered," and may be read by a child.

A variety of Safety Burners, otherwise known as "Passive Resisters," very cheap and economical. They are specially designed to lower the rates and at the same time spread the light. Their invention and employment is a liberal education in the art of circumventing the law without burning the fingers. The amount of gas these ingenious little applications give off is simply marvellous.

Manifestos and Orders to the Fleet by Russian admirals, with full directions in the case of Panic at Sea; also a Treatise on "Accidents and How they may be Explained Away."

Manifestos and Orders to the Fleet by British Cabinet Ministers, with complete rules for the diplomatic avoidance of taking offence; also a Text-book on "Pirates at Large, and How their Susceptibilities may be Tenderly Handled."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY Baronite finds *The Farm of the Dagger* (NEWNES), though less lengthy in form, less elaborate in treatment, than some of the books that have made the fame of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, not less charming. It has about it the babble of Dart, the breath and bloom of the moor the author knows so well and loves so dearly. Next to THOMAS HARDY Mr. PHILLPOTTS is master of the characterisation of the country villager, with his quaint picturesque talk infused with sub-acid humour. *Eve Newcombe*, round whose love-story tragedy gathers, is a delightful English girl. Contrasted with her purity and faithfulness is the history of her father and his hated neighbour *Roger Honeywell*, closing in a dramatic scene in the parlour at Dagger Farm, where the passing visitor shares with his host a draught of *John Newcombe's* sparkling (for the occasion poisoned) home-brewed ale. "As *Honeywell* set down his second glass he felt the sensation of a hot belt tightening round his stomach. 'What 's this?' he said, and stared at *Newcombe*. 'Death,' answered the other grimly, 'death at last, though I 've got to go too. That 's no matter. I 'll die happy to see you die.'" Hating each other in life, in death they were not divided.

The humour or artistic value of LOUIS WAIN'S cats the Baron has always failed to appreciate, and a searching inquiry into the merits of this artist's pictures in *Funny Animals* (CLARKE & Co.) only confirms the Baron in his own opinion. Mr. SHEPHERD'S monkeys and frogs in this book are really humorous. His pigs, *The Little Truants*, and his *Cockatoos*, are full of "go." The "other artists" (so advertised) do good work, specially Mr. CROMWELL LAURENCE in his *Fishes at School*. A book to amuse children.

The only flaw my Baronite notes in the perfectness of MARION CRAWFORD'S latest work is its title. *Whosoever Shall Offend* (MACMILLAN) is not more appropriate to the story than if it had been called *Here To-day and Gone To-morrow*. That is, however, a detail which does not affect the masterfulness of the work. Some may find it a little rude in the frankness of its dealing with the ways of common life in Italy. Men are too ready with poison and dagger, women too careless about the marriage ceremony, to suit the severer taste of more northern latitudes. Nevertheless—perhaps, therefore—there is a good deal of human nature in the drama. One of the strongest characters is *Regina*, the peasant girl who saves the life of the rich young *Marcello*, nurses him through illness following on one of the few uncompleted attempts at murder that star the story, loves him, lives with him, and sets aside his offer to marry her because she is not Signorina, and therefore not good enough for the position. Another fine study is her father *Ercole*, gamekeeper and gardener to *Marcello's* mother. A third is his dog *Nino*, a faithful savage brute, doubtless drawn from life. From these hints it will be gathered that the story is not written with pen dipped in rosewater. It is a tragedy whose unfolding holds the reader in grim grip from the first chapter to the last.

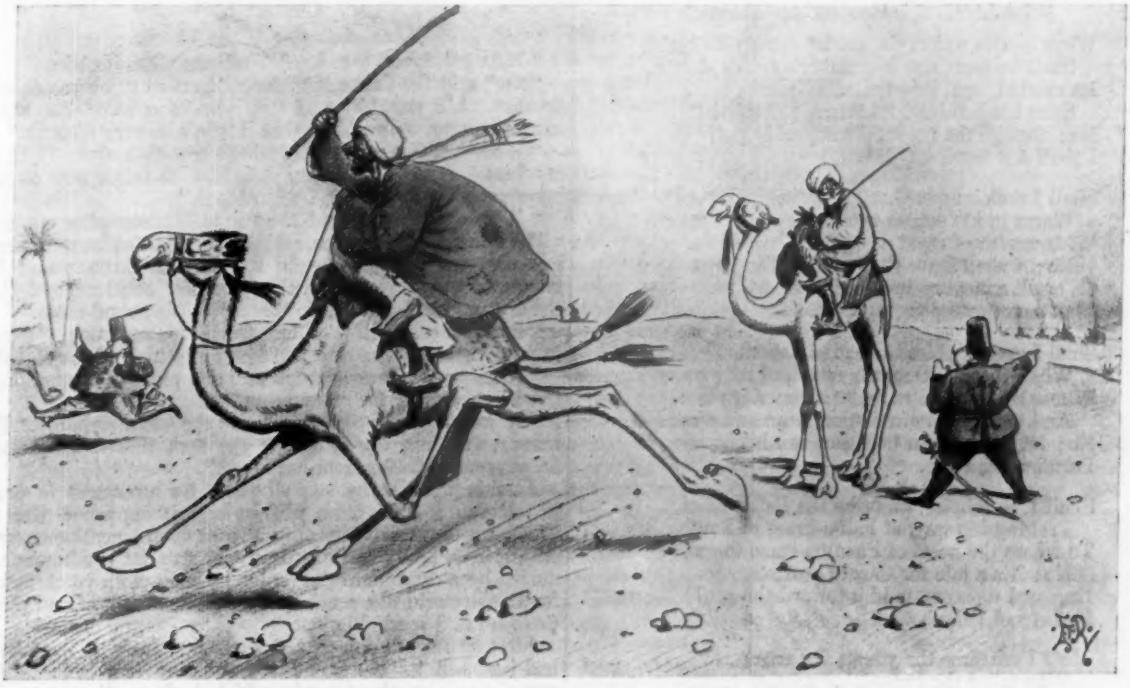
In considering the wittily named *Harvest of Chaff* (CONSTABLE) My Baronite is hampered by consideration of the fact that, with one exception, the sparkling verse first bubbled in the weekly cauldron of *Punch*. All the world read it there. Here is opportunity of fully recognising the resource and skill by which, dealing with a variety of topics, the high note pitched in the opening effort is maintained throughout. HOMER nodded (as has been said before), and WORDSWORTH, whilst sometimes touching the highest peaks of poetry, occasionally descended to depths of doggerel. OWEN SEAMAN'S work is almost monotonous in its unflawed excellence. The subjects, being picked out for *Punch* from the topics of the week, naturally vary in point when presented in book form. But each is touched with master hand. Mr. SEAMAN laughs, cynically for the most part, round all his multiform topics. But he is never frivolous. For example, dealing with one of the bye-elections he, in dramatic verse, depicts the feeling of an upstart bumptious employer of labour who woos the labour vote in effort to get in the House of Commons, and explodes in wrath at discovery that at Barnard Castle a labour candidate has defeated the official Liberal nominee. We have already forgotten Barnard Castle and the result of its poll; Mr. SEAMAN, perceiving in it an influence that may have important consequences on the political position in the immediate future, does well to preserve the pungent commentary. Whilst daintily toying with newspaper topics in fashion that recalls CALVERLEY, Mr. SEAMAN upon occasion doffs the jester's suit and strikes a solemn chord. The death of Queen VICTORIA brought forth a multitude of verse, in merit ranking down to the level of the Poet Laureate. In music, pathos, and simplicity, the noble tribute laid on the dead QUEEN'S coffin by *Mr. Punch's* Young Man is incomparable.

Christmas books, reports the Assistant Reader, have begun to set in with their usual pleasant prematurity. Amongst these I desire to single out a particularly pretty little story for children, entitled *Buffles, the Story of a Dog* (BICKERS), written by A. L., and illustrated by SIBYL MICHOLLS. The story is simply and gracefully written, and children are certain to be charmed both by it and by the delightful pictures that MISS MICHOLLS has drawn and painted to accompany and adorn it.

The *Golliwog*, being a bit played out in England, is taken abroad for a Christmas holiday excursion by Miss FLORENCE K. UPTON, and its adventures among the Dutch Dolls are described pictorially by her clever eccentric pencil and paint-brush, and by Miss BERTHA UPTON'S Golliwoggian Muse, in a bright publication (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), entitled *The Golliwog in Holland*. The Dutchesses, or Dutch Dolls, are quaintly captivating, and if only for their sweet sakes the dollinquencies of the *Golliwog*, whom the Baron trusts he now sees for the last time, will be forgiven.

Let the Baron recommend Mr. FERGUS HUME, author of *The Wooden Hand* (F. V. WHITE & Co.), when next he wishes to interest us in a story depending upon a mysterious murder, to be very careful that the victim be neither wooden-headed nor wooden-handed (as in this case), but somebody whom the reader has learnt to love. The exact reverse of this is instanced in this the above-named author's latest novel. The Baron loveth a good sensational plot, whether in melodrama or romance, but no melodrama or romance ever yet achieved thorough success unless the victim, either of mistake or treachery, had won the entire sympathy of the audience or the reader, from the very commencement. In this story there are too many characters; they hamper the author and confuse the reader, and none of them, save the circus girl, offers any point of individual interest. All have something to do, directly or remotely—and this is where Mr. HUME shows his ingenuity—with the crime and its unravelling. *Faute de mieux*, 'twill serve a non-Bridge-player on a wet day in a country house.





THE VOYAGE OF THE BALTIC FLEET.—No. V.

As "Ships of the Desert" are liable to be mistaken for Japanese Torpedo-boats, the Egyptian Government has warned all camel-drivers that, during the passage of the Baltic Fleet through the Suez Canal, camels will be allowed within shell-range of the Canal only at their owners' risk. To remain near the banks would be Suez-idal.

PETS AT THE PLAY.

["The modern craze for unusual pets was exemplified (at the performance of *Adriana Lecouvreur* at Covent Garden last Saturday) by a well-known lady who brought a chameleon. The little creature is very sensitive to music, which seems to hypnotise it."—*Daily Mail*, *November* 14.]

Mr. George Edwardes, always on the alert to diagnose the trend of fashion, has made arrangements by which a portion of the *foyer* has been railed off as a lounge and refreshment bar for pets, a trained keeper from the Zoo being always in attendance. Already this timely concession has been fully appreciated. Thus on Monday evening we noticed in the stalls Father Ignatius with his rubricated racoon, Lord Shuttleworth with a select party of hartebeestes, and Miss Marie Corelli with her tame swan.

The performance on Tuesday was enlivened by a most diverting episode. Overcome by Miss Connie Ediss's first song, a fine young zebra, which formed one of the Hon. Walter Rothschild's party, became so excited that it tried to leap from the box on to the stage, but falling short broke through two of the kettle-drums in the orchestra, while its hind legs became entangled in the strings of the harp. The curtain was promptly lowered, and the conductor with great presence of mind directed the available members of the band to play some soothing strains, which in a short space tranquillised the distressed quadruped, who was promptly removed to Charing Cross Hospital in a four-wheeler.

We regret to state that an unfortunate accident has marred the success of this popular innovation. On Wednesday evening Mr. Edmund Payne was severely bitten in the small of the back by a tame tarantula which had escaped from the gold filigree reticule of pretty Mrs. Stuyvesant Salmon, who was otherwise charming in pink. The audience had for some time been conscious that Mr. Payne had been dancing with more than his usual vivacity, but a profound feeling of sympathy was evoked when the burly form of Mr. Edwardes was seen to step before the curtain with the distressing revelation of the true cause of his momentous agility. The latest notice in the flies reads, "No spiders admitted."

THE PAINTER AND THE CARPENTER.

The Painter and the Carpenter
Were walking side by side,
They wept like anything to think
Of Shakspeare yet untried.
"If we," said they, "could have our way,
He'd join the flowing tide."

"If Managers," the Painter said,
Would send for you and me,
As (just to take a recent case)
Did Mr. Beerbohm Tree,
We'd make the Bard a living thing,
And all would crowd to see.

"A little work," the Painter said,
"From pencils that are blue;
A ballet here, a ballet there;
A comic song or two;
And even *Pericles* would pay
If left to me and you."

"If seven Shaws with seven pens
Should write for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Painter said,
"They'd fill the second tier?"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Wait till we do our *Lear!*"

A BLANK WEEK.

["Poscimur. Si quid vacui," &c.—HORACE.]

WHAT motive wakes the motley minstrel's lyre?
Shall he from sere November's sullen dearth,
Its morbid fogs, its pestilential mire,
Start his hebdomadal attempt at mirth?
No; though the topic falls superbly pat,
I shall not touch on that.

Shall I acclaim our Guest with wingèd words,
Warm in his corner where the coverts laugh
With wealth of royal or of ducal birds?
No; I shall leave the bustling Biograph
To catch a cursory inspiration from
That suave and doughty DOM.

Shall I apostrophise the art of CAINE,
When there is One, the match of fifty score,
Whose life-work is to make his merits plain
And spread his circulation more and more?
No; let the veteran boomster roll his own
Peculiar log alone.

Shall I, for choice, describe the Baltic chief
Probing his way, at half-a-brace of knots,
To where the hosts of PHARAOH came to grief?
No; 'tis a tale for Cardiff patriots,
Engaged to expedite him toward the goal
By help of British coal.

Shall I rehearse the young DALMENY'S *mot*,
Who takes the Press (that mighty power) to task
For being captured by the charms of JOE?
No; I will let the Free Trade Liberals ask
Of their respected Champion's next-of-kin:
"Where does *our* Press come in?"

Shall I repeat Lord GEORGE'S pungent quips
Touching the PREMIER, how he went and hedged?
No; for of all who heard from ARTHUR'S lips
The Great "Repudiation" (as alleged)
Not one, not even ARTHUR'S self, could glean
Just what he meant to mean.

Such are the themes on which our thinkers brood,
And in a bard of more heroic mould
They should inspire the right creative mood,
But, for myself, they leave me strangely cold;
Therefore, this week, ignoring Duty's call,
I shall not write at all.

O. S.

PROTECTION AGAINST MOTOR-CARS.

SIR,—I recently read with interest a letter in the *Times* from "A Cyclist since 1868." In it he announced his intention of carrying a tail-light in order to avoid being run into from behind. The idea is admirable, and my wife and I, as Pedestrians since 1826 and 1823 respectively, propose to wear two lamps each in future, a white and a red.

We are, however, a little exercised to know whether we should carry the white in front and the red behind, or *vice versâ*. For in walking along the right side of a road we shall appear on the wrong side to an approaching motor-car. Would it not therefore be better for us to have the tail-light in front? Your most humble and obedient servant,

LUX PRÆPOSTERA.

P.S.—Would such an arrangement make us "carriages" in the eye of the law? At present we appear to be merely a sub-division of the class "unlighted objects."

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER I.

How she came to the Throne.

"WILL you break it to her?" said the Chamberlain.

"No," said the Prime Minister. "I rather think you should do that. I'll stand by and help you, of course. But she's so very young, only fifteen, that it won't be very difficult."

"Well, well," said the Chamberlain with a sigh, "I'll do my best. Poor little thing, it is sad to think that at her age she should be so heavily burdened."

"What a fatality!" said the Prime Minister after a pause. "The old King, of course, might have gone at any moment, but who could have foretold that Prince CHARLES and his two sons would perish in that dreadful accident, and that the crown would descend to this frail little grand-niece."

"Providence," said the Chamberlain sententiously, "moves in a mysterious way. Do you know anything of the child?"

"Nothing whatever, except that she and her mother have lived in obscurity for many years."

"It will be a great change," said the Chamberlain. "But I must compose my mind for the task that is before me, for we cannot be far from her home."

At this point I may as well pause for a moment in order to tell you a little more plainly how it happened that on this foggy November morning these two old gentlemen were sitting in a heavy carriage drawn by two fat bay horses and driven by a coachman who on his hammer-cloth perch looked for all the world like a noble advertisement of beef and plum-pudding and good old ale.

First let me tell you that the great country of Hinterland had just lost its King, and the situation had been further complicated by the tragedy which had on the same day carried off his only son and his two grandsons. Thus the crown had passed to the Princess SYLVIA, who was grand-daughter to the late King's brother. This brother, having incurred great debts, and having in most other respects offended the Hinterlanders, had been banished from the Court and had died in exile. His son, who was SYLVIA'S father, had taken to a seafaring life and had perished ten years ago in a terrible storm, and thus SYLVIA, whose acquaintance you are soon to make, was changed into a Sovereign. Nobody had supposed that chance would ever make little SYLVIA a Queen, and at this moment she herself was quite ignorant of her own importance. She had lived all her life with her mother in a cottage ten miles from the capital, and none of her great relations had ever taken the least notice of her. These things, as of course you know, do very often happen in royal families. The history books simply teem with such matters, and people ought long ago to have got quite used to them. Yet when it became known to the Hinterlanders that this little girl was to be their Queen great surprise was expressed, and many leading articles in all the newspapers drew morals from SYLVIA'S unexpected good fortune and gave elaborate accounts of her appearance, her admirable conduct and her innumerable accomplishments, which, it seemed, were far beyond her years, and fitted her excellently for the high position to which she had been called. As you will have guessed, the Prime Minister and the Chamberlain were at this moment on their way to announce to her officially her accession to the throne of her ancestors.

A few words, too, I must say about Hinterland and its people.

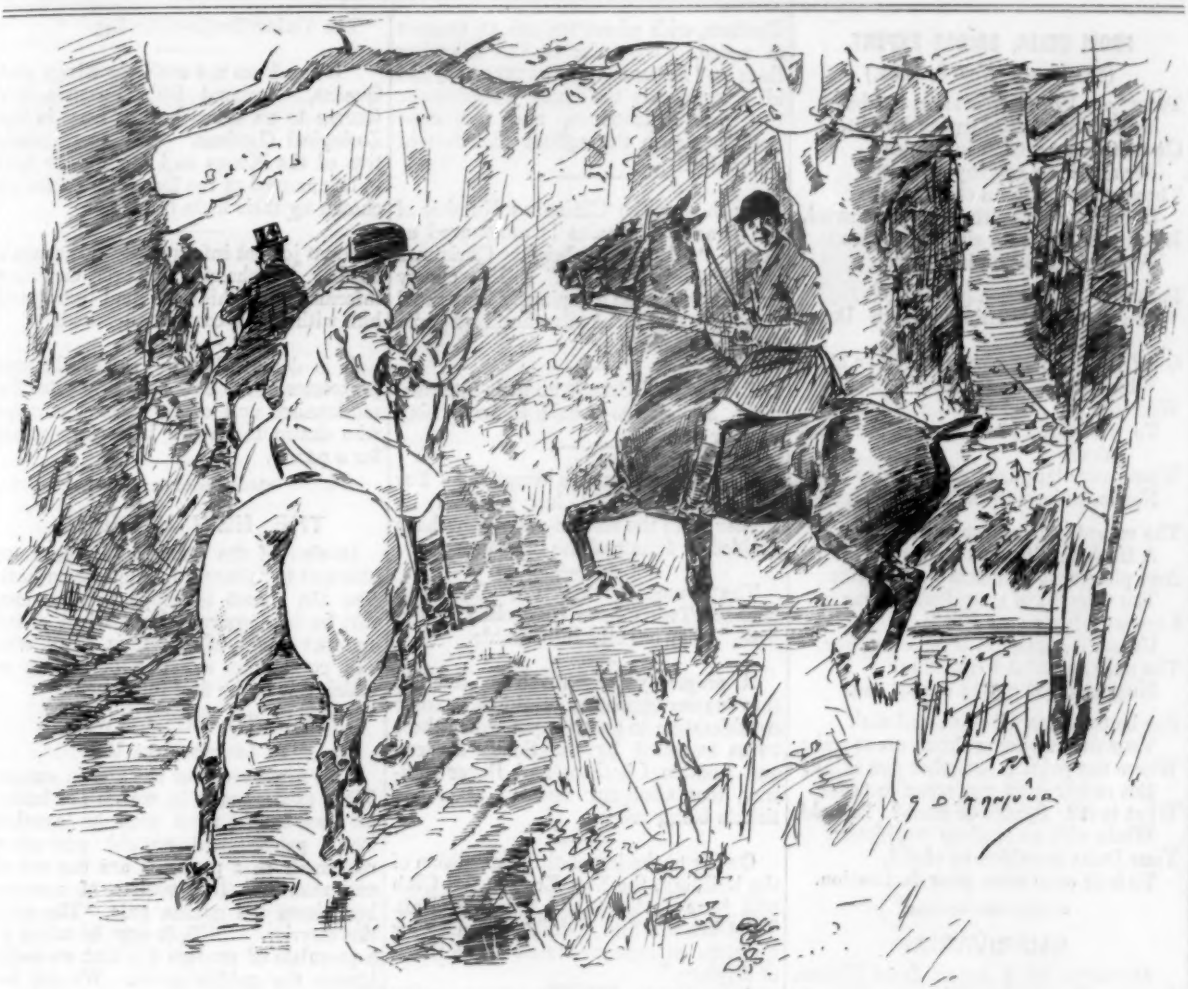
That the country was really called Hinterland I have every reason to believe; and, if anybody knows, I ought to, for I have investigated the matter most carefully, and have consulted all the available sources of information, including, naturally, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, *Whitaker's Almanack*, *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, the *Dictionary of Gardening*, and the *Comparative Lexicon of Folk-Lore* in fifteen volumes.



CARLOS HIS FRIEND.

[The King of Portugal enjoys the reputation of having achieved great success, some years ago, as an amateur Toreador.]





WITH THE "BLUE AND BUFF."

[The Duke of Beaufort's hounds last year established a record for having killed the largest number of foxes in one season.]

Innocent Stranger (excitedly). "I've just seen seven Foxes cross that ride!"

Whip. "Oh, that's only a few of the stragglers, Sir. The main body's gone away at the top."

Family and dynastic reasons forbid me to indicate the country's geographical situation more closely than by saying that it is to be found marked on nearly all large maps, blue (or perhaps red) being the colour most usually employed for its outlines. It is a large country, possessing a considerable supply of rivers and the ordinary allowance of mountain ranges, inked-in in such a way as to resemble miniature feather-boas. These details should be sufficient to enable anyone of ordinary intelligence to pick out the country without very much trouble.

As to the language spoken by Hinterlanders, it is of the Indo-German family, with an infusion of Latin, and more than a dash of modern American. I need not trouble you, however, very much about the language, for I shall use English throughout this story, so as to obviate the necessity for employing a certified interpreter to translate the various conversations I shall have to record in the course of my narrative.

And now we can get on.

* * * * * *

While the Chamberlain and the Prime Minister were rumbling on their way, and conversing in the manner I have set out, Sylvia was in the garden with her St. Bernard dog and Sarah, the maid-of-all-work

"You 're keepin' me from my work, Miss, you really are," said Sarah. "I can't stop here all the morning answering questions."

"I asked you, Sarah," said Sylvia with some dignity, "how far the sun was from the earth. Everybody ought to know that."

"I haven't time to bother my head about the sun. There 's many more things I don't know, heaps and heaps of 'em, but —why, look, Miss, at that great carriage coming along with them two footmen all over gold holdin' on to the back of it by straps. Why, I do declare it 's stoppin' here. I must go and get myself tidy to let the quality in."

She ran into the house. The carriage door was flung open, and the two great dignitaries of the kingdom got out and walked up the little gravel path and knocked at the door of Laurel Cottage.

"Conduct us to Her Majesty," said the Prime Minister, as the gaping Sarah opened the door.

FROM DELIA, BRIDGE EXPERT.

(*See Punch, Nov.* 9, 1904.)

THINK you I heed your stern tirades,
My once-respectful carpet knight,
Or that I care a trick in spades
For anything you say or write?
These eyes, that fix a steady stare
Upon the thirteenth trump's removal,
Believe me, have no glance to spare
For your didactic disapproval.

Perhaps, in some benighted age,
Ere the One Thing Worth Doing came,
Our friendship may have reached a stage
Which merited a tenderer name.
What then? And what have I to say
To whispered words and soft confessions,
Whose very language gives to-day
New meanings to the old expressions?

The vacant scoring-board imparts
A fresh significance to Love,
And pleasantly connects with Hearts
The thought of sixty-four above:
I set no value on my hand
Unless it chance to be a strong one,
The only suit that I can stand
Must be a red one or a long one.

Far better come with me, and sink
Your wrath where rubbers are at stake,
Where the point is not what you think,
But rather what you mean to make.
What is it? Spades or none? Be bold,
While with an anxious trepidation
Your DELIA trembles, as of old,
To hear once more your declaration.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to a report from Vienna, Russia will only be willing to listen to mediators when her arms have won a great victory. This is confirmed by the semi-official communication from St. Petersburg, which states that Russia will never consent to any intervention in the war.

Sir THOMAS BARCLAY is considering the advisability of summoning the editors of all the European newspapers to a Peace Congress at the Hague. There is little doubt that these gentlemen would favour any scheme for putting an end to the war, with all its attendant horrors, for the expense and futility of special war correspondence is becoming unbearable.

The duel between Lieutenant ANDRÉ and the Comte DE LA ROCHETHULON was unfortunately marred by an accident, the Lieutenant's hand being scratched.

We are sorry that the *London Magazine* should, in an article on King EDWARD, publish a paragraph calculated to hurt the feelings of the German EMPEROR, with whom we are at present at peace. We refer to the following lines:—"EDWARD THE SEVENTH, beyond all question, is the most conspicuous, the most illustrious, and the most popular figure throughout the zones of the globe."

By the by, the Christmas Number of the *London Magazine* is announced as being "filled with bright Christmas reading and pictures." Its cheery contents comprise a copiously illustrated article entitled "A five-hundred mile Funeral March."

To Mr. W. T. STEAD's no little astonishment, Mr. PINERO is said to be writing another play.

Mrs. BROWN-POTTER's question, "For Church or Stage?" has received its answer from the theatre-goers, who have decided in favour of the Church.

The rumour that the Bohemian Siamese Twins have quarrelled is untrue. They are still inseparable.

À propos, you would have thought that one amalgamation would show some consideration to another, yet, when these twins travelled by the South Eastern and London, Chatham and Dover Railway, that Company insisted upon two tickets being taken.

Owing to the impending demolition of the building, the New English Art Club will have to leave the Egyptian Hall. The Club will find it difficult to discover quarters as appropriate as "The Home of Mystery."

Cambridge is thinking of abolishing compulsory Greek. So is Crete.

At the gun trial of our newest battleship the quarter-deck buckled to the extent of three inches. It is now rumoured that the vessel is to be re-christened *The Shield and Buckler*.

The Army Council has at last had its eyes opened to the necessity for improving the physique of our recruits. A deserter from the South Wales Borderers succeeded in escaping, last week, from a Birmingham lock-up through an aperture less than eleven inches square.

As the result of a dispute, the pulpit of the Evangelical Union Church at Dalkeith was last week occupied by two rival preachers at the same time, each of them struggling to obtain a hearing. There is little doubt that, if every place of worship were to provide similar attractions, we should hear less of empty churches.

The Yellow Peril.—The fog.

"When I am not with my Kings and Queens," declared little FLORIZEL VON REUTER to an interviewer, "I am in the Zoological Gardens." The more sensitive of the Kings and Queens are said to be annoyed at the form of consolation chosen by their little friend.

Great joy not infrequently turns men's heads. A Bohemian labourer, on being informed that his wife had presented him with twins, committed suicide.

It is denied that the aim of the new proprietor of the *Standard* is to cater for millionaires and other wealthy persons who desire to have a halfpenny paper for a penny.

THE NEW HYGIENE.

IN view of the paramount importance attached to "fitness" by the best authorities, *Mr. Punch* is happy to announce that he has secured the services of the eminent expert, Mr. LEVESON TILES, who will contribute a series of papers of which this is the first instalment.

HOW TO KEEP AWAKE.

BY LEVESON TILES, M.A.

The great curse of the age is excess. What excess really is, we do not know, for one man's meat may be another man's poison, and an old proverb—remember that proverbs are the wit of one man but the wisdom of many—lays down the golden rule, "The more the merrier." Still, it may be taken as a postulate of modern life that we sadly ignore the golden mean. We eat too much, drink too much, above all we sleep too much. And as the efficiency of a nation resides in the amount of its output in its waking hours, it stands to reason that the nation which is widest awake must come to the top.

ANTIDOTES TO SOMNOLENCE.

First and foremost of the short cuts to wakefulness is the choice of noisy surroundings. Recurrent noises of an identical character are of no use. The men on board a lightship in a fog who are not on duty sleep complacently while the siren hoots every fifteen seconds. Noise to be really stimulating should be irregular and diversified. Thus, if I have an important piece of literary work to finish, I alternate a gramophone with an alarum clock, and by leaving bowls of milk and fragments of fried fish on the leads ensure the attendance of a constant succession of feline serenaders. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in his masterly monograph entitled "Wake up, England!" recommends residence in a boiler-maker's yard, or a belfry, but only

persons of an iron constitution can stand the strain.

SOME USEFUL RECIPES.

Just as the continuous perusal of a serious author is found to promote sleepiness, so the judicious jumping from grave to gay will stave off the insidious overtures of Morpheus. Personally I have derived great benefit from reading a page of HERBERT SPENCER, then a page of *Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book*, then a page of *Bradshaw*, and so on *da capo*. Alternate sips of barley-water and brandy work marvels with some constitutions, while the excess of blood may be taken from the feet to the brain by filling a hot-water bottle with ice and placing a mustard plaster on the temples. A similar result can also be produced by filling the mouth with capsicums, stinging nettles or red pepper. A jellyfish has in it a certain invigorating quality; so, I believe, has the sea-urchin. Some prefer such things raw; others like them curried. Here is a recipe that might be good for most people, but if anyone feels that it would be improved by the presence of an onion, he can easily add it:—

"Cut off the heads of half a dozen Tandstickor matches, place them in a pan with a solution of oil of nitro-glycerine, stir slowly for half an hour over a slow fire, and take what is left to bed."

Another excellent recipe is the patent Kansas folding-up bedstead, which can be set by clockwork to engulf the weary traveller at any specified time. This may be combined with a broken venetian blind with an arc-light outside, and an alarum bell over the bed which signals the arrival of all trains on the Tube and the Inner Circle railway. A hot-water pipe with a hiccough can also be recommended, and by a judicious use of Welsh rarebit, Scotch ale and black coffee, alertness and vivacity may be secured from the most trypanosomatous subject.

PAWLOW recommends early rising. Many people have told me with tears in their eyes that the only effective cure for oversleeping oneself is to get up at 6 A.M. or even sooner. In the words of the great Hibernian philosopher, "the only way to prevent what is past is to put a stop to it before it happens."

THE SELFISHNESS OF SLEEP.

But the art of experrection or wakefulness is not solely to be cultivated by attention to physical means. It depends largely on the promotion of an altruistic mentality. Thus one writer, HUDSON JAY, says that the suggestion of vigilance for others, the imagination and realisation of others as alert and wakeful, is the best and sweetest way of securing that condition for yourself.

Sleep, in conclusion, is bound up with selfishness. What you need to do is to turn your attention from the worldly interests of the petty self to the eternal verities of the Kinetic and Cosmic whole. Then, even if wakefulness does not ensue, at any rate the activity of the mind is doing you almost, if not quite, as much good as if you were suffering from chronic insomnia.



A TELEPHONIC DANGER.

Paterfamilias (who has just rung up the call-office, and has his attention diverted by his little daughter). "HULLO, DEAR, COMING TO KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT?"

Voice of female Telephone Clerk (severely). "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

CRACKERS AND A REPORT.

PERSONALLY, this present *laudator temporis Christmassi* cannot give evidence as to the "go" that there may be in CALEY'S Christmas Crackers, samples of which have been forwarded to the Baron's Special Packet Office, but the P.L.T.C., with his hand upon his heart, can affirm that he has seldom seen more seasonably decorative articles for a Christmas dinner table than the S.P.C. or Sweet Pea Crackers, and the V.M.C. or Valse Minuet-Musical Crackers. Then, for after-dinner amusement, there are the Old Bachelors' Quaint Cosaques, with the Magic Carp and the Submarine Motoring crackers. Such are the principal, and if ever crackers do go off with *éclat*, these most certainly should do so. As a popular composer, HENRY RUSSELL, used to sing,

"Gaily goes the ship when the wind blows free,"

so our Pre-Christmas Parodist, with this set of crackery before him, would suggest an amendment in this form,

CALEY does the trick for the Christmas spree.

And no doubt these crackers will achieve great pop-ularity.

A MIXED DAY AT DUFFERTON.

(With acknowledgments to "Country Life.")

ALTHOUGH there are of course many bigger shoots in England, and though the head of game may be larger upon some of the better-known Norfolk pheasant preserves or Yorkshire Grouse Moors, yet for an exciting day's sport it would be difficult to beat Dufferton Hall, the princely seat of Sir THOMAS MISSINGHAM. Situated within a few miles of the town of Smokeborough, of whose grocery trade Sir THOMAS was in his early days so conspicuous an ornament, the estate is not one which an observer would select at first sight as specially adapted for sporting purposes. But perseverance will work wonders with the most unpromising material, and Sir THOMAS, who held, it will be remembered, the proud position of Mayor of his native town in the Jubilee year of 1887, is a sportsman to the backbone. The fortunate coincidence that most of the neighbouring landowners breed and rear pheasants has enabled him, by a careful and consistent distribution of Indian corn throughout his own coverts, to attract a fair number of birds. Nor is this all: for the motto of the Squire (as with a genuine old English sentiment he loves to be called) is *Blaze away*. He tells his guests that he likes to hear plenty of banging, and humorously adds that if you let off your gun often enough you must hit something sometimes. These theories, though in practice they have earned some unpopularity among Accident Insurance offices, render a blank day at Dufferton an event of the rarest occurrence.

Upon the occasion when I was privileged to be present we were promised a mixed day, and this promise was fulfilled to the letter. Seldom have I seen so much shooting. One's attention was on the alert the whole time, and there was hardly a dull moment, for one never knew who might be firing or, it may be added, what he might be firing at. Where there were trees handy one instinctively took cover, and in the open did the best possible with a turned-up collar and averted eyes. Old campaigners declare that a day at Dufferton reminds them of the South African war, so full of incident is it likely to prove.

The guns upon this particular day were Count LUSOFF, Captain FULLCOCK, Mr. PEPPER, the eminent authority upon gun-shot wounds, Professor BLIND, of Selkirk University, and the Squire himself. The weather was perfection when the presence of three motor-cars at the door (for Sir THOMAS is no bigoted opponent of new ideas) announced that the moment—11.30 A.M.—had arrived for making a start. We did a capital non-stop run in the new 80-h.p. Mercédes to the field where shooting was appointed to begin—a distance of about a mile and a quarter away—and lost no time in getting to work. The day's arrangements were mapped out with the utmost care and precision, and everything went like clockwork. Proceedings were opened in a turnip-field on the edge of the estate in order if possible to drive in any outlying pheasants to the Dufferton coverts. For it is a maxim of the Squire's that your neighbour's pheasants are quite as good to eat as your own, and not necessarily harder to hit. Orders were issued to walk the turnips as quietly as possible, an injunction that cannot be too carefully followed in approaching birds. Here the result was not as successful as had been anticipated, and in fact nothing was actually secured. A diversion was caused by an amusing episode. Professor BLIND fired at a thrush in mistake for a partridge, the resemblance between the two birds being, as all observers of nature are aware, very close. However, as he did not hit it no harm was done.

The next *rendezvous* was the well-known Larch Plantation, and here again there was a somewhat disappointing show of game. Four hens flying low came out together, and, on rising from the ground, I was informed by an eye-witness more enterprising than myself that the Squire had cleverly grassed his bird, or thought that he had. There is nothing in field sports prettier than to see a good retriever working, and this sight was one which the next thirty-five minutes gave us an opportunity of witnessing. Ponto, a fine specimen of the famous Dufferton breed of retrievers, crossed with a judicious strain of bull-terrier, quartered the difficult ground in the most irreproachable style. His sagacity was well shown by the clever way in which he took an early opportunity of renouncing the search for the bird, which had doubtless after all escaped unscathed, and devoted his energies, in the recesses of a covert, to the quiet consumption of a dead rabbit carelessly left over from the previous week's pick-up.

At the next stand, at the corner of the Hailstorm Plantation, as it is quaintly named, I was enabled to notice the ingenious arrangement of shelters made of bullet-proof steel—an adjunct to covert-shooting which would doubtless be welcome at many warm corners, and at Dufferton is certainly invaluable. One naturally felt a good deal more comfortable when ensconced behind these defences, in which small peepholes, conveniently pierced, allowed ample opportunity of witnessing what was going on. At this plantation there was a fine display of game. I counted no fewer than five pheasants, which ran out at the same time from beneath the wire fence, only to be driven back into covert by a furious fusillade. One splendid cock, rash enough to perch for a few minutes on a post in front of Mr. PEPPER's butt, had an uncommonly narrow escape of its life. Mr. PEPPER, who was shooting as usual with three guns, got in his six barrels with surprising rapidity before the pheasant rose with a crow of defiance and sailed majestically away. Quicker shooting I have seldom seen, and a suggestion of Captain FULLCOCK's that Mr. PEPPER should upon the next chance of the kind try what could be done with the butt end of his weapon, though it was received with the utmost good humour, did not strike me as being in the best of taste. Shooting would indeed be a dull pastime if every shot told.

It was here, if I remember right, that, upon a shout of "Woodcock forward," Professor BLIND gathered an owl in clever style, and a beautiful shot of Count LUSOFF's removed an underkeeper's cap without in the slightest degree injuring the man. In walking across some wide grass fields a rabbit, trodden upon by one of the beaters, was added to the bag.

Luncheon, by no means the least enjoyable part of the day's business, occupied us pleasantly for the next hour and three quarters. The Squire is no advocate of a Spartan asceticism in these details, and to appetites sharpened by keen air and exercise the profusion of delicacies displayed could not fail to be acceptable.

A move was at length made to Puffington Belts, where the fun was again fast and furious. The birds were brought up to the guns in most satisfactory fashion; so near in fact were they brought that, in more than one instance, death was inevitable. Count LUSOFF was in his best form here, and at the end of the beat two pheasants, a hare, a cat, a jay and the gardener's boy, who had been pressed into service as a stop, were lying more or less severely injured in the neighbourhood of his stand. Not a bad record this for one covert. The game-cart, which by a patent device of the Squire's is fitted out as an ambulance wagon, was literally groaning as we turned for home.

Of course it is not possible to conduct every shooting upon the same scale as Dufferton, where everything is arranged regardless of cost. As an instance I may mention that the terms asked by beaters are excessively high, while the loaders, who are usually unmarried men, require a most handsome fee paid in advance. And this despite the fact that either position confers upon its occupant a reputation, sometimes posthumous, for considerable personal courage. As exemplifying the scarcity of

rural labour these difficulties are not without interest. At Dufferton, so Sir THOMAS informed me, labour is perceptibly scarcer after one of his big days, and I saw no reason to doubt this statement.

[*The photographs accompanying this article, entitled "A warm corner," "The Professor startles a rabbit," "Count* LUSOFF *tickles up a beater," "Down the Line*—Captain FULLCOCK *busy," "Traction Engine bringing lunch," &c. &c., were ruined by an unlucky mishap to the plates, and we are consequently unable to reproduce them.*]

MY MOTOR CAP.

[Motor-caps, we are informed, have created such a vogue in the Provinces, that ladies, women and factory girls may be seen wearing them on every occasion, though unconnected, in other respects, with modern methods of locomotion.]

A MOTOR car I shall never afford
With a gay vermilion bonnet,
Of course I *might* happen to marry a lord,
But it's no good counting on it.
I have never reclined on the seat behind,
And hurtled across the map,
But my days are blest with a mind at rest,
For I wear a motor cap.

I've done with Gainsborough, straw and toque,
My dresses are bound with leather,
I turn up my collar like auto-folk,
And stride through the pitiless weather;
With a pound of scrag in an old string bag,
In a tram with a child on my lap,
Wherever I go, to a shop or a show,
I wear a motor cap.

I don't know a silencer from a clutch,
A sparking-plug from a bearing,
But no one, I think, is in closer touch
With the caps the women are wearing;
I'm *au fait* with the trim of the tailor-made brim,
The crown and machine-stitched strap;
Though I've neither the motor, the sable-lined coat, or
The goggles—I wear the cap.

Saltus Humaniores.

THE *Glasgow Herald* announces that the Royal Humane Society have awarded a testimonial to JAMES PATTERSON "for jumping into Loch Lomond from Arrochar Pier and saving a youth." But surely a mere Testimonial is an inadequate recognition of so stupendous a feat. Arrochar Pier is on Loch Long, and the distance covered in this record-breaking leap could not be less than two miles (as the crow jumps) over land, to say nothing of the water.



THE DOG!

(A Romance of Real Life.)

The Gallant Major. "I BEG A THOUSAND PARDONS FOR THE APPARENT LIBERTY I TAKE AS AN ENTIRE STRANGER, BUT MAY I MAKE SO BOLD AS TO ASK YOU, IS NOT THIS ONE OF THAT WONDERFUL BREED OF BLACK OR CHINESE PUGS?"

The Pretty Lady (most condescendingly). "YES, YOU ARE PERFECTLY RIGHT, AND, IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN, YOU ARE MAJOR MCBRIDE, OF THE NINETY-NINTH HUSSARS."

[*From that moment they became fast friends, and within the next three months there appeared in the "Morning Post," "A marriage has been arranged between Major McBride, of the Ninety-ninth Hussars, and Mrs. Bellairs," &c., &c.*

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

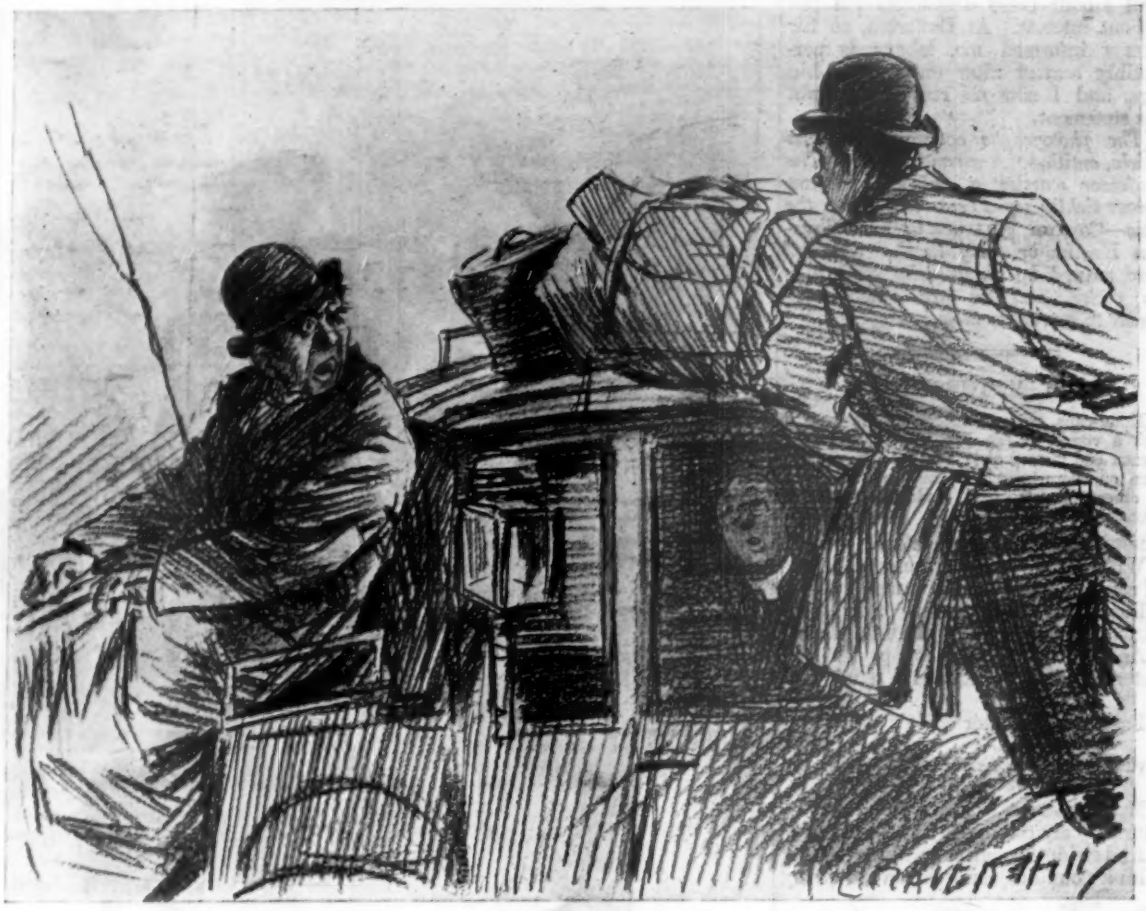
FRIENDS!—here are we, and yonder is our goal.
And he who loves his life
Had better shirk the strife;
This is no business for a coward soul.

Let him who would preserve or life or limb
Go get him to the rear:
We do not want him here,
And Glory hath no laurel crown for him.

The hour approaches. Who hath child or wife
Had best forget them now,
Lest Death should show him how
The price of Victory is the soldier's life.

Hark! even now the distant thunders rise
Of many a chariot wheel!
Death! The grim joy I feel
To see the blood-lust flaming in your eyes!

Charge! where the battle o'er the trampled slain
Shall rage around those cars!
And he may thank his stars
Who gets a seat upon the morning train!



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Hansom Cabby. "GARN! YOU'RE LIKE A NOVEMBER DAY, SHORT, DARK, AND DIRTY!"

PAROCHIAL SPICE.

THE *Slumberleigh Parish Magazine*, conducted by the Rev. THEOPHILUS SHEPHERD (Vicar), is more than usually interesting this month:—

EDITORIAL CHAT.

Acting, my friends, on the advice of the Bishop of STEPNEY, given at the conference of the Church of England Men's Society, to the effect that "The parish Magazines which are now in circulation would be much more acceptable if they had a little more spice in them"—acting, I say, on this advice, I shall for the future make a conscientious endeavour to impart to our little Magazine, and to our parish life in general, that modicum of raciness which up to now has, perhaps, been lacking in both.

⁂

Next month we shall start several new features. Our serial, *Mrs. Washington's Niece*, will be discontinued. In its place I have arranged to run *Tom Jones*, with illustrations by Messrs. DUDLEY HARDY and S. H. SIME.

⁂

Very racy indeed will be "Mems. from the Mothers' Meetings," by PEEPING TOM.

⁂

I shall myself conduct a spicy little column entitled "Sparklets."

⁂

A brighter tone will, for the future, be imparted to our Penny Readings. At the Friday gathering Mrs. SHEPHERD, Sen., in the place of her usual "Readings from CHARLOTTE M. YONGE," will substitute recitations from the works of Mr. DOSS CHIDDERDOSS.

⁂

Miss SHEPHERD'S harmonium recitals will include "*Pop goes the Weasel*" and "*Bill Bailey.*"

I myself shall render two rather tricky songs:

(*a*) "*This little lot is up to me, boys.*"

(*b*) "*There will be a hot time in the old town to-night.*"

⁂

Our magic lantern show will be discontinued. Instead I am arranging for a racy little cinematograph series, illustrating the Four Higgledy-Piggledy Girls in their contortionist dance at the Empire music-hall.

⁂

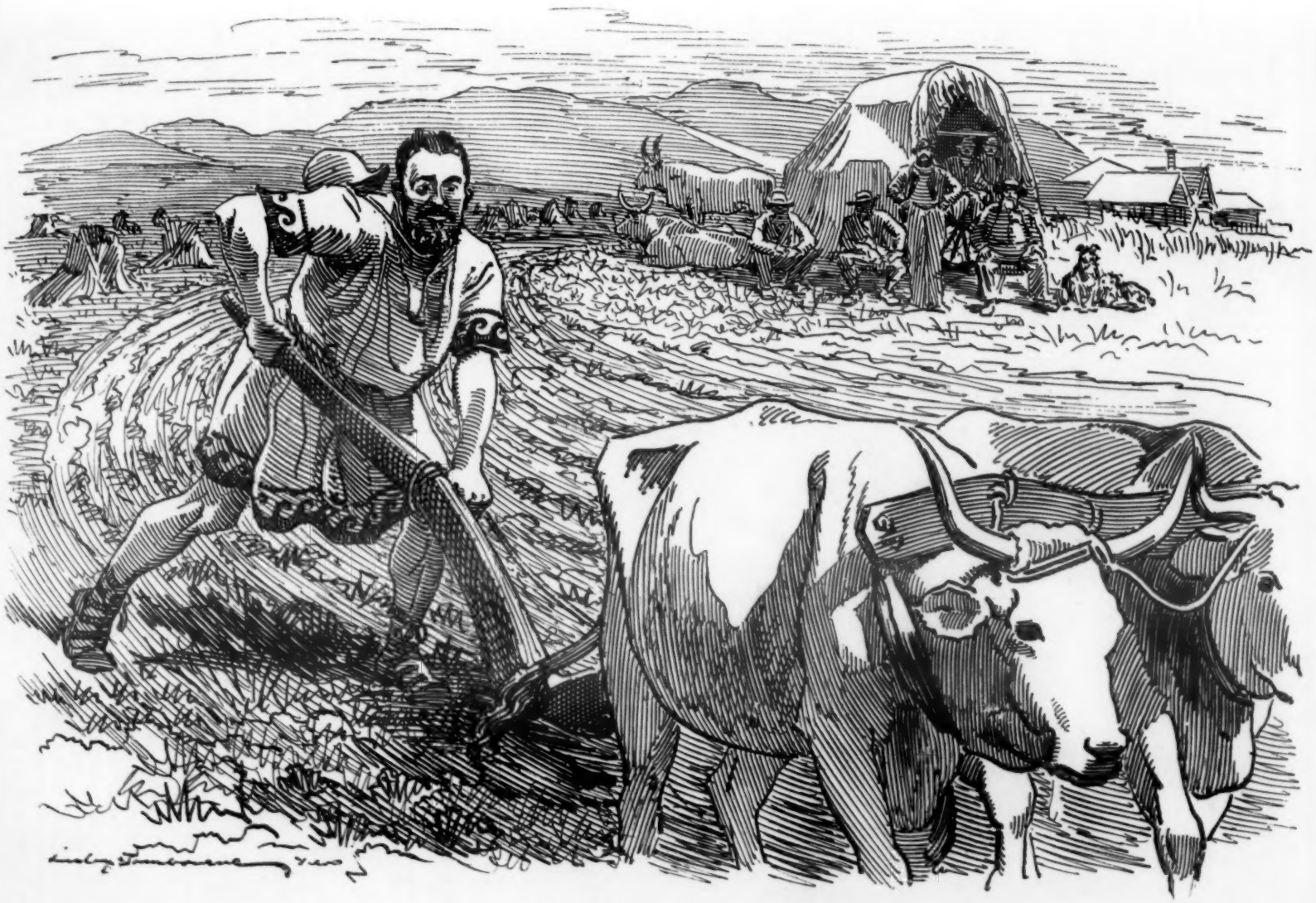
How did Mr. BR–WN get that dent in his new hat? Anything to do with his coming home by the last train from town on Saturday? Ahem!

⁂

Why is our senior curate's future wife (who said Miss SM–TH?) certain of caresses?—Because she will get HUGGINS. (I do hope that is perfectly plain. Mr. HUGGINS—huggings; to hug, to embrace.)

⁂

What was that scuffling on the back benches during my lecture on Fossils last Wednesday? Ah, I saw you! Ahem!



CINCINNATUS DE WET.

["Owing to his firm refusal to in any way take part in the agitation of Boers in the Orange River Colony with regard to the question of compensation, General CHRISTIAN DE WET has incurred the strong resentment of the ex-burghers . . . . He is quietly pursuing farming in the Edenburg District."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

MANGLED REMAINS.

Extract from the Recess Diary of Toby, M.P.

Been reading *Fifty Years of Fleet Street*, just issued by Macmillan. Purports to be the "Life and Recollections of Sir John Robinson," the man who made, and for a quarter of a century maintained at high level, the *Daily News*. The story is written by Mr. F. M. Thomas, who has added a new terror to death. There are biographies of sorts, ranging in value with the personality of the subject and the skill of the compiler. The former occasionally suffers from the incapacity of the latter. But at least his individuality is scrupulously observed. Like Don José, what he has said he has said, his observations and written memoranda not being mixed up with what his biographer thinks he himself thought, uttered and recorded.

Mr. Thomas goes about the biographer's business in fresh fashion, complacently announced by way of introduction to the volume. "I have not thought it necessary or desirable," he writes, "to indicate in all cases what is his (Sir John Robinson's) and what is my own. If there is anything amusing or entertaining in these pages, I am quite content that my dear old Chief should have the credit of it. The dulness I take upon myself."

Here be generosity! Here magnanimity! It is true that in the performance of his task Mr. Thomas occasionally falls from this high estate. More than once he airily alludes to "our diary" and "our notes," as if he had prepared them in collaboration with his chief. Possibly conscious for a moment of this indiscretion, and reverting to more generous mood, he, approaching a particular narrative, introduces it with the remark, "The incident may be given in the diarist's own words."

That procedure is, perhaps, not unusual with earlier biographers. With Mr. Thomas the lapse is rare. When he does let the hapless subject speak for himself, he is relegated to small type. For the rest, it is Mr. Thomas who *loquitur*, re-telling poor Robinson's cherished stories as if they were his own, sometimes with heavy hand brushing off the bloom. Even in these depressing circumstances there is no mistaking Robinson's sly humour, his gift of graphic characterisation. The worst of it is that, happening in the very same page upon some banal remark, some pompous platitude, the alarmed reader, recognising Mr. Thomas, hastily turns over half-a-dozen pages, and possibly misses a handful of the genuine ore.

These are hard lines, unjust to Robinson, unfair to the public. It is plain to see, from the few unmutilated extracts from Robinson's manuscript which illuminate the book, that the materials at hand for a delightful biography were abundant. For nearly forty years the Manager of the *Daily News* lived in the very heart of things. He was behind most scenes of public life, was more or less intimately acquainted with the principal personages figuring in it. His sympathies were bountifully wide; his observation alert; his sense of humour keen. He loved his newspaper work with almost passionate affection. For him fifty years of Fleet Street were worth a cycle of Cathay.

That he habitually made notes of what he saw and heard with the view to publication in biographical form, is undoubted. Mr. Thomas, impregnable in the chain armour of complacency, positively admits it. Robinson, he says, "did leave some diaries"—"our diaries"—"more or less fragmentary, and a number of thick closely written volumes of jottings in his own handwriting, descriptive of events of which he had been an eye-witness and people he had seen and known." Where is this treasure-trove? Presumably portions the biographer was good enough to regard as worth adapting are filtered through the wordy pages of larger type.

Happily the material is so good, its original literary form so excellent, that even this unparalleled atrocity cannot quite spoil the book. We who knew Robinson on his throne in Bouverie Street, and at the well-known table in the dining room of the Reform Club, rich in recollections of William Black, Payn and Sala; who watched him enjoying himself like a boy at theatre first nights; who recognised his rare capacity as a newspaper man; who knew the kind heart hidden behind a studiously cultured severity of manner in business relations—we, perhaps jealously, cherish his memory, and regret the surprising chance that has made possible this slight upon it.



THE NOBLE ART OF VÉNERIE.

Short-sighted Sportsman (on Brighton hireling, energetically hunting rabbit). "Here you are, Huntsman! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" (*Ad lib.*)

MY FIRST PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW.

From a rare old Early Victorian MS. periodical, circ. A.D. 1856–7, *entitled "The Nursry Nuse," and apparently edited by a certain* Master WILLIE T. S****, *aged* 7½.

I HAVE seen a Punch and Judy at last! I have always been afrade to stop and look at one before, for fear I might see something impropper. Now that I have done so, I will tell you exakly what it was like.

The show had four poles cuvered with a sort of check stuff. Inside was a man, at least I could only see his boots. High up there was an open part, with a shelf or ledje on which the acting takes place. At the back of this was the seenery.

In front a man stood, blowing a tune down a kind of small orgin that was stuck inside his cumforter. He also played upon a drumb, but not well.

The cost of the entertanement for one was just whatever you plesed. I was in the senter of the front row, but what I saw disgusted me so that when the lady came round with the shell after it was all over I hurriedly quited the place!

The wurst of it was it *did* make me lauf!

Yes, I laufed hartily, as I supose the Little Dog (not the one in the show, which semed a well-behaved and serius annimal—but the Little Dog in the potry of "Highdiddlediddle") laufed when he saw the Dish running away with the Spoon!

Which of course was very rong of the Little Dog, because it was no laufing mater, but what is called a soshal scandle.

But it was most yumilliating to be made to lauf at such a digrading spektacle as this show. It is a pifformence that cannot help shoking any little boy who has been propperly brought up. It shoked me *dredfuly*.

For the charikters—all excep *Mrs. Punch*, and the *Bedle*, and *Mr. Ketch*, and the little dog—are abbomnibly frivelous in their conduck, and only a lot of dolls gordily drest up to look like real peple—and horidly norty peple, too!

The diallog may be very briliant but I could not make out much of it, except that the principle charikter was always saying, "Ohdearohdearwhatapityrootitoot!" which, as I do not know what it menes, I grately fear must be a very rude expresion, if not a downrite swareword.

Yet I laufed. And now I feel as if I had laufed when my Unkle TOMMAS sat down where there was no chare!

For what is the story about? A misrable being with a big hump on his back, but welthy in the goods of this wurld, being able to aford a dog, has marrid a silly-looking doll in femail aparil, whom it would be allmost a profination to term his wife.

Heaven, it semes, has blest their union with a little baby, and jest because it refuses to smile at his silly auntics, he herls it out of the window, and when its mother is nachruly anoyed, he wacks her over the head with a big cudgle until she is no more!

If I beheld my own dere Papa misconducting himself in such a maner, should I regard it as a fit subject for meriment? Certinly not.

Well, next one of this abandund creacher's friends after the other comes in and reproches him for his goings on—but all his anser is to hit them with his cudgle and kill them.

His best friend semes to be more or less of a convenshnal clown in one of those worldly cirkises or Pantimimes which I have not yet seen and ernestly trust I never may.

He collers the cudgle now and then and hits *Punch* back, but is soon suckumbed. At last *Punch's* own dog *Tobey* will not asoshiate with him any more, but he is too hartless to mind, and even the apearance of his wife's gost produses no simtums of ripentence!

At the end he has merderd everybody he comes across in their own cold blood!—even *Mr. Ketch*, who arives to execute him, but, by a *mene* and most *disgraseful* trick, is indused to stick his head through the fatle nuse and be hanged insted of *Punch!*

So this great painted bulley is left chukling over the fact that he has suxesfuly cheted justise.

That is the story. Even as I laufed I could not help asking myself what my favrit charikters, *Mister Barlow* or *Mister Fairchild*, would have said of this show.

I am quite shore it would have shoked them both very much, if only because there was so much fighting all thro it, and because, altho there was a jibbet, it was the rong person who got hung on it.

I persume this is suposed to hold the miror up to life. Grownups may be stupid and wikked, but I do not beleive they are quite so bad as this difformed bufoon with the squeky voice.

If they are, then surely onley a *feind* would sniger at such a pifformence!

At the time I thought it was all scremingly funy, and I scremed like everybody else did.

But afterwards, thinking it over, I saw what a bad exampel it is bound tc set to all who behold it.

Still they were so abserdly unlike rele persons, I laufed at them without thinking. It was only after I had had my tea that I sudenly saw how shameless it all was. So, to show how sory I am that I should have been made to lauf at such an exibishun, I have writen this all out before retiring to rest.

The gentleman who belonged to the boots I saw inside the show may be a very clever man, but it would serve him only rite if all his charikters could be taken away from him and put in the fire.

I trust none of my yuthful reders will ever patternise such an infimus entertanement as this.

Next week I am going to see a Marryanet show, which I am told is even more shoking, and which I hope to give a fatheful acount of in a futuer number. F. A.

TO MY SENSE OF HUMOUR.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

COME not, as thou dost ever love to come,
Making a scandal of thy "saving grace,"
When awed hilarity must needs be dumb,
And all save rigid equilibrium
Is wholly out of place;

Flash no delirious humours through my brain
What time I patronise the public air;
Let me not look an idiot in the train,
Nor mock the echoes of the sacred fane;
There is no profit there!

Ah, come not thus. But come, when Hope is thrown
Out of his stride in Life's long Handicap;
When I am all deserted and alone,
And to the deaf gods make most bitter moan
That no one loves a chap;

When my most cherished schemes have ganged agley;
When I am crushed in person, purse, or pride,
With none to succour, none to hear my plea,
Come, Sense of Humour, come, and make me see
Things from their comic side!

Come then! Come *now!* And we will so distort
The sharp-scribed lineaments of my distress,
That we may cut her sorry triumph short,
And make a kind of wild, sardonic sport
Of her unloveliness.

Not much I ask; enough that thou beguile
One paltry hour. Poor devil that I am,
I do but seek to sneer at Life awhile;
To jeer at Love; and, with a ghastly smile,
Say I don't care a ——! DUM-DUM.



A FELLOW-FEELING.

District Visitor. "I'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM MY SON REGGIE, SAYING HE HAS WON A SCHOLARSHIP. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW DELIGHTED I AM. I——"

Rustic Party. "I CAN UNDERSTAND YER FEELINGS, MUM. I FELT JUST THE SAME WHEN OUR PIG WON A MEDAL AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW!"

EARTHQUAKES IN WELLINGTON STREET.

From the "Daily Mail," March 26, 1905.

NEW YORK, *March* 25.—According to information received in a London telegram this morning, the *Spectator* has been purchased on behalf of the German EMPEROR by Mr. EUGEN SANDOW. The price for which the transfer was effected is said to have been £1,000,000.—*Laffan.*

From the "Spectator," April 1.

☞ Mr. EUGEN SANDOW *has acquired possession of the "Spectator."*

No change in the policy of the paper is contemplated, and Mr. SANDOW *desires to give an emphatic contradiction to the report that he has acted in this matter on behalf of the* German EMPEROR *or any other potentate except himself.*

From the "Guardian," April 5.

The proprietors of the *Guardian* wish to state that there is no foundation whatever for the statement that Mr. EUGEN SANDOW has purchased the *Guardian* on behalf of the Wee Free Kirk.

From the "British Weekly," April 6.

I sincerely congratulate my friend Mr. EUGEN SANDOW on having acquired possession of the *Spectator*. Since the death of my most distinguished *protégé*, R. H. HUTTON, in 1897, the *Spectator*, which once stood for the highest and most intellectual traditions of British journalism, had fallen on evil days, and latterly seemed powerless to move with the times. The "live" personal note was painfully lacking, no notice was taken of the spiritualising influence of the Kailyard school on the music-halls, literary gossip was tabooed, and pictures of revolving bookcases and other indispensable literary *vade mecæ* were conspicuously absent from its advertisement columns. Now, under the stimulating influence of Mr. SANDOW, the *Spectator* is sure to take on a new lease of life. On the subject of passive resistance I fear that Mr. SANDOW and I do not see quite eye to eye. None the less I am confident that he will do much to restore the faded glories of the *Spectator*. Mr. SANDOW, I understand, has behaved with extraordinary consideration to the old staff, all of whom he has presented with green waistcoats with onyx buttons, and is retaining the services of Mr. STRACHEY to edit the Rifle Club column at a princely salary. The price given for the paper, however, has been somewhat exaggerated. £900,000 would be nearer the mark. CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

From the "Daily Chronicle," April 7.

It is officially announced that Sir ERNEST CASSEL has been appointed Editor of the *Spectator*. In evidence of the proprietor's firm resolve not to interfere with the tone, temper and policy of the paper, it may be mentioned that a long engagement has been entered into with Mr. STRACHEY, who will continue to edit the Cat and Dog column with increased responsibility for that important department. The services of Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN have also been retained as chief Balænographer, while Mr. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE will continue as heretofore to be responsible for topical reminiscences of famous old Harrovians and graduates of Balliol.

We understand that Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC has joined the staff as chief military expert, and that promises of regular contributions have been received from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Lord ROSEBERY, Professor HEWINS, Cardinal RAMPOLLA, and Sir H. H. HOWORTH.



EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mrs. Hezekayte. "I DO BELIEVE THE LITTLE DARLING KNOWS I'M GETTIN' IS!"

From the "Daily Express," April 8.

DEAR SIR,—In view of the unfair and misleading references to the results of my assuming control of the *Spectator* which have appeared in your columns and elsewhere, I confidently appeal to your notorious sense of fairness to publish the following reply.

Commenting on the change of hands you observe:

"Cordially admiring as we do Mr. SANDOW's many robust and noble qualities, we cannot but regret the extinction of the only organ which represented in the weekly press the well-grounded distrust felt by all patriotic Imperialists toward Germany as the *agent provocateur* of Europe."

I note also that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, speaking at Chowbent on the 3rd inst., did not scruple to say that the muzzling of honest British pens by a great Continental combine which they had witnessed in the case of the *Spectator* was the worst blow that had befallen the country since the black week of Colenso.

To this I may be permitted to answer first of all that nothing is further from me than any intention to revolutionise the methods of the paper of which I have obtained control. If any guarantee were required beyond such a statement, it may surely be supplied by the fact that Mr. STRACHEY, so long and honourably connected with the *Spectator*, has just signed a contract to continue as Editor of the canine and feline amenities which have lent the paper its most distinctive character; that Mr. F. T. BULLEN has promised his continued support in the cetacean department, and that the reminiscences of the Hon. LIONEL TOLLEMACHE will remain a regular feature in the correspondence column.

Adverse criticism has been directed against my assumption of the reins of office on the score of my having given public exhibitions of physical strength—in particular my having lifted a grand piano with forty men seated on it—and of being only twenty-eight years of age. But I have yet to learn that either delicacy or senility is a *sine quâ non* in a newspaper proprietor, or that there is any greater discredit in lifting a piano than in lifting a cup.

Hochachtungsvoll,
EUGEN SANDOW.

From the "Sunday Special," April 9.

We must congratulate our enterprising contemporary the *Spectator* on the splendid show it makes under the new management of Mr. EUGEN SANDOW. While the tone and temper of the paper remain unaltered, an up-to-date alertness now inspires every department. In the current issue the incoming Editor's *éloge* of Count VON BÜLOW is admirably done, while Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE'S masterly exposition of the essential identity of Free Trade and Protection will convince the most hidebound Free-fooder. Finally the "special prose" study of "Green Waistcoats in War," by our esteemed compatriot Mr. BELLOC, is intensely poignant. Altogether the new issue is a most stimulating blend of dignity and impudence.

NOTE FOR SOLICITORS AND OTHERS.—*Zutka*, of the Hippodrome, must never be called as a witness in any case where his evidence would be of vital importance, as he won't bear searching examination, and is so very easily doubled up in the box.

IT is stated that the license of the Automatic Refreshment Supply Company (now in liquidation) is to be assigned to "Little Mary, Limited." But why "Limited?" This error of judgment is sure to put off a great many possible clients.



A FOOTBALL MATCH.

(From an Old Print.)

SAN CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Monday, November 14.—Perhaps dread of fog kept the Box-folk from coming to see and hear *La Tosca*, which offered the attraction of Madame GIACHETTI in the title *rôle*, Signor ANSELMI as the unhappy *Mario Cavaradossi*, and Signor ANCONA as *Il Barone Scarpia*. Always regretting that PUCCINI had not selected some other subject, a story not a play, on which to exercise his power as a composer, one must admit that he has made excellent use of the materials at hand, and that it would be difficult to find better interpreters of his work, both musically and dramatically, than the three principals above-mentioned. Signor CAMPANINI was in the conductor's chair, and the performance in every way, vocally and orchestrally, was most satisfactory.

Tuesday.—M. MAUREL, playing *Rigoletto* to a well-filled house, provoked extraordinary enthusiasm. Miss ALICE NIELSEN, as *Gilda*, sang like a bird; not a nightingale, but some other kind of bird more detached in the matter of sentiment. Signor ANSELMI, in the part of *Il Duca*, went through his arias correctly enough, but was not perhaps quite adequately licentious in his methods; he seemed to lack something of the perfect ducal libertine. The chorus was admirably workmanlike in their regard both for the time and the spirit of the music.

Wednesday.—A good performance of *Faust* to a good house. Stalls quite full, boxes nearly so, and t'other parts of the house almost as well filled as were the parts in the always popular opera. Madame WAYDA as *Marguerite*, and Signor DANI as *Faust* generally satisfactory, but here and there a trifle weak, perhaps owing to London fog, but "for a' that an' a' that" an enthusiastic call at the end of the third Act brought on *Marguerite* and her *Faust, Mephistopheles*-ARIMONDI and *Valentin*-ANCONA, four times before the curtain.

Thursday.—Clear night after a foggy day: house rather clear too. Perhaps CILEA's *Adriana Lecouvreur* (of which particulars were given last week) is not sufficiently attractive, even though Madame GIACHETTI be a delightful *Adriana*, and Mlle. DE CISNEROS as *La Princessa* with Signor ANGELINI FORNARI as *Il Principe di Bouillon*, both do their best as *Bouillons* to keep the *potage* a-boiling. The whole performance was certainly worthy of far better support than appeared in evidence.

AN OFFICIAL EXTEMPORE RHYMESTER.

LORD MILNER, in the course of his speech at Bloemfontein, took a hint from *Silas Wegg* and "dropped into poetry." He is reported in the *Times* as saying:—

> "I do not expect nor desire a boom,
> But merely that the excessive gloom
> Should be cast off"—and here he chose
> To return again to his favourite prose,
> Though his rhyme is good as far as it goes.

And his Lordship is to be sincerely complimented on his new departure, which we trust will find many imitators who, if they possess Lord MILNER's gift of extemporising, will enliven their speeches with statements of measures in metre and adorn diplomacy with dithyrambs.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?—The LORD CHANCELLOR has been presented by his MAJESTY with a new Seal, and has been allowed to retain the old one. It is not unlikely that his Lordship will generously present the latter to the Zoological Gardens, where it will be a welcome addition to the Seal Family.

The New "Efficiency."

ACCORDING to *The Civilian* "general intelligence" is one of the subjects which are in future to be excluded from the examination for First-class Officers of Excise.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IT is an old axiom in politics that a nation does not like a Coalition Government. It is equally true that, in spite of HUME and SMOLLETT, ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN and one or two others, the average reader is not attracted by books written in collaboration. Objection is the stronger when, taking up a slim volume like *The Affair at the Inn* (GAY & BIRD), one finds Mrs. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN with no fewer than three assistants. The result is more pleasing than the promise. To tell the truth, if my Baronite had not been warned off by the circumstantial catalogue of authors, he would have innocently accepted the story as the unaided work of his early favourite, author of *Timothy's Quest*. MARY FINDLATER, JANE FINDLATER, and eke ALLAN MCAULAY, are not severally or collectively the rose. But they have lived near it. Miss MARY FINDLATER'S contribution, dealing with old hypochondriacal *Mrs. Macgill* of Tunbridge Wells, is in its way as good as anything in the congeries. Mrs. WIGGIN is responsible for the pretty, sprightly American girl on a visit to Devonshire. Another amusing character is *Sir Archibald Mackenzie*, a pragmatical Scotch Baronet, who detests women, and in the last chapter is found on his knees imploring *Virginia Pomeroy* of Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., to marry. Decidedly a diverting book.

The Prodigal Son, by HALL CAINE (HEINEMANN), is decidedly a powerful novel. Its commencement is as bright and full of colour as the first scene of a good comic opera, and the reader's interest, in the action which is to lead up gradually to deep tragedy, is at once aroused, nor is it allowed to drop throughout the story, *usque ad finem*. Certainly as a writer CAINE is able. But why does he damage his work by occasional platitudes, as, for instance, when after a strong dramatic situation he observes, "None of us can foresee the future. We must all bow before the Unknown." Whereupon *Mrs. Gamp* would have remarked, "There ain't no denigin' of it, *Betsy*." The Baron holds that there is a serious flaw in Mr. HALL CAINE'S title, which suggests to everyone who has had a Christian education the parable of *The Prodigal Son*. We all know how that spendthrift lived riotously, went to rack and ruin, and then, on his returning repentant to his father, was by him received, despite the elder brother's angry remonstrance, with open arms and open house. Such is not at all the story of this novel, wherein the younger son behaves not only as a prodigal but as a thorough scamp, bringing himself within the pale of the criminal law; and when he does return, it is as a millionaire, and *after* his father's death.

Sir Charles Wyndham (HUTCHINSON) is described by its author as "a biography." It is rather a calendar of the comedian's achievements on the stage, filled out to a portly volume by newspaper clippings, the reproduction of bills of the plays, and the inordinate attenuation of some familiar stories. Mr. PEMBERTON is not to blame for this result, except inasmuch as he was resolved to make a book. Writing about a still living, strenuously working, public man, it was perhaps necessary that his scheme and his literary style should be based upon that indispensable work *Who's Who*. But why in such circumstances try to write a biography? What might be done is disclosed within the limits of the first fifty pages, where the subject of the wordy narrative himself takes up the pen. It is an auto-biography we want, and Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM'S too brief essays in that direction show what is lost if this somewhat tiresome book is to take its place. The actor writes in the breezy fashion in which he talks. The contrast is the more cruel for his faithful biographer when, reversing *Falstaff's* habit, we come upon the intolerable quantity of half-baked bread that accompanies the sip of sparkling sack.

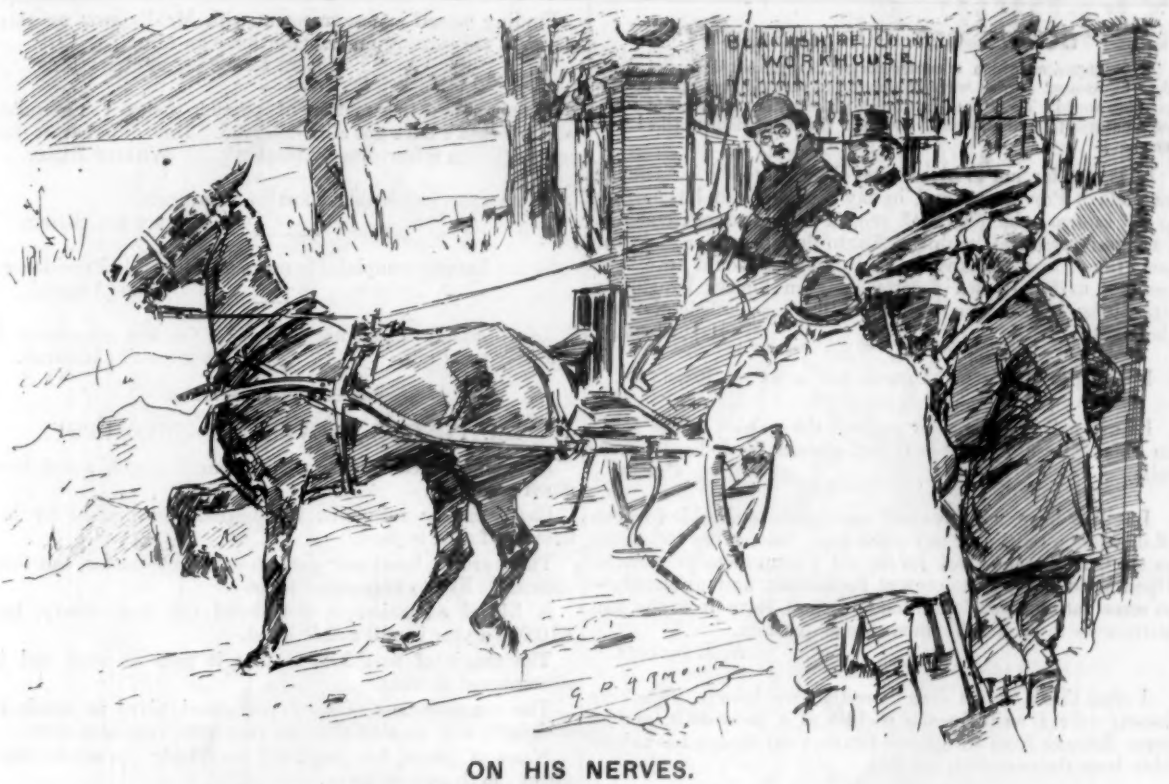
Major GRIFFITHS, in his *Fifty Years of Public Service* (CASSELL & CO.), has given us a very interesting, and, in parts, a decidedly entertaining book. The story of the early days of a man who has subsequently made a career for himself is the portion of the Major's biography that has the most charm for the Baron. The Major records SOTHERN'S first appearance at the Haymarket Theatre as *Lord Dundreary*, as a success; and tells how Manager BUCKSTONE congratulated SOTHERN at the wing. But the Baron remembers quite another tale, which he had from Mrs. CHIPPENDALE (Miss SNOWDON), who was in the cast with SOTHERN, and, according to her account, at the fall of the curtain everyone sneaked off the stage to the dressing-rooms, not one caring to face the *débutant* or even to pretend to congratulate him. SOTHERN, upset, had made up his mind to return to America, when, before the expiration of the third week, business improved, the humour of *Dundreary* began to attract the town, and, in a short time, the success was enormous. To return to our Major premiss, one of his best prison scenes is where he himself is the culprit up before Mr. Secretary CROSS. The Major's experiences in the Crimea and his incidental stories during his Ulysses-like wanderings are capital reading.

He is a bold man who would take up the story of the life of *Sir Roger de Coverley* after ADDISON had laid down his pen. Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE is such, daring comparison in *Sir Roger's Heir* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). Having, presumably in obedience to the classic injunction, "spent his nights and days with ADDISON," he comes out of the ordeal exceedingly well. His presentation of *Sir Roger* and his surroundings in his ancestral home my Baronite finds very pleasing. The misunderstanding upon which the story mainly turns is perhaps a little strained in the direction of artificiality. When *Captain Sentrey, Sir Roger's* heir, of late restored to favour, is confronted by accusation of having married in the Fleet Prison a girl he never saw or even heard of, he might have done better than "drop into a chair and sit there with bowed head, his hands clasped before him." A few plain words would have disposed of the affair. But then, where would have been Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE'S story? And we should have been sorry to miss it.

Mr. W. A. MACKENZIE is obviously a student in the school of *Sherlock Holmes*, and Sir CONAN DOYLE has no occasion to be ashamed of his disciple. Indeed in *The Drexel Dream* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) there are some ingenious complications and devices which my Baronite ventures to say the Master will probably wish he had thought of. So abundant are Mr. MACKENZIE'S resources that in the closing pages, after the reader has supped excitement through varying devolution of detective skill, he suddenly comes upon a climax. This incident, being wholly unexpected, is probably the most successful of all.

Among "pocket editions" of *Shakspeare*, the Baron welcomes a set issued from WILLIAM HEINEMANN'S, which, consisting up to the present time of twenty-five small volumes, is nearing its completion. The type is clear, the text is that of Messrs. MACMILLAN'S Cambridge *Shakspeare*, indebtedness being duly acknowledged, the "introductions" by GEORGE BRANDES brief and to the point. A small side pocket will not be encumbered by the presence of one of these little books, so useful at a Shakspearian performance.





ON HIS NERVES.

Parish Doctor (on visit to Workhouse). "WANT TO LEAVE, DO YOU? WHY?"
Casual Inmate. "LIVIN'S TOO 'IGH. CAN'T STAND IT. 'FRAID OF GETTIN' FATTY 'EART."

A TEMPEST IN A TEACUP.

LUCKY the author of a rather commonplace play who has Miss MARIE TEMPEST for his heroine. Never was the assistance of this sprightly actress more valuable than in the piece by Mr. COSMO GORDON LENNOX entitled *The Freedom of Suzanne*, now being given at the Criterion. By the author's wish, as evidenced in the playbill, we are to consider this effort as a "Light Comedy," and all that can help to make it so is done by Miss TEMPEST as *Suzanne Trevor*, and, as far as opportunity is afforded him, by Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN as an old *roué*. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH as the wayward *Suzanne's* somewhat stodgy husband, *Charles Trevor*, acquits himself well of the very difficult task of impersonating an uninteresting variant of the commonly-sensible type so familiar to playgoers who call to mind *John Mildmay*, *Citizen Sangfroid*, and a few others.

Then we have the mother-in-law, unpleasantly dictatorial and odiously interfering . . . well, we know that mother-in-law, and Miss ADA FERRAR succeeds in putting *Lady Charlotte Trevor* on the best possible terms with the audience. That Mr. LENNOX should have introduced into the piece the old *roué Fitzroy Harding*, admirably made up and perfectly played for all it is worth, and more, by Mr. CHARLES SUGDEN, only to drop him out of it again as soon as possible, is a matter of sad surprise to all whom the piece in the least interests. By this time no one can have more real cause to regret such treatment of an ancient and ever acceptable type than the author.

The dialogue is of the kind of smartness that, with not a few, passes for wit, and *Fitzroy Harding*, after *Suzanne*, has a fair share in it. Mr. HALLARD'S performance as *Captain Harry Cecil*, the modern stage-type of a gay Lothario, is excellent, as also is that of the boyish lover, *Tommy Keston*, played by Mr. A. E. MATTHEWS. The same may be said of the ogling lumbago'd old fop (of the *Lord Ogleby* family), *Lord Datchet*, carefully rendered by Mr. HOLMAN CLARK. Mr. TITHERADGE appears as a kind of colourless friend of the family, and Miss ALICE BEET'S *Miss Minching*, the companion, amusingly recalls some other characters of a similar kind with much the same business.

Miss BEATRICE BECKLEY, a lady of no particular importance, is sympathetic as *Suzanne's* attached friend, and Miss FLORENCE SINCLAIR sufficiently indicates the mischievous kind of flirt she is engaged to represent. The charwoman, a very small character part in the last Act, is repulsively comic, and is excellently played by Miss ALICE MANSFIELD.

Had the author only taken trouble to strengthen his material, and develop his best comedy characters on the right lines, the piece, though based upon the well-worn theme of *Divorçons*, with such a cast, and with so brilliant and popular a *comédienne* as MARIE TEMPEST, might have achieved a great success and would have secured for itself a long run. But the work is thin, and those who come to laugh resent the seriousness of the so-styled "light comedy," which results in dulness, and feel grieved to see merry Miss TEMPEST moved to convulsive tears and hysterical sobs about a matter which is of no particular consequence to anybody.

FIRST-CLASS ENTERTAINMENT.—During this winter, at every opportunity that may be afforded by the weather, *al fresco* Snow Balls will be given by the aristocracy in town and country, following the happy initiative of CARLOS our friend.

"DO WE GET OUR DESERTS?"

[The symposium which a contemporary has promoted on the above topic has caused a great wave of emotion to pass through the English-speaking world. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in contributing to it, and ventures to anticipate the views of a variety of distinguished personages.]

It is not for me to inquire too closely into the inscrutable methods of Providence, and in any case it would be contrary to my known principles with regard to self-advertisement if I allowed myself to be dragged into this discussion. At the same time I may perhaps say that though I should have been inclined to fix my own deserts at seven figures, I regard a circulation of three-quarters of a million as sufficiently near the mark. HALL CAINE.

Do I get my deserts? I guess that is so. ROOSEVELT.

I have not yet taken, by augury, the opinion of the birds on this enthralling subject, but personally I hardly ever miss. CAR'OS.

I neither have, nor have had, any desire to shackle freedom of discussion on this or any other topic among my colleagues in the Government; but, for myself, I propose to preserve an Open Mind during the present Parliament, and ultimately—at some date not yet determined—I shall leave it to the constituencies to decide this momentous question. A. J. BALFOUR.

I often think we get even more than we deserve. Speaking loosely—for I write in the middle of a snow-drift, and at some distance from statistics—I cannot say that it has invariably been the case with me that

> "Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose";

yet I never remember to have missed this delightful and refreshing experience. DEVONSHIRE.

Count no man happy on this point till he has reached his Last Phase; and even then there may be a fresh edition, a Positively Last Phase. ROSEBERY.

If I can be said to believe anything, I believe that some of us do get our deserts. Anyhow, I have had a capital time in the States. JOHN MORLEY.

I sometimes feel that I don't deserve all the hard things that people say of me. I am really quite a nice old gentleman. HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Let you know more definitely later on, when they make up the Liberal Cabinet. D. LLOYD-GEORGE.

It 's not so much *what* we get, as the *nasty way* in which some of us get it. ANDRÉ (General).

No; we ought all to have £2,500 a year.—G. BERNARD SHAW.

Speaking on behalf of WORDSWORTH, TENNYSON and myself, I have no hesitation in saying *Yes*. ALFRED AUSTIN.

The Highest Love asks for No Reward. M. CORELLI.

If we do get our deserts, they don't seem to take the form of quick-firing guns. T. ATKINS, R.A.

Apparently not. It looks as if the other side got ours, and we got theirs. UNITED FREE KIRKER.

Finding myself in disagreement with Mr. PEARSON on this matter, I am turning my solicitor loose on him.
LATE EDITOR OF THE "STANDARD."

Certainly, in the matter of popular fame, I am quite satisfied that I have got all I deserved. How different in the pre-poetic age referred to by HORACE! WILLIAM BAILEY.

In my case impossible, short of apotheosis.
WILLIAM THE SECOND.

So far, have no complaint to make of Honorable Providence.
TOGO (Admiral).

Am I going to get my deserts? On my conscience I sincerely trust not. ROJDESTVENSKY (Admiral).
O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

How much better it is to get wisdom than gold—and how much easier.

Happy is the man who is admired and praised by his fellows—for he is dead.

The pure in heart are slow to credit calumnies, but they sometimes like to hear about them.

A liberal education is considered the best dowry, but £10,000 a year is still rather liked.

The magic of first love is that it goes so soon and is remembered so long.

The consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight, and so, also, does the man who lives next door.

Nosce te ipsum, but don't tell everybody the whole truth about the thing you know.

If you insist on telling the truth you may probably shame the devil, but you won't be considered very cheery in Society.

Novelty is an essential attribute of the beautiful—especially novelty in hats.

A good reputation is a fair estate, but there are others on which it is easier to get a mortgage.

Virtue alone is powerful, but in combination with American dollars she is invincible, and can even marry a Duke.

A good life keeps off wrinkles, but a good wrinkle sometimes keeps off a lot of trouble.

Do good and care not to whom—no one will notice it.

A man may be judged by the companies he promotes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

AN account of a wedding in the *Tunbridge Wells Advertiser* of the 18th ult. states that the bride wore a "valuable set of white firs, the gift of the bridegroom." The happy pair were evidently Forest Lovers. Perhaps the scribe, in his next botanical description of a marriage ceremony, will attire the lady in furze, by way of a change.

PEOPLE talk about letter-writing as a lost art. Yet a correspondent sends us the following communication which she has received from a candidate for domestic service:

"DEAR MADAM,—In answer to your advertisement of the 13th inst. as help for Houses work I offer my servises. I am a Widow without encumbranes and seeking same.
"Yours respfuly."

No Infants in Arms Need Apply.

MR. BLANK requires an English Butler, over three, with highest personal recommendation, &c.—*The Tablet*.



THE FISCAL FREAKS.

(*Engaged at Enormous Expense.*)

JOSEPHA. "NOW THEN, ARTURA, TAKE THE TIME FROM *ME!*"

[Rosa-Josepha Blazek, the Bohemian freak twins, are appearing nightly at a London music-hall. "It is difficult to know whether to speak of them as one or two persons."]

THE COMPLETE DOCTOR.

[*Vide* the recently published *Confessions of an English Doctor*.]

My friends, by every means you can,
Avoid the life of the medicine man.
His lot in a vale of woe is thrown
With never a minute to call his own.
As soon as he closes his weary eyes
Some inconsiderate patient dies,
And inconsiderate babes are born
When he creeps to bed in the grey of morn;
By night and day he is slave and thrall
To every pauper that bids him call.

But if, no matter what I may say,
You still persist in your wilful way,
A hint or two from one who knows
May lighten your self-inflicted woes.
Be youth and youthful ways forgot:
Assume an age if you have it not.
Try to look prosperous, plump and porty—
Medical men are young at forty.
The working-man with anxious care
Sprinkles with tea his grizzling hair;
All traces of youthfulness *you* must hide
With a little potassium cyanide.

As youth must be carefully kept from view,
So ignorance ought to be hidden too.
Judicious deception will do far more
Than all your Æsculapian lore.
Your power is gone when a man supposes
You have a doubt of your diagnosis.
In your innermost heart you may feel at sea—
If it 's mumps, or measles, or housemaid's knee—
But once let your victim perceive your trouble,
And the fount of his faith will cease to bubble.

There may be doctors, I do not doubt,
Who, when a patient is prone to gout,
Will strongly advise him to cut it short
With his pounds of flesh and his bottles of port.
A course like that is devoid of sense:
He takes the advice or he takes offence.
If he takes offence he kicks you out;
If he takes the advice he is cured of his gout;
And instead of dispensing for him, *eheu!*
He promptly proceeds to dispense with you.

But let your tact be mostly spent
In winning the feminine element,
For a medical man need scarce be told
A woman with nerves is a mine of gold.
Thus, when you enter your patient's room
Affect a sympathetic gloom!
Don't laugh at the curious things she feels
In her arms and legs, in her soles and heels,
The grinding ache in her back, the smart
Of the red-hot needle that stabs her heart;
But stroke her hand in a soothing way
And ask her, "How is the pulse to-day?"
Enquire for the pain at the back of her nose,
The feeling of dizziness down in her toes,
The block of ice in her burning chest,
The red-hot coal in her freezing breast,
The lead in her liver—and all the rest.

If doctors stickled for truth, how many
Would ever be blessed with an honest penny?
How many who drive a spanking pair
Would do their rounds on Shanks's mare,
And still find plenty of time to spare?



Miss Griffin. "I'M SURE IT MUST BE MRS. JONES'S FAULT THAT SHE CAN'T MANAGE MABEL. THE CHILD IS MOST AFFECTIONATE."

Polite Visitor (eager to agree). "YES, THE WAY SHE GETS ON WITH *YOU* SHOWS THAT!"

"Before I forget——"

REFERRING to the "Great Douglas Cause," the *Chronicle* remarks:—

"Elderly people will recollect the law-suit which aroused so much excitement in the middle of the eighteenth century."

Ducentenarians, please copy.

Lines from North Westmorland.

THERE was a young Member named RIGG,
Who grew weary of being a Whig,
So, thirsting for glory,
He emerged as a Tory,
And gallantly went the whole pig.

CHARIVARIA.

We are informed that the function of the second Baltic Squadron will be to search for the survivors of the first.

The authorities of the Congo Free State are endeavouring to popularise travel through their territory, and announce a reduction of first-class railway fares. Owing to the spread of civilisation, there are now so few barbarous States in the world that we fancy many persons will be attracted to these parts.

The fact that there was no booing at the Royal Performances at Windsor Castle before the King and Queen of PORTUGAL is looked upon as a well-deserved snub to certain galleryites.

Seeing that the First Night judgment of a play is very often faulty, why not, asks an Irish gentleman, hold the First Night a week later? The idea is not as new as it sounds. Mr. TREE, it may be remembered, once started straight away with the *Twelfth Night*.

The discovery that the Dorney Mile at Eton is 20 yards short of a mile, and that the Eton running records of the past are consequently of no value, has produced a feeling of consternation in scholastic circles.

Mr. PEARSON'S advice to Mr. BYRON CURTIS, the late Editor of the *Standard*: Gwynne, and bear it.

"The non-return of books," said Lord ROSEBERY, in his speech at the opening of a new Carnegie Library last week, "has ended more friendships than any other cause of which I am cognisant." Yet *T.P.'s Weekly*, a literary journal, actually published, the other day, an article in praise of "The Spirit of Borrow."

Now that the cold weather has come, universal sympathy is being felt for the Marquis of ANGLESEY, who will have to go about this winter with only one waistcoat, in the place of the five hundred of last year.

According to the *United Service Gazette*, orders have been given that the tallow hitherto used at the launching of warships shall in future be replaced by margarine. This is looked upon as a victory by those persons who have long declared that tallow is inferior to margarine as a substitute for butter.

Having read of the onslaught made on a Cornish lady's fur boa by a rat, a young lady writes to inform us that, a short time ago, her chinchilla muff was attacked by moth.

The antique battle-axe which was offered, with other articles left in railway carriages, for sale by auction last week, is stated to have been stolen from one of our arsenals.

Where now, our City Aldermen are asking, is man's vaunted superiority? There has been discovered in the State of Kansas a species of grasshopper which is endowed with a double set of teeth and two stomachs. A feeling of sullen jealousy prevails in civic circles.

An international exhibition of advertising will shortly be held at Antwerp. Thank Heaven, Great Britain will be able to hold her own in the Novelists' section, in both the male and female departments.

The present charge for smacking litigants' faces in the Royal Courts of Justice is £10 per face, but it is announced that the tariff may be raised.

King CARLOS has proved himself such an unerring shot that King EDWARD'S wisdom in concluding an Arbitration Treaty with him has been conceded by every one.

The fact that Colonel LE ROY LEWIS, when his mansion was burning, saved the French governess before the German one, has given the liveliest satisfaction to our friends across the Channel.

During a recent sitting of the Hungarian Diet, seats, books, and ink-bottles were hurled at the President. As a result of his not being hit there is to be an inquiry into the marksmanship of the nation.

Eighteen St. Petersburg lawyers have been called to the colours. They should at least know how to charge.

We must once more call attention to the gross carelessness of a contemporary. We hear that the following head-lines have caused considerable irritation in the Force:—

ANOTHER POLICE BLUNDER

—

INNOCENT MEN RELEASED.

FREEMASONRY.—"O for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness." Can any of your Past Masters in Masonic learning inform the present inquirer to what district such a Lodge so situated belonged, its number, name, Master, and any other particulars, and send them under cover to "One who doesn't know?"

OXFORD NOTES.

Some years hence.

More than usual interest is being taken in the Boat Race this year from the fact that for the first time for many years a native Englishman is included in the Oxford crew. Our congratulations to A. KERR MACFARLANE (Loretto and Balliol), who has been selected to steer us against the sister 'Varsity in the historic "Battle of the Blues."

We have also to felicitate another Britisher, MORGAN JONES-WILLIAMS (Aberystwith and Jesus) on getting his Push-ball blue. It really looks as if the old country was beginning to wake up at last!

The nasty collision between a B.N.C. eight manned by German (RHODES) scullers and a New College Coxswainless Four, composed of British Colonials, has been the sole topic of conversation this week. Happily the crisis is now over, and the matter is to be referred to the Hague Tribunal. The German cox was undoubtedly in the wrong, and the KAISER has sent him the usual telegram of congratulation.

To-day the Stars and Stripes float proudly over the new and palatial buildings of Oriel which have just been completed by the American Skeleton Steel Construction Company Limited. Men who knew Oxford in the old days would be surprised at the numerous changes and improvements that have been made. The straightening and widening of the old High Street (now First Avenue), and the magnificent Waldorf-Ritz Hotel, which stands where St. Mary's used to be, has made a vast difference to the appearance of the town.

The Master of Balliol (the Rev. CYPRIAN T. POTTER, of New York) entertained in Hall the other night the officers and men of the U.S. destroyer *Texas*, which is at present stationed at Iffley Lock. During the course of the evening Sir THOMAS LIPTON (who despite his 101 years is as keen a sportsman as ever) made his usual happy references to the coveted cup, and stated that it was still his determination to bring it to this side of the Atlantic. "*Shamrock XLI.*," said Sir THOMAS, "is the best boat I have yet sent over, and I can only say, 'May the best boat win!'"

SATURDAY EVENINGS.—Smart Man Wanted for Bacon window, &c.—*Croydon Advertiser.*

If it had been for a Shakspeare window, what a chance for Mr. HALL CAINE, whose resemblance, &c.

"TIT-BITS" AND THE "GUARDIAN."

[We are requested to give an emphatic denial to the genuineness of the following correspondence.]

From the Editor of the "Guardian" to the Proprietor of "The Westminster Gazette," "Strand Magazine," &c.

DEAR SIR GEORGE NEWNES,—I feel I can rely upon having a part of the ample space at your command to correct a misapprehension. You say in Monday's *Westminster Gazette* that my purchase of *Tit-Bits* will issue in its radical transformation — that *Tit-Bits*, to use your own verb, will be "Guardianised." This is so far from the truth, and may disappoint so many persons, misled into the hope of reading henceforth two *Guardians* instead of one, that I hasten to disclose my plans in words which, unlike a classic, will require no commentary.

In typography and the quality of paper employed *Tit-Bits* will be absolutely unaltered. The prizes offered, in respect both of value and character, will be neither increased nor diminished. Nor shall I abandon that philosophic principle which has been visible from first to last in the conduct of this misunderstood publication. You and I know what that principle is: for the benefit of others, who may have looked only superficially at this subject, it may not be superfluous to say that *Tit-Bits* was founded, and has since been continued, with the object of fostering that power of *dissociation of ideas* which is of the first importance in education, as any competent teacher of psychology will agree.

It is therefore exact to say that in essential principle and in outward form *Tit-Bits* will be what it has been. The only changes I intend to make are in the staff. May I take our forthcoming number as an example of what I mean? Mr. EDMUND GOSSE (so thoroughly at home in France that references to *mon petit Gosse* are frequently heard in the Paris theatres) will have a few quaint paragraphs on the private life of the great French sonneteer, ANNA MARIA DE PARODIA. Mr. A. B. WALKLEY will say something about the influence of BOSWELL on his career. Reading in BOSWELL, at the age of eight, how JOHNSON attained success at Oxford by "striking in and quoting MACROBIUS," Mr. WALKLEY confides to us that he then and there resolved to make his way by "striking in and quoting" something or other, as often as possible, for the rest of his life. "Do dachshunds bag at the knees?" will be answered in his own inimitable way by the Editor of *Notes and Queries*. MRS. HUMPHRY WARD will tell the world "How fame came." Unsuited to *Tit-Bits*, you say? I venture to think not, for we intend to put a catchy (that *is* the word, isn't it?) heading on Mrs. WARD's article—"Little Bas-Bleu, Come Blow Your Horn," or something in that kind.

At the risk of being egotistic, for it is difficult to write about oneself without seeming, to others, to write too much, I may as well say frankly that I am not ashamed of literature and culture, and that although snippets will continue to give feature to my new property they will be snippets for the cultivated, the serious, by the serious, the cultivated. I shall regard the editing of *Tit-Bits* as in its nature a sacred Trust, to be administered to the end that scholarship and culture may fall, drop by drop, upon minds waiting, as I firmly believe, to receive them. Think of the effect, for example, of this bit contributed to our next number but one, by Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS: "WALTER PATER! what memories are freshened and made fragrant by that name! What a marvel that a style in which clause is laid by the side of clause, lovely one after lovely other, until the long, retouched sentence is musical, invertebrate, should have been so flexible to the interpretation of so many kinds of beauty! That a mind so nicely adapted to the appreciation of exquisite fluorescence should yet have valued adequately severe design! For PATER the only gifts I could wish from the faeries are that his sentences might



"ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS."

Imperial Yeoman. "MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU WOULD PICK UP MY SWORD FOR ME."

have achieved a more highly articulated structure, and that humour, which often seems to hover above his page, should now and then have come to light upon it." Trusting you will pardon me for having troubled you with so long a letter, I am, yours sincerely,

W. HOBHOUSE.

DEAR MR. HOBHOUSE,—I am glad to give you all the publicity I have in stock. Next week I could give you more: but I suppose you couldn't wait. While it is something to know that *Tit-Bits* will not be consolidated with your bright weekly, I still maintain that the employment of the persons you mention will give pain to my old readers. If you must go in for style and literature, why not employ somebody with a little ginger and spirit? Last night I was trying to think of people for you. Among others

I thought of CHESTERTON, the marvellous boy.

You see, your new hand isn't the only man who can handle a dictionary of quotations. I am reluctantly compelled to think you deliberately obscure in your remarks about "dissociation of ideas." I have heard of their *association*. Is that what you mean? Let me conclude by a friendly tip: if you want the thing to be a go, let your motto be, "More matter, less mind."

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE NEWNES.

I refuse to "think of the effect" of Mr. SYMONS's piece. Your subscription list will show what your readers think.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

IV.—THE CHAIRMAN.

I.

The Hon. Felix Stow, Liberal Candidate for Bilkingham, to his agent Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—What do you think about another Meeting? There have been a good many big speeches lately, and my constituents will perhaps be asking themselves how far I agree with them. Let me know how it strikes you.

Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

II.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—I have made some inquiries, and it is generally thought that the time is ripe for another large Meeting. The best dates would be either the 22nd or the 29th of next month—both Thursday, which is market day, when the country people come in.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY KEAST.

III.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—I think the 29th is the day. I forgot to say in my last that you must get me a new Chairman. I really cannot stand BURGE any more.

Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

IV.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—We have fixed the 29th, and all that now remains is the Chairman. The opinion of the influential men here is that you must get Sir BONIAN BOGG. He controls a great number of votes and is very highly respected, and is the only man for whom BURGE would be willing to stand down. It would be best for you to write to him yourself. Yours faithfully,

HARRY KEAST.

V.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—Are you really serious in suggesting that old ass? Is there no way of escape? Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

VI.

Telegram from Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

BOGG invaluable. Write at once.—KEAST.

VII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—I should esteem it a very great honour if you would consent to take the chair at the Meeting which I am addressing at Bilkingham on the 29th of next month. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

FELIX STOW.

VIII.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—Before I give my consent to preside over your Meeting I must be fully satisfied that your views coincide with mine on various important problems of the day. Please therefore state as concisely as possible your attitude to the following questions:—

(*a*) Old Age Pensions.
(*b*) Deceased Wife's Sister.
(*c*) Fiscal Reform.
(*d*) The Zionist Movement.

When replying please mark your letter Z334, as I deal with all my correspondence by method. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

BONIAN BOGG.

IX.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—It seems to me that I cannot do better than enclose the *Bilkingham Herald's* report of my first speech to the constituency. That seems to me to supply the answers which you need. May I point out how important it is that my Committee should know as soon as possible if we are to have the honour of your support as Chairman on the 29th. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

FELIX STOW.

X.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—I have had your speech read to me very slowly three times, omitting only the references to the enthusiasm of the audience—such collections of persons being to my mind very like sheep. But I cannot find any pronouncement either on the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill or on the Zionist Movement. Kindly satisfy my mind on these important points; and in replying will you please mark the envelope as well as the letter with the reference number with which I furnished you? I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

BONIAN BOGG.

XI.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

DEAR KEAST,—I enclose Sir BONIAN BOGG's last letter. Why on earth you are so set on having such a Chairman I can't conceive. What am I to reply? I never heard of the Zionist movement.

Yours sincerely,

FELIX STOW.

XII.

Telegram from Mr. Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Favour return Jews Palestine. Support Bill's deceased wife's sister. Haste important. KEAST.

XIII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

DEAR SIR BONIAN,—Pray excuse my delay in replying, but I wished to give the matter earnest attention. With regard to the Zionist movement, I am, I may say, in complete accord with it. Palestine seems to me to be pre-eminently the country for the Jews. I see a great opening for them there. As for the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, although I regret the necessity of dragging such intimate matters before the public eye, I am in favour of liberty. It would be better of course if the man married the right sister first, but I would none the less allow him to do so in time. After all, this is a free country. Believe me, Yours very truly,

FELIX STOW.

XIV.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

DEAR MR. STOW,—One little point in your printed speech, which I now know almost by heart—as the saying is, although of course by head were more accurate—causes me some anxiety, and until it is cleared up I do not see how I can give my consent to preside at your Meeting. You repudiate Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Protective policy with unmistakable

emphasis, but I cannot be absolutely certain how far your words are merely rhetorical or scientifically exact in your references to the Prime Minister. My own views on this question are crystallised, and so sacred that nothing short of complete unanimity would satisfy my conscience. I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,
Bonian Bogg.

P.S.—Please remember to alter your reference number to AA13, as I have just had a new set of pigeon-holes made.

XV.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Harry Keast.

Dear Keast,—This is getting perfectly ridiculous. See what your Big-wig writes to-day. What are his infernal crystallised views? It is so impossible that I should agree with him that I am determined to end the farce. So please arrange for Burge again, but do for heaven's sake stop him from calling me the Right Honourable in his opening speech. Yours sincerely,

Oct. 14. Felix Stow.

XVI.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Sir Bonian Bogg.

Dear Sir Bonian,—After giving your kind letter the utmost attention, I have come to the conclusion that it would perhaps be better not to proceed in my request that you should honour our Meeting by presiding over it. I feel certain that we are inevitably bound to differ here and there, and I know how painful it would be to you to find that you had by implication given your support to an opinion in which you did not believe. I am therefore very reluctantly asking Mr. Burge to take the chair as before. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

Oct. 14. Felix Stow.

XVII.

The Hon. Felix Stow to Mr. Daniel Burge.

Dear Mr. Burge,—I shall esteem it a great kindness if you will again take the chair at our next Meeting, on the 29th of next month. Yours sincerely,

Oct. 14. Felix Stow.

XVIII.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Dear Mr. Stow,—I saw Sir Bonian this morning, and quickly convinced him that you and he see eye to eye. I will tell you what I told him when you come down; or shall I come to town? I enclose a rough pull of the poster. You will see how well Sir Bonian Bogg's name looks. Yours faithfully,

Oct. 14. Harry Keast.

XIX.

Mr. Harry Keast to the Hon. Felix Stow.
(*Next day.*)

Am coming by 11.30 train. Burge threatens secede. Greatly regret your haste.—Keast.

XX.

Sir Bonian Bogg to the Hon. Felix Stow.

Sir Bonian Bogg is at a loss to understand the letter AA13, since Mr. Stow's agent yesterday called and quickly satisfied Sir Bonian Bogg's mind on all points that were in doubt. Together they arranged the procedure of the Meeting, and the agent at once fell in with all Sir Bonian Bogg's suggestions as to the occupants of the front row of the platform and other essential matters. After reading Mr. Stow's odd letter Sir Bonian Bogg cannot but feel that he has been played with, and the thought is an exceedingly distasteful one. If Mr. Stow has any explanation to offer, Sir Bonian Bogg will be pleased to give it consideration; otherwise it would perhaps be better if all correspondence between himself and Sir Bonian Bogg were to cease.



TRUE APPRECIATION.

(*Overheard at the Theatre.*)

Mrs. Parvenu. "I don't know that I'm exackly *gorne* on Shakspeare Plays."

[*Mr. P. agrees.*

Nothing Startling.

Sir,—The other day I saw the following heading in the *Westminster Gazette*:

"IN WINTER'S GRIP,
A 'LOST' EXPRESS TRAIN."

But surely there's nothing very exceptional in this; certainly not to me. I am always losing trains. I lost two expresses only the other day. The reason of my doing so was not far to seek, that is, not farther than the Refreshment Room, as it was so bitterly cold that I was compelled to take a "wee drappit."

Yours,
A Tea-Total Abstainer.



ENCOURAGING.

Auctioneer. "NOW, GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO A VERY USEFUL LOT, THE BAY PONY. RARE LITTLE ANIMAL THIS. WHAT SHALL I SAY FOR THE PONY, GENTLEMEN; SHALL I SAY TEN POUNDS?"

First Bystander. "A SOVEREIGN!"

Auctioneer. "COME, GENTLEMEN, I'M NOT HERE TO WASTE MY TIME WITH TRIFLING BIDS LIKE THIS; WE'RE NOT SELLING SCRAP-IRON. HERE'S A WONDERFUL GOOD CLASS OF ANIMAL. MOVE HER ABOUT A BIT, THERE! WORTH THIRTY POUNDS TO ANYONE. NOW WHAT SHALL I SAY FOR HER?"

Second Bystander. "GUINEAS!"

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

WHEN man in dim and desultory way
Passed slowly from the Stone-Age to the Copper,
There were who thought that culture was decay,
And progress most improper.

When he aspired to modify his fate
There were resisting souls among the Cave-men,
Who deemed improvements were degenerate
Devices to enslave men.

They grieved that implements of jagged flake
Should be replaced by metal bolts and spear-heads;
They mourned when men used copper celts to break
Each other's queer heads.

And there arose a sanctimonious groan,
Long letters in the Neolithic papers,
When some aspired to scratch themselves with bone
Instead of wooden scrapers.

When folk began to eat each other less,
And culture craved a more impersonal diet,
These timid souls could only feel distress
And qualms of sore disquiet.

When fire became a culinary aid,
All lovers of the raw set up a-railing;
And when man clothed himself, the naked made
A most indignant wailing.

And still, when we attempt the things we should,
The cravens croak and vilify the brave men,
And every step towards a higher good
Is hampered by the Cave-men.

A MATTER OF COURSE.—Sir HENRY IRVING has been lecturing on art at the Pen and Pencil Club, Aberdeen. Just the very place and subject for a great artist; and there's no doubt about the fact that he *can* draw. Of course Architecture has been hitherto his principal study, and, undoubtedly, he has not his equal anywhere in drawing an enormous house.

IN the *Times* Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has recently been indulging in some Pearsonal remarks.

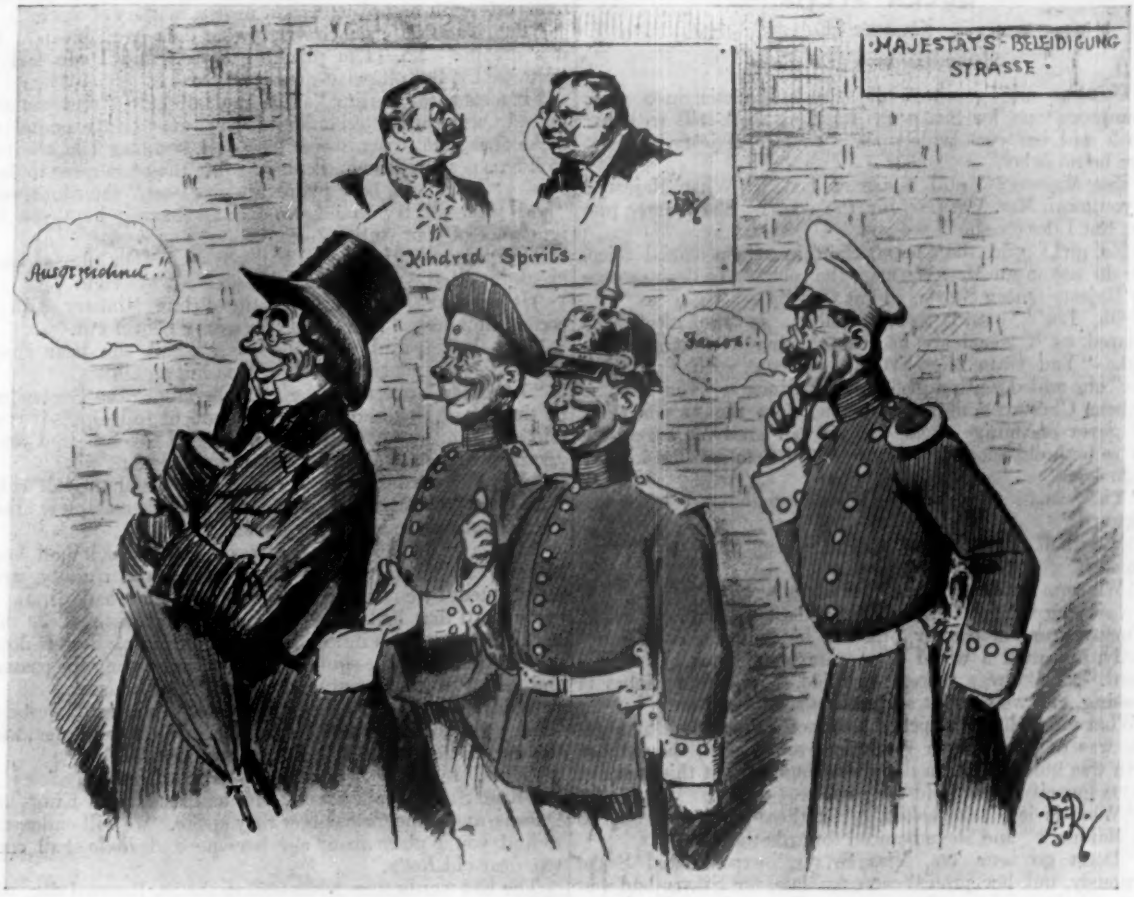


"THE MOST FAVOURED NATION."

Japanese Agent. "HERE! YOU 'VE LET HIM GO OFF WITH A DESTROYER. I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T SELLING ANY?"

Mr. Bull. "*DESTROYER!* WHY HE TOLD ME IT WAS MEANT FOR A YACHT!"

["Mr. Sinnett, who managed the business, introduced himself to the firm of Yarrow as the agent of a rich American desirous of buying a yacht."—"*Matin*," *quoted by* "*Daily Graphic*."]



"CONFISCATED BY THE BERLIN POLICE."

WHAT ARE THEY AFRAID OF? IS IT *THIS*?

["The Berlin Police have confiscated from the numbers of *Punch* of November 16 the page containing the caricature of the Emperor William and President Roosevelt, entitled "Kindred Spirits of the 'Strenuous Life.'"—*The Standard.*]

À PROPOS DE SHOES.

OUR humorous contemporary, the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*, under the heading "Vom neuen Gang der Frau" recently discussed the present craze for pointed high-heeled shoes in England. The writer recognised that the change will impart an unaccustomed grace to the Englishwoman's progress—but, there are drawbacks; the new shoe will hamper her freedom when engaged in playing polo! (*Aber mit solchen Schuhen kann die moderne Dame freilich nicht Polo spielen*). As has been well said, "What do they know of England, who only Deutschland know?"

AT Southend-on-Sea Police Court a fisherman was recently fined for selling unwholesome shell-fish. He pleaded that for ten years he had been in the habit of scraping mussels off a pier. No wonder we hear so much of the enfeebled condition of the aristocracy.

"DUTY first, pleasure afterwards," as the Customs House Officer observed to the gentleman from abroad who had brought over with him a couple of boxes of cigars for his own personal smoking.

RESTFUL ROSEBERIAN READINGS.

À propos of Lord ROSEBERY's lecture on books, Lord SALISBURY has been quoted as always "having kept *Monte Cristo* by his bedside." No compliment to that marvellous romance, any more than it would be were some one to inform the author of *Napoleon, The Last Phase*, that he "always had it by his bedside, and read it the very last thing at night as an inducement to sleep." On second thoughts bed is the very place for a Nap.

Remarkable Natural Phenomenon.

IN the following passage, taken from the "Court and Society" column of the *Daily Mail*, the epithet "high," as applied to the rising moon, seems to lend fresh colour to the theory of green cheese as the leading constituent of that orb:

"Later in the day, as the KING and QUEEN drove through the Park on their way to Paddington, there was a wonderful effect of dull orange sky and brilliant electric light glowing through a mist, each electric globe reflected in the damp pavement, *while high in the sky the crescent moon was just rising.*"

(Italics by the astounded Man in the Moon.)

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER II.

Sylvia discovers who she is.

"CONDUCT us," repeated the Prime Minister in a more peremptory tone, for SARAH was standing stock-still with her mouth and her eyes wide open, "to Her Majesty, and let there be no delay."

"Her Majesty?" said SARAH at last. "What Majesty? Do you mean Mrs. WILKINS, Sir, the cook? She's busy just now, but I dessay she 'll see you."

"No, girl," said the Chamberlain, in a deep official voice, "we do *not* mean Mrs. WILKINS, the cook. We desire to see Her Majesty Queen SYLVIA, and at once."

"Oh, Lor'!" said SARAH, feeling, as she afterwards declared, as if somebody had caught her a clout over the head. "You mean Miss SYLVIA, I suppose. Ah, I see what it is," she added, with a gleam of intelligence, "you 're some o' them Christmas mummers come afore the proper time. We never encourage them, so you can go away. Besides, you 're both old enough to know better than act that kind o' tomfoolery."

"The situation," said the Chamberlain, "is becoming awkward."

"We shall have to take a decisive step," said the Prime Minister.

"We cannot afford," added the Chamberlain, "to be defied by a serving wench," and, with a gallant gesture, the result of many years of courtly practice, he laid his right hand gently, but with a world of meaning, upon the hilt of his sword. "Make way there," he cried, "for our business is pressing, and we must at all hazards see the QUEEN."

What might have happened I cannot say, for the Chamberlain was a man of iron resolution, and SARAH, though her birth was humble, had a dauntless soul; but at this moment SYLVIA herself appeared in the passage.

"What is it?" she asked. "Do these gentlemen wish to see Mamma?" and she advanced towards the door.

"Don't go near 'em, Miss SYLVIA," expostulated SARAH anxiously, but her protest came too late, for SYLVIA had put her quietly aside, and was standing before the Prime Minister and the Chamberlain.

"Can I give Mamma any message?" said SYLVIA.

"Are you her daughter?" said the Chamberlain with some awkwardness. "I mean, are you——"

"Of course I am," said SYLVIA, laughing. "What a funny question to ask! My name is SYLVIA—SYLVIA CRYSTAL."

At once, and without a word of warning, the two old gentlemen dropped down, each upon one knee, and one after the other, taking SYLVIA'S hand, brought it to his lips and gently kissed it.

While this was passing, and before SYLVIA had recovered from her astonishment, a tall lady dressed in black had hurried in at the door and swept past the two kneeling figures.

"My darling," she said, clasping SYLVIA to her breast, "I know what has happened. I have just read the terrible news—too sad—too sad. Oh, may God give you strength!"

"Madam," said the Chamberlain, who had risen from his knees, "compose yourself, for you are addressing the QUEEN. We have come," he continued, turning to SYLVIA, "to announce to your Majesty your accession to the throne. It was at midnight that King RICHARD of pious and immortal memory breathed his last. An hour later we learnt the news of the dreadful event that carried off Prince CHARLES and his two sons. Much had to be done and thought of; there was necessarily some confusion, but I assure your Majesty we came with as little delay as was possible. An unbroken tradition assigns to the Chamberlain and the Prime Minister the duty of making this announcement. We are here to take such commands as your Majesty may graciously be pleased to signify with regard to certain urgent matters of State."

"But, Mamma," said SYLVIA, "what *does* it all mean? Is it a dream? No. I'm pinching myself, and I can feel it quite well. But oh, what *does* it all mean?"

"It means, my darling," said the tall lady, "that you are indeed Queen of Hinterland, and that I am in duty bound to make obeisance to my Sovereign," and, bending low, she too took SYLVIA'S hand and kissed it, while the tears came to her eyes. "It will all be explained to you later," she continued, "and you will try to forgive me for having kept you in ignorance of your station."

"Forgive you, Mamma?" said SYLVIA. "Oh please don't speak like that. Everything you do is always right."

"It is your Majesty," said the Prime Minister with a certain archness, "who can do no wrong henceforth."

"But how," said the tall lady, "shall she bear these tremendous responsibilities? She is but a child."

"At fifteen," observed the Chamberlain, "the Sovereigns of the Royal House of Hinterland are of full age. It is so laid down in the Act of Succession passed two hundred years ago in the reign of King HILDEBRAND THE GREAT."

"May Heaven protect and guide her!" said the tall lady. "And now, gentlemen, permit me, since this cottage is mine, to offer you some slight refreshment."

At this point, however, the proceedings, which had been hitherto conducted with all proper ceremonial rigidity, were interrupted by SARAH. This faithful servant had drunk in every word that had been said, and had at last realised that her little SYLVIA was indeed a Queen. Flinging herself down on the floor she came shuffling on her knees along the passage and seized SYLVIA'S hand, and covered it with kisses.

"Oh, Miss SYLVIA," she whimpered, "oh, my Majesty, to think you should turn out like this. Don't send me away. Let me wait on you. I'll do my duty faithful."

"This," said the Chamberlain, "is most unseemly."

"Rise, SARAH," said SYLVIA, who had read about Kings and Queens, and remembered how they spoke, "we will endeavour to find you a place about our person—and *Rollo* shall come too, dear old *Rollo*."

The last words were addressed to the St. Bernard dog, who had come up quietly from the garden, and was looking into SYLVIA'S face with a troubled expression in his honest eyes.

"It is plain," said the Prime Minister, "that your Majesty will not lack protectors. May I now beg your Majesty to make preparations for coming with us? The heralds have proclaimed your accession in all the public places, and the populace will be waiting outside the Palace to salute you with loyal enthusiasm."

"I'll pack your box this very minute, my Majesty," said SARAH.

"Thank you," said the QUEEN. "And, by the way, you needn't put in the arithmetic book, or any of the other lesson books."

Our Dumb Pets.

THE annexed advertisement, taken from a Lincolnshire paper, once more emphasizes the modern tendency to pamper domestic animals:—

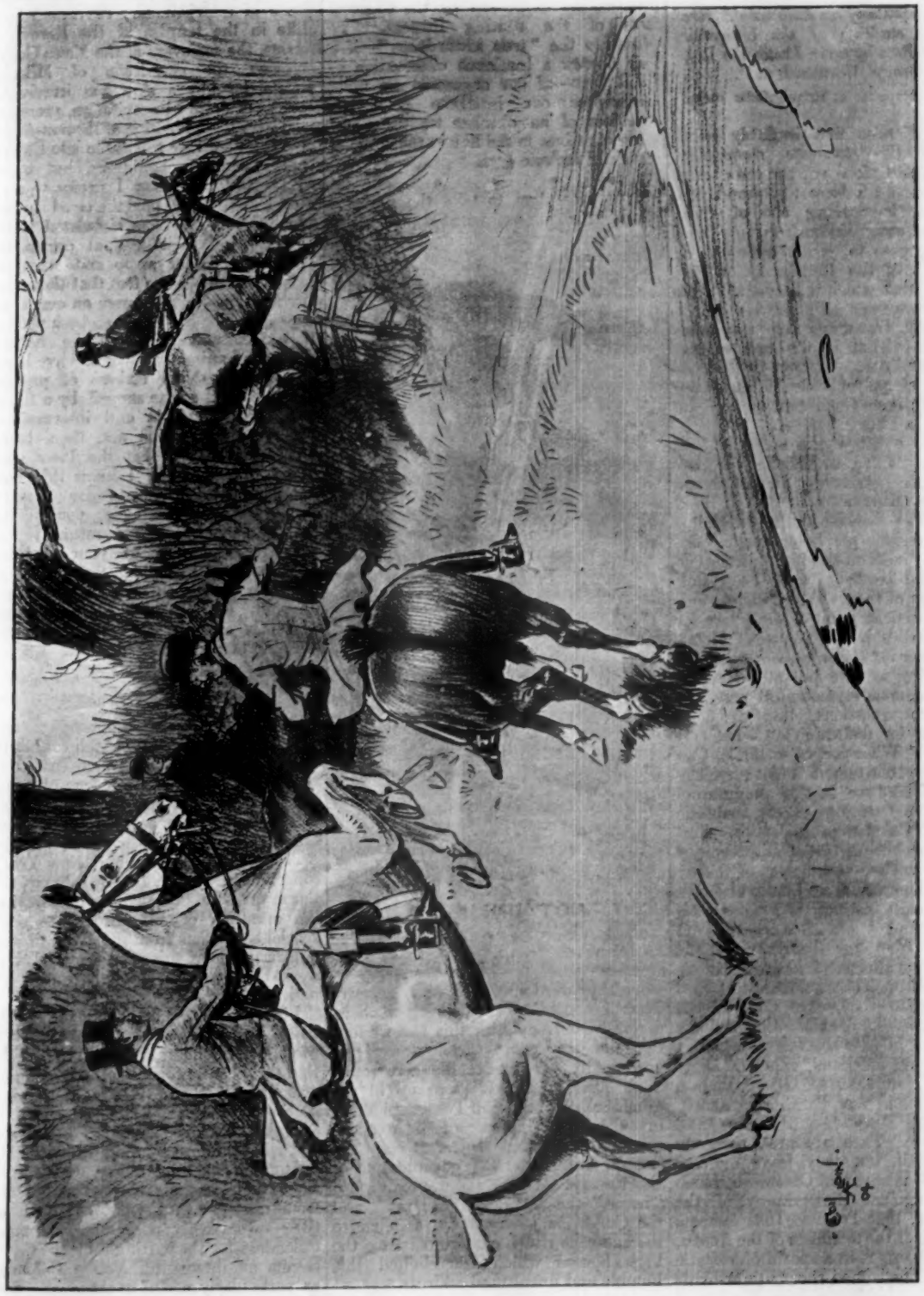
WANTED, a Gent's or Lady's free-wheel BICYCLE for a Pure Bred Sable and White COLLIE.

Tennysonian Motto for Dyspeptics.

OUR little systems have their day,
They have their day, and cease to be.

Sportsman. Terrible soaking they had in the Welter Handicap! Why, when the jockeys weighed in they were each allowed two pounds!

Lady Friend. Poor fellows! I suppose that was to buy new clothes with!



LITTLE BINKS AGAIN.

Little Binks (facetiously, to Sportsman, who is trying a new horse). "You'd better send him back to the Circus. That's his place."
Sportsman. "He'd be all right, my boy, if he didn't see a clown right in front of him!"

THE GENESIS OF A PHRASE.

(Being fragments of an Address delivered to the students of the University of St. Bees by their Rector the Right Hon. George Windmill, M.P.)

"Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba."
—HORACE.

. . . I dismiss that ineffably banal refuge of the destitute rhetorician, Efficiency, and since you are the *alumni* of St. Bees, and I have the proud prerogative of harbouring one of those mellificent proboscidians in my own bonnet, propose to you a discourse on one branch of the Philosophy of Hermeneutics, that which is concerned with the supererogatory adumbration of the inexplicable in terms of maximum orotundity. That is the end of my modest exordium. Without further expenditure of polysyllables I name my subject "Pristine Connotations; or, The Genesis of a Phrase."

* * * * *

The genesis, or, to be more precise, the geodetic genealogy of a phrase affords us common ground. It is a theme at once concrete and mystical, but neither hubristic nor holophrastic. So, turning my back on the futile pleonasms of inebriated fiscalists I seek the crystalline springs of the goddess Phlyaria and find a convenient point of departure for my peripatetics in the phrase of HIPPOCAMPUS minor: "*Homo homini lupus.*"

His saying is trite but still teeming with tremendous etymological possibilities. Two questions leap from it clamouring for definition: "What sort of man?" "What sort of wolf?" One rash footstep, one temerarious generalisation might land me in the quagmire of Comparative Osteology or the mephitic morass of Caledonian dialectics. Fortunately the *obiter dictum* of Hippocampus excludes isolated examples of either species. The whole, as EUCLID observes with unerring instinct, is greater than the part, and I am thus enabled to eliminate from my lucubrations the polyphonic synthesis of hydrocephalous sciolists, from TRISMEGISTUS and SANCHONIATHON to CAGLIOSTRO and BARBEY D'AUREVILLY. I dismiss the anæmic automaton of PAPADIAMANTOPOULOS. I dismiss the nebulous exhalations of CAMBUSCAN, GHIRLANDAJO, GIAN GALEAZZO SFORZA, CLEMENS NON PAPA, GUICCIARDINI, BACCHYLIDES, BALAUSTION, JAGELLON and SLUMGULLION. These are great names to conjure with, but they leave me unmoved. It is true that ORLANDO DI LASSO inveighs against the tyranny of the Bollandists, that PORFIRIO DIAZ laments the decline of the totemism of the Aztecs, that CLAMJAMFREY, in a spasm of ecstatic hedonism, proclaimed rheumatic arthritis to be the inevitable corollary of a diet of mulligatawny soup and macaroni. But their speculations, though not devoid of interest, are engrossed by the concrete facts of the fleeting Present. To penetrate the "true inwardness"—if I may borrow a luminous observation of G. R. SIMS—of our argument we must emancipate our intellects from the thraldom of an obsolete tradition and steep ourselves to the lips in the bracing waters of esoteric etymology.

* * * * *

I propose, then, to take the common words which we use, without premeditation, when discussing the broader aspects of anthropology, and to subject them to two tests. First I shall seek to discover



NOT UNLIKELY.

"WELL, WELL! AND WAS BABY FRIGHTENED OF HIS DADDY, DEN!"

when they were first used, and secondly what are the most striking modern derivatives. Applying this test we find that the word *homo* was first used by ENNIUS in his memorable apostrophe *unus homo nobis*. It crops up in the gnomic apophthegms of POMPONIUS MELA, in the *Nicotiniana* of MAGNIFICUS POMPOSUS, in the *Apocolocyntosis* of SENECA, and in the Polygopaphlasma of CASSIODORUS. Hence the English word "home," the American "hominy," and the Cumbrian *houhynhm*, so familiar to the audience which conferred on me the high honour which has elicited this humble and uncultured address.

* * * * *

From these artless beginnings sprung that complex aggregation, that choric dance of interplanetary efferents which, alike in the tangles of the Hercynian forests, the samovars of the Mæso-Gothic dolmens, the cromlechs of Milesian tanists, has, by a slow but irresistible process of political gravitation, promoted the ultimate domination of the non-Aryan broad-headed race which the late EDWARD LEAR called crumbobblious, but which with Professor RIPLEY I prefer to style neo-Pictish. You know the cruel slander which the Dalecarlians circulated to the prejudice of their gallant opponents. They went so far as to state that the Picts had such large feet that they were forced to put their trousers on over their heads. Hence the kilt, and, by a process of concomitant variation, the Kilties, whose soul-animating strains have lately kindled the dying embers of pristine civic virtue in a race sapped by a life of polyglot restaurants and international sleeping-cars. I can not, then, bring myself to believe that the Picts were exterminated, though I know that only five words of their tongue survive. Here then you can help, you of our ancient University, by a return to the primitive simplicity of your neolithic ancestors, and by steadfastly refusing to reinforce that disintegrating tendency towards centrifugal cosmopolitanism which is at once the bane and the blessing of the British Empire.

ON POCKET-BOOKS.

OUR Master, Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, for wise reasons which cannot be questioned having long ago ceased to contribute his own annual publication full of solid information and replete with brilliant prose and sparkling verse, known for years as *Mr. Punch's Pocket Book*, to the Christmas and New Year's collection in Father Time's Library, the Baron takes this opportunity of drawing the attention of his readers to such special specimens from the stores of certain suppliers of this most useful class of work as have been brought under his notice.

First then, there is, among the nattily bound and practically serviceable pocket-books and calendars produced by Messrs. DE LA RUE, a specimen of the genuine pocket-book which, besides containing its useful calendar, diary, and pencil, is a book *with* pockets and *for* pockets, and will be found by those whose habits admit of pocketing (tailors do not consider their customers' pockets, except from one point of view, so much as their own) easily pocketable. Among Calendars for the writing-table the Baron selects an interesting *Nelson Calendar* as particularly useful to those who find themselves frequently at sea as regards dates, festivals, and historic events.



Gibson girls are now appearing at the Vaudeville Theatre. Why should not some of our own artists be given a chance? A suggestion to Managers—Boys and Girls from the Royal Academy:—
Sir E. POYNTER, P.R.A. MARCUS STONE, R.A. ALMA TADEMA, R.A. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

THE LAST OF THE CARLISTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

November 21.—As *Carmen*, Madame Lafargue might have been acceptable but for those "caparisons" which "are oderous," but are inevitable with those who have seen Madame Calvé at her best as the wayward, unprincipled, impassioned gipsy. The *Micaëla* of Mlle. Alice Nielsen was "sweet and low," a little too low sometimes. Mlle. Trentini was in excellent form as *Frasquita*, as also was Signorina Manfredi, who impersonated her fascinating companion, the light-hearted *Mercedes*. Not much "go" in M. Cornubert's *Don José;* but Signor Tomato—beg pardon, should have said Amato—as *Escamillo*, the *Toreador contento*, was satisfactory. Signori Viale and Paroli as *Il Dancaire* and *Il Remendado*, the two utter bad 'uns, were thoroughly good. Equally so were the abbreviated Thomas, *alias* Signor Thos, as *Runiga*, and Signor Massa (a name that sounds like a question in nigger language, "Seen yaw Massa?") as *Morales*. Chorus good, Campanini and orchestra doing their best. House well filled; smart set conspicuous by absence, and audience generally lacking enthusiasm.

November 22.—Madame Giachetti being unfortunately indisposed, audience was requested to judge of *Rigoletto* by his Second and Fourth Act. The doggy Dook was well represented by Signor Anselmi, and his great song, "*La Donna Automobile*" (its up-to-date title), was heartily applauded. Signor Amato's Fool o' the Family, known as *Rigoletto*, was thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

As *Gilda*, Mlle. Alice Nielsen was quite at her very best; sweet, as on the previous night, but never low; to-night sweet and clear. Madame Ferraris as *Magdalen* was "not in it," so to speak, with the others whose associate she is in the celebrated quartette, which, however, was effectively given. House well filled: waits too long: great pity, as such big waits will make the lightest opera heavy, and not a few, being aweary of waiting, left before commencement of *Pagliacci*, in which pretty Madame Wayda was a delightful *Nedda*, charming in appearance, acting and singing. As *Canio*, M. Cornubert was good, but not so strongly dramatic as he should have been, lacking the intensity required by the part. Signor Ancona's *Tonio* was first-rate as usual, his "prologue" was magnificent, the value of his powerful acting and artistic singing being enthusiastically recognised. As *Silvio*, the representative of the somewhat insipid second-class Don Juan, we do not remember ever to have seen a better than Signor Angelini Fornari. Orchestra under Signor Campanini perfect. In fact, if there were no other opera to signalise the success of this "off-season," it would suffice to record this memorable representation of *Pagliacci*.

Thursday was snow and we couldn't go.

Friday.—The King and Queen of Portugal honoured Covent Garden, and witnessed with delight a fragmentary performance, consisting, first, of the saddest Act of *La Bohème*, played by Mlles. Alice Nielsen and Trentini, Signori Dani and Amato; their Majesties were treated to the overture to *William Tell*, which was given just to prepare the Royalties for the third item, namely, the laughable farce of *La Tosca*, Madame Giachetti being the heroine, and Signor Ancona the wicked nobleman; and then, by way of finish to a good hearty enjoyable evening's entertainment, came the Second Act of that rough-and-tumble piece of operatic merriment, entitled *Grand Otello, or The Moor the Merrier*. The above rollicking programme ("by command?") was under the conductorship of courteous Campanini, and all returned home rejoicing.

We sincerely trust that with the result of the extra operatic season the San Carlo Grand Opera Company are as pleased as were their "Friends in Front," and then we shall feel perfectly certain that Messrs. Rendle and Forsyth, like Messrs. Box and Cox, "are satisfied." *Curtain.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

APPROACHING *Retrospects* (SMITH, ELDER), with the reverence due to the Emeritus Professor of Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, my Baronite confesses he was a little shocked to find the learned Doctor dropping into bad language, even as upon occasion *Mr. Silas Wegg* "dropped into poetry." The blow is dealt on page 112, where Mr. KNIGHT, inflamed by the caloric of his argument, alludes to "our blasted mundane ideals." It is a slip that does not mar the serenity of an interesting book. The attraction varies with succeeding topics. Some of the chapters, those dealing with TENNYSON, BROWNING, and ARTHUR STANLEY for example, are excellent. Others, notably that on CARLYLE which opens the volume, are disappointing. If the truth may be whispered beyond the precincts of St. Andrews, humour is not the strong point of its Professor of Philosophy. With some of CARLYLE'S sayings, even the kindly assistance of italics, familiar in the original edition of JOE MILLER, does not help the Southener to see the joke. As occasionally happens with persons of certain temperament, Mr. KNIGHT is most amusing when he does not strive after that effect. Thus he tells how BROWNING once said to him, "All the unintelligibility" of SORDELLO was due to the printers. "They would change his punctuation and not print his commas, semi-colons, dashes and brackets." There, flashed forth in a sentence, is explanation of a mystery that has long baffled mankind. Through a long and distinguished career Mr. KNIGHT has enjoyed the advantage of intimate acquaintance with many eminent men. He promises a further series of *Retrospects*, for which the first whets the appetite.

It is the Baron's agreeable duty to call attention to the Special Number of *The Studio*, produced and published by its proprietors (Offices, 44, Leicester Square). This number deals exclusively with the two French artists in black and white and in colour, DAUMIER and GAVARNI, caricaturists, in style and technique vastly differing the one from the other, of whose work many of the best and most characteristic specimens are here finely reproduced by the photogravure process, which with rare artistic skill gives us the tone of the original lithograph, its strong lights and shadows, its delicate tints, its sharp outlines and somewhat vivid colouring. The well-considered, critical and biographical notes by HENRI FRANTZ and OCTAVE UZANNE, edited by CHARLES HOLME, are printed in the clearest type by Messrs. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, whom, in conjunction with the proprietors of *The Studio*, the Baron heartily congratulates on an exceptionally perfect work. For separate appreciation of HONORÉ DAUMIER, born 1808, the Baron refers his readers to THACKERAY'S *Paris Sketch Book*. DAUMIER was, politically, a brutal satirist, a French GILLRAY or ROWLANDSON in idea, powerful in execution, and yet, as artist and wit, not equal to the versatile GAVARNI, four years his junior. English people came to be fairly familiar with the work of GUILLAUME SULPICE CHEVALIER, known as "GAVARNI," who, though he tried to acclimatise himself in London, failed in his attempts at representing the contemporary English as they really were, and could only translate them into French equivalents. But this fascinating theme the Baron must perforce drop, and once again he strongly recommends all lovers of art, and all interested in the history of caricature, to procure, at its very moderate price of five shillings, this most interesting and valuable Special Number of *The Studio*.

Once again all who appreciate the delightful humour of Mr. W. W. JACOBS will heartily welcome his latest book entitled *Dialstone Lane* (GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.). It is the story of a search after an imaginary "Treasure Island," and everyone of the *dramatis personæ* is what is termed in theatrical parlance "a character part;" and of these eccentric types of middle-class rural life, including even the snappish girl and her artful lover, it is noteworthy that not a single one is represented as being absolutely straightforward. The scenes ashore, afloat, and on the island, are genuine low comedy; biters are bit, and biggest thieves come off best. At page 153 there is a description which should make Mr. JACOBS popular with all hunting men, though as a rule any allusion to field sports is quite out of his line of country.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN makes the most important contribution to the fiscal controversy since novelty was worn off Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S campaign and the PRIME MINISTER'S divagations. He has collected from various parts of the country personal testimony of men and women who lived—or rather existed—in Protection days. They do not quote from Blue Books or elaborate arguments. They just tell how Protection actually influenced their daily life. They state their weekly wage, what their daily food cost them, and wherewithal they were clothed. Hear Mr. PRESTIDGE, born seventy-six years ago in the parish of Meriden, near Coventry: "My father's wages were 9*s.* a week. Twopence a day I got for frightening the crows off a farmer's wheat. Father had to pay £6 a year for his house, so you may guess how we lived with a 4-lb. loaf at 11½*d.*, tea from 5*s.* to 8*s.* a pound, and vile sugar at 9*d.* a pound." The allowance for this family of seven was 1 oz. of tea and a pound of bacon a week, with a dish or two of swedes thrown in "if we could get them." My Baronite quotes this from a cloud of witnesses, not because the case was worse than others, but because its statement is comparatively brief. Every man who honestly desires to master the question of Protection versus Free Trade as it affects the life of the people should read these simple annals of the good old times.

After reading that carefully-planned and captivatingly-exciting tale of mystery and crime, written in the *Sherlock-Holmes-Gaboriau* vein, and entitled *The Ambassador's Glove*, by ROBERT MACHRAY (JOHN LONG), even the least nervous person would be inclined to think twice before taking a room in any one of our luxurious and gigantic hotels. You may secure a room, but can you secure the door? When staying at a mammoth Hotel in Piccadilly, how would you like to be awaked by masked men, one of whom tells you to be quiet, "his voice cutting the air hissingly like a whip," and then to be requested to hand over all your valuables, worth five thousand pounds, to the Daring Diamond Robbers? Then the scene changes to apartments in the Hotel Chamberlain (where, despite the name, there is no protection), which is run by a syndicate of murderous anarchists. The story is cleverly worked out, and thoroughly sensational.

A Naughty Pussie, as a specimen of DEAN'S Rag Books patented, ought to achieve exceptional popularity in the governess's class-room. It is specially adapted for a small pocket, whence it can be extracted at any convenient moment when nobody is looking, and, if placed on a lap under the table, it can be surreptitiously enjoyed by any boy or girl quite prepared to take the consequences of discovery. Pity this was not brought out by Messrs. BOHN. Taking title would have been, "*The Rag and Bohn Series.*"



SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

THE RAGE FOR PUNCTURE.

THE *Daily Graphic* of November 30, in an article on the prevalence of tattooing, states that one young lady came—at different times—with eleven different men to a fashionable tattooer. At each visit she signed her name, and the signature was tattooed on her companion's arm. The lady is now married, but her husband has not his wife's maiden name on his arm, while of the eleven young men whose arms were once so adorned six have been back to have the name obliterated. Clearly there is an opening here for Professional Untattooists, who might be attached to Courts where breaches of tattoo—we mean, promise—are in vogue; or their services might be bespoken in advance, *nisi prius*, in the lamentable cases with which Sir FRANCIS JEUNE has to deal. If the state of things instanced by our contemporary goes on, we shall be having a Tattooed Column after the Betrothals on the first page of the *Times*, *e.g.*, Mr. PAKEHA SMITH tattooed to Miss MAORI JONES before the latter's Pah, and according to the full New Zealand ceremony. Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH would probably recommend that fugitive stain be employed, warranted to fade after ten or a less number of years. Others, again, might prefer sympathetic ink, to appear in an emergency, as for instance when one's memory is mislaid or when the police see double. Such devices ought not to be beyond the range of science. Meanwhile we feel for the eleven young men, or rather the six who went through the ordeal twice.

CHROMATIC MORALS.

Dr. STENSON HOOKER has been lecturing last Wednesday on his character rays theory at the Vril-ya Club. For instance, it appears that a deep blue halo plays around writers, clergymen and good politicians, while slaty blue or light brown emanations invest the ordinary person, and a dark green aura indicates some little defect—such as failing to return a £5 note—on the mental or physical plane.

This throws a new light on a hitherto abstruse law of nature, and we can now realise why certain colours are so called and what individuals correspond to them. If some public speakers are—shall we say, Madder than others, is there not a tint to that effect? Again, though we shudder at having to admit it, we have known some fair taradiddlers who must, to the discerning eye, have worn a nimbus of Sapphira Blue. There have even been occasions—tell it not in Mayfair!—when, after riding in a crowded bus, or spending an assiduous afternoon in the Library of the British Museum, one has felt a very pronounced Puce oneself. We will not range further round the palette, though Cadmium and Mars Yellow and Mummy suggest possibilities, except to inquire if the ingenious lecturer's audience saw any Hooker's Green in his eye?

IF the recent severe weather returns it is confidently expected that the Wee Frees will succumb to the Great Frosts.



SO COUSINLY.

Heavy Hugh (patronisingly). "WHY, DORA! LONG FROCKS, EH? GROWN UP, I DECLARE!"
Sharp Little Dora. "WHY, HUGH! MOUSTACHES! GROWN *DOWN*, I DECLARE!"

LEGISLATION À LA DIABLE.—The Anti-Ecclesiastical Bill in the French Chamber is entrusted to M. DEVILLE! It is to be known in France as "The Deville Bill," and, translated into plain English, as "The Deuce of a Bill!"

A DISCLAIMER.—We are requested to state that the Mr. HARLICK, of Biggleswade, who figured in the Hooley Trial, and described himself as "a Minister in a small way," is not a member of the present Government.

DER TAUBADLER.

[This curious composite bird, combining the vocal qualities of a Dove with the outward appearance of an Eagle armed to the teeth, is of pure Teuton origin.]

SCENE—*A room in the German Chancellerie.* Count VON BÜLOW *discovered improvising to the air of* GOETHE'S "*Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blumen.*"

KNOW ye the land where the voice of the Eagle
(Beak, body and talons plate-armoured and spurred)
Has a note that is soft as the syrup of SEIGEL?
O say, have ye sampled that singular bird?

An American Peace-Correspondent *is announced. The* Chancellor, *rapidly clearing his revolver-pocket for action, and readjusting an olive-twig in his button-hole, receives the Interviewer.*

Mein Herr, it happens that you are come
On the very eve of Millennium.
Your choice of date is extremely happy,
Utopia being upon the *tapis*,
And all of us getting in train to wash
The blood from our hands in the Huis-ten-Bosch.
Therefore in Peace's name I greet
You and your President. Take a seat.

Already our prophylactic arms
(Designed to modify War's alarms)
Pending the promised Hague Convention
Have lately enjoyed a slight extension;
Small, but effective, this increase
Is a palpable guarantee of Peace;
And the credit thereof I here assign
To our sisterly neighbours across the Rhine,
For, as we were throwing a friendly glance
Over the rival array of France
(Symbol, I need not say, like ours
Of a lasting Peace between the Powers),
We noticed that in this moral race
We were only holding the second place,
And accordingly stuck at no expense
In rectifying the difference.

Again, if you follow our naval schemes,
You 'll see how the Teuton bosom teems
With that desire for mutual love
Which characterises the turtle-dove;
And Malice alone would look to find
Ulterior aims concealed behind.
Have we not conquered worlds enough
As a dumping-ground for our home-made stuff?
Have we not adequate work to do
In teaching the natives who is who
On various strips of Afric's strand,
And similar hunks of Hinterland?
Ja! Ja! Our passion for ruling the brine
Is based on a single and pure design—
To serve as a sort of Marine Police,
Patrons of Universal Peace!
Peace is a Beautiful Thing, young man,
And we must hold to it all we can,
Though the cost be heavy in fire and slaughter,
Though blood and bullion should flow like water,
Whatever in fact may be the price
We mustn't shrink from the sacrifice!
Happy the fate that Heaven has dealt
To the good philanthropist, ROOSEVELT,
Lord of a land remote from fear,
Set in a private hemisphere,
Where Peace, recalling the golden prime
(Save in the rush of Election-time),
Hovers by city and mine and ranch,
Armed with only an olive-branch!
Sundered by Ocean's thousand leagues
From the Old Diplomacy's dark intrigues,
He wants no navy to guard his borders,
No weapon to—*What!* "He 's issuing orders
For building a fleet, the best bar one,
And means to see that the thing gets done"?
The Jingo! what is his Eagle's game,
With its claws of steel and its eyes of flame,
Flaunting a banner of Stripes and Stars,
The Stripes all red, and the Stars all Mars?
Is he taking a hand in Jap *v.* Russ,
Or is it conceivably aimed at *Us?*

What! "Meant for a guarantee of Peace,
In the ultimate hope that War may cease"?
My friend, our Eagle 's too old by half
To be caught by its own familiar chaff!
Your bird's original claim? No, no!
Our fowl invented it years ago! O. S.

THE REFORM OF PANTOMIME.

MUCH has been written concerning the popular and well-timed action of the Drury Lane management in turning to the regular stage for the principal comedian in their forthcoming production of *The White Cat*. Many critics profess to see in the engagement of Mr. JAMES WELCH evidence of a new era in pantomime, and a closer connection with the legitimate drama. If we mistake not, much the same idea was expressed in the reviews of a recent Shakspearian revival—but we forbear to add more upon this already tempestuous controversy. In any case we heartily endorse the welcome which a contemporary extends to this movement towards a "greater semblance of art-form" in pantomime. Indeed, should the idea catch on, we confidently expect by January, 1906, some such paragraphs as the following:—

Blue-Beard at the Adelphi continues to attract crowded houses. Miss JANET ACHURCH has, if anything, improved upon her rendering of the somewhat Ibsenish character of the youthful wife. Mr. CHARLES CHARRINGTON is a forceful but restrained *Blue-Beard*. Indeed the manner in which these two artists play into one another's hands is a thing to revive memories of *The Doll's House*. As *Sister Anne* (the part associated, if we remember right, with the late Mr. DAN LENO in the pre-reformation days of pantomime) Miss DOROTHEA BAIRD gives a performance full of daintiness and charm. It is announced that in consequence of the tremendous emotional strain upon Miss ACHURCH the customary six matinées a week have now been discontinued.

In the version of *Robin Hood* with which the Savoy will shortly re-open, we understand that the author (The Rev. FORBES PHILLIPS, Vicar of Gorleston) has assigned somewhat unusual prominence to the character of *Friar Tuck*. Mrs. BROWN-POTTER will of course be *Marian*, while, in the part of the *Baron*, Mr. C. W. SOMERSET may be relied upon for another of those masterly studies of aristocratic depravity with which his name is associated.

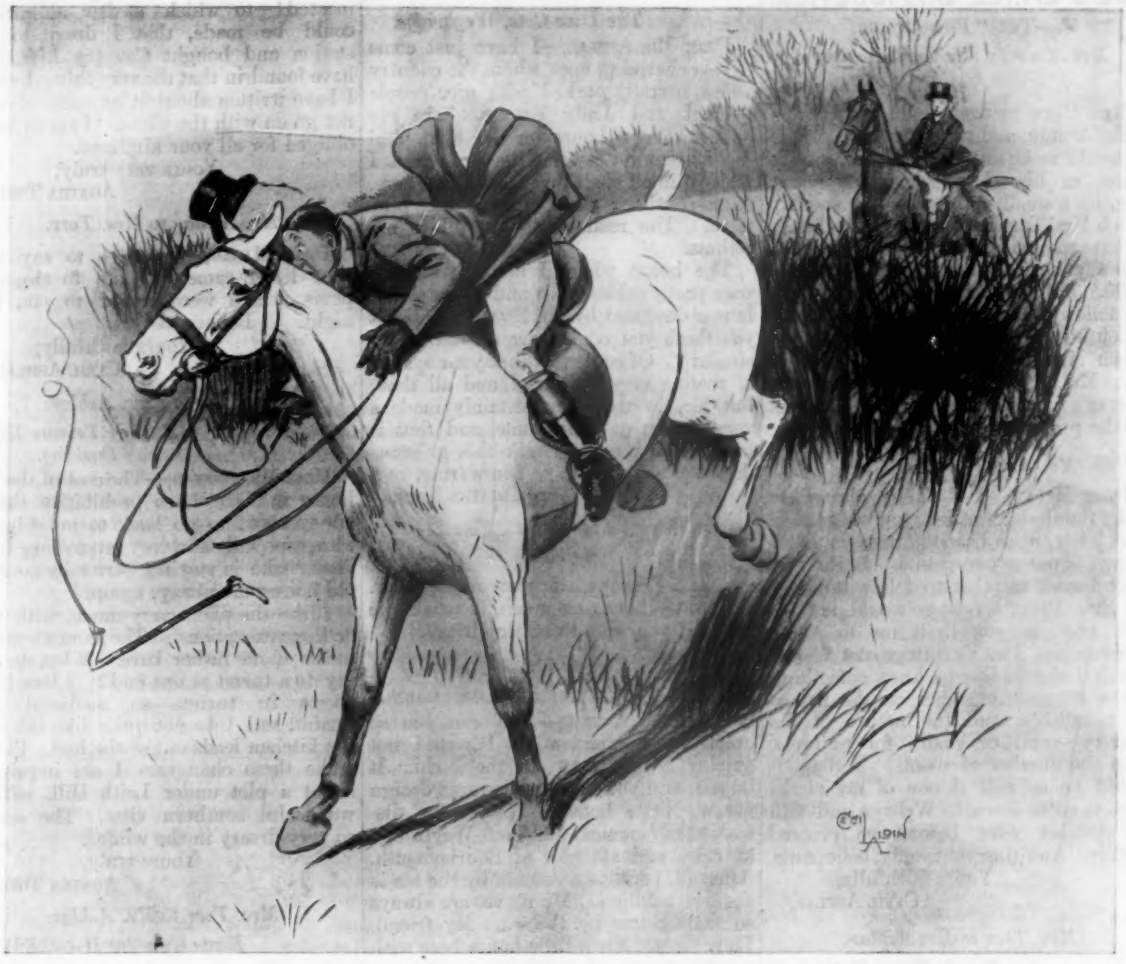
It may safely be said that nothing that Mr. TREE has yet given us surpasses in splendour or artistry the magnificent production of *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*, now running at His Majesty's Theatre. The *Abanazzar* of the actor-manager himself will rank as a worthy companion picture to his *Zakkori* and *Svengali*. As the Princess who renounces a throne to wed her opulent but plebeian suitor, Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE is on familiar ground. Mr. "ANGLESEY" makes a dashing figure of *Aladdin*, at his best perhaps in the procession scenes, while a delightful feature of the performance is Miss MARION TERRY's exquisitely pathetic rendering of the *Widow Twankey*.



A PROFIT WITHOUT HONOUR.

OLD KING COAL
WAS A SORDID OLD SOUL,
AND A SORDID OLD SOUL WAS HE:

HE SOLD TO THE RUSS,
AND HE DIDN'T CARE A CUSS—
AND THE BALTIC FLEET CROSSED THE SEA.



HINTS TO SPORTSMEN—AND OTHERS.

OR, THE CHANCES OF THE CHASE.

SIT WELL BACK OVER A DROP FENCE. A FRESHLY "HOGGED" MANE MAY PERMANENTLY SPOIL THE SHAPE OF YOUR NOSE.

FASHIONS FOR THE EMPIRE.

(With Acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail," Over-Seas Edition.)

BY LADY GWEN.

IN starting this column may I say to my sisters all over the Empire that it is my dearest aim to make it thoroughly helpful and practical in the best sense? The needs of women in the Rockies will be considered as well as those of readers in Hong-Kong; dainty dinner toilets for the Sandwich Islands will be carefully thought out, as well as riding habits for the prairies. No pains will be spared to make this article indispensable to women all over the world.

First, then, I have noticed a beautiful Empire gown, in an exquisite *eau-de-nil* shade, to be worn with a diamond star on the left shoulder. The delicacy of the fabric makes it specially suitable for hot climates, such as the interior of Australia, the plains of Central India, or the Islands of the Pacific.

Next I must mention a charming velvet gown, adapted to colder climates. It would be specially becoming to the wife of a settler in Canada. The gown I have in mind is so cleverly made that it could be worn either at Bridge parties or as a visiting gown out of doors, with the addition of one of the fashionable lace and fur *passe-partouts* which are to be seen on every well-dressed woman. The frock is carried out in a scheme of deep ruby red, with an opal silk fichu, threaded with pearls, to be gathered lightly at the shoulders. If a chinchilla muff and toque be added to this costume the effect will be wonderfully smart.

I am afraid my space will not allow me to do more than just suggest a sweet little toilette I saw at a Bazaar the other day, which would be the very thing for a Mission Station in Central Africa. The foundation of the gown was a deep cream cloth, which was entirely covered with filmy lace of the kind so dear to our great-grandmothers, and gathered in at the waist with a mother-of-pearl buckle. Dainty little Louis Quinze shoes of rose-coloured morocco, with dear little mother-of-pearl buckles, completed a very simple and sweet costume.

Next week I hope to have thought out some special designs for Arctic dinner frocks and opera cloaks, with perhaps a few suggestions for toilettes for Twelfth Night parties in Patagonia. The Smart Set in Borneo may also be sure that I have not forgotten them!

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

V.—THE "PIED-À-TERRE."

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Cyril Ashlar.

The Eyrie, Welwyn.

MRS. TORR presents her compliments to Mr. ASHLAR, and would be very glad if he would make out for her some simple plans, in his charming characteristic way, for a small cottage in the country which Mrs. TORR is thinking of building. To have some such *pied-à-terre* is so sweet. The total cost should not be more than £800. Mrs. TORR would like Mr. ASHLAR to follow the lines of the cottage which he designed for Mrs. PROLE, with whom Mrs. TORR is staying. It was, in fact, Mrs. PROLE who gave her Mr. ASHLAR'S name as the very best architect for the purpose.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

DEAR MADAM,—I shall be pleased to make the designs which you suggest in your letter, upon hearing from you with regard to one or two points. In the first place I must say that to follow the lines of Mrs. PROLE'S cottage would not be very easy, as you limit me to £800, whereas Mrs. PROLE'S cottage cost £3000. Again, I should like to know something of the situation, whether on the flat or on a hillside, and the nature of the country—sand or chalk, for example. Also the number of rooms. Perhaps it would be as well if one of my clerks were to come down to Welwyn and talk the project over before we proceed farther. Awaiting your reply, believe me,

Yours faithfully,
CYRIL ASHLAR.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

Bony's Hotel, Matlock.

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—Your letter is a great surprise to me. I had no idea that cottages could be so expensive as Mrs. PROLE'S seems to have been; nor do I understand how so much money was spent on it. I am sure my bedroom was bare enough. I always thought that cottages cost only a few hundreds. It would be charming to see your clerk, but at present I have nowhere to receive him, being but a bird of passage, and the situation of the little *pied-à-terre* is still undecided. I was thinking of Norfolk, near Sandringham. Could you not design a cottage that might be put up just anywhere, on any soil, and then when I had acquired the little plot we could adapt here and there to suit the case? There should be three reception rooms, six bedrooms (two with dressing-rooms), and the usual offices. Of course I want a very sweet garden, but that hardly concerns you.

Yours truly,
AGATHA TORR.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

The Dove Cote, Weybridge.

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—I have just come to this charming spot, where the country seems literally packed with nice people—Lord and Lady EGLINTON are my hostess's neighbours on the west, and Sir MORROWBY TEW on the east—and I really think I shall buy a little plot here, on a southern slope, among the pine trees. The resin is so helpful to my asthma.

The house where I am staying has very pretty white walls and green slates. It was designed by Mr. SWALLOW. Don't you think you could give me something similar? Of course I think your system of roofing very delightful, and all that; but Mr. SWALLOW has certainly made a very attractive little home, and that is just what I want to check this grievous desire of wandering. Yours truly,

AGATHA TORR.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

(*Extract.*)

. . . . Perhaps, if you admire Mr. SWALLOW'S house so much, it would be better if you were to employ him. . . .

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

"*Ozonia*," *Bournemouth.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—How can you so cruelly misunderstand? I would not employ Mr. SWALLOW for the world. It is you, and you alone, who must design me my little home. Your letter distressed me so much that I left Weybridge at once and am now at Bournemouth. After all, perhaps a cottage by the sea is the true solution. My nerves are always so much better by the sea. My friend, Lady GORLY, has a little house here with a very attractive bay window, with seats in it, and a thatched roof. Please let me have those for certain. I am going at once to make inquiries about a plot.

Yours truly,
AGATHA TORR.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

(*Extract.*)

. . . . Only in a very secluded situation would thatch be desirable in any case, and I do not care for it even then. In order to have something to go upon I am preparing plans of what I consider a serviceable cottage of the kind which you asked for in your first letter, and these will reach you in a day or so . . .

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

"*Ozonia*," *Bournemouth.*

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—Chancing this morning to meet Mr. TEREBINTH the poet, he was terror-stricken to hear that I intended to build. He spoke so feelingly of the horrors of scaffolding and heaps of bricks and mortar and the delights of an old manor house—perhaps even moated!—to which a few alterations could be made, that I drove to the station and bought *Country Life*, and have found in that the very thing I want. I have written about it at once. So do not go on with the plans. I am so much obliged for all your kindness.

Yours very truly,
AGATHA TORR.

Mr. Ashlar to Mrs. Torr.

DEAR MADAM,—I regret to say that your letter came too late to stop the plans, which were posted to you last night. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
CYRIL ASHLAR.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

Burke's Private Hotel, Dorking.

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—The cost of the old house in Kent is so prohibitive that I am resolved to go back to my original idea, especially as a very interesting Irish doctor who is staying here tells me that old houses are always damp.

I like the plans very much, with two or three exceptions. The front elevation seems to me rather bare. What do you say to a turret at one end? I love little rooms in turrets—so medieval and quaint, and I do not quite like the way the kitchen leads out of the hall. Please make these changes. I am inquiring about a plot under Leith Hill, with a wonderful southern view. The sea is so very dreary in the winter.

Yours truly,
AGATHA TORR.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W.

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—I have a splendid idea, given me by Mr. HILARY the artist, whom I met at luncheon here yesterday. Not a turret but a loggia. You can put it over the dining-room.

Yours truly,
AGATHA TORR.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

Hans Crescent Hotel, S.W.

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—I have now finally decided, on the advice of my brother-in-law, whose judgment is very sound, to pitch my tent near Bath, which he says is both gay and healthy, and surrounded by very attractive country. As this is so far inland you could do away with some of the length and lowness of the cottage, which give it perhaps rather a squalid air. The loggia I fear must also go, as there are few prospects.

Yours truly, AGATHA TORR.

Mrs. Torr to Mr. Ashlar.

Hotel Grosvenor, S.W.

DEAR MR. ASHLAR,—Everything is now

altered. Yesterday I received a proposal from Dr. MURGATROYD, and returned an answer in the affirmative; and as Dr. MURGATROYD proposes to travel on the Continent the need for the dear little cottage which we have been discussing in all this very pleasant correspondence has now passed away. You have been so very kind, and I am indeed sorry for any trouble which my ignorance of such matters as business and architecture may have given you. My wedding is next week. Yours very truly,

AGATHA TORR.

Brian Murgatroyd, M.R.C.S., to Mr. Ashlar.

Cap Martin.

Dr. MURGATROYD wishes to say that in the whole course of his professional career he has never met with anything so barefaced as Mr. ASHLAR'S letter to Mrs. MURGATROYD, demanding fees for the designs of a house that has never been built, the very ground for which had not even been bought. It will be time enough for Mr. ASHLAR to send in his bill when Dr. and Mrs. MURGATROYD settle down in England and their house is completed.

CUPID'S GUIDE TO LONDON.

["If in future every guide book be produced in the novel and entertaining style of *The Real New York*, a pleasure is in store for the traveller. It is in the form of a novel. A love theme runs through it."—*Daily Paper.*]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have prepared a guide book to London on the above lines, in three volumes, and from the first chapter, which I enclose for your perusal, you will see that the interest of the jaded sightseer is never allowed to flag, and at the same time useful information is put before him in an attractive form. There are 365 chapters—corresponding to the height of St. Paul's Cathedral in feet (approx.).

CHAPTER I.

On a cool grey morning in September two persons might have been seen in earnest conversation on the Thames Embankment not far from *Cleopatra's Needle*. What cared they, however, for the famous obelisk (68ft. high), which had stood for 1600 years at Heliopolis? Of what interest was it to them that it was presented to Great Britain by MEHEMET ALI, and brought to London at the expense of Sir ERASMUS WILSON? No, Sir JOHN MASTERTON and ELEANOR DEANE were quite oblivious to everything but themselves.

"ELEANOR," he exclaimed passionately through his clenched teeth, "ELEANOR, I ask you once more, Will you be mine? Speak!—by heaven, if I thought you loved another"—here he bit his lips till the blood came again—"I would drag you with me over yonder *Waterloo Bridge*, which," he added with a forced smile, as they passed a policeman, "as you are doubtless aware, is the noble work of JOHN RENNIE, and was built in 1811, and considered by CANOVA as the noblest bridge in the world." Suddenly changing his mind, or inspired with some new idea, Sir JOHN hailed a hansom, and half dragging, half pushing ELEANOR into it, bade the man drive to the A.B.C. at the foot of *Parliament Street*. Not a word is spoken on either side as they are borne swiftly past the Embankment Gardens, above which the *Cecil* and *Savoy* hotels* tower side by side; now they are passing *New Scotland Yard* and are under the shadow of the lofty *Clock Tower* of *Westminster Palace* (320 ft.), erected by Sir CHARLES BARRY in 1840, and in another minute the cab pulls up. Handing the cabman his legal fare (1*s.* the first two miles and 6*d.* for each additional mile.—See Appendix, p. xxiii.), Sir JOHN helped ELEANOR to alight, and followed her to a marble-topped table in the almost empty shop, for it was early yet.

"We can discuss things quietly here," he said. "Er—two small teas and a piece of sultana cake, please"—this to the attendant.

"There is nothing to discuss, Sir JOHN," said ELEANOR coldly, looking straight before her at the twin grey towers of the ancient Abbey,

"That antique pile (as someone says)
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold."

(To be continued.)

[*Not here!*—EDITOR.

* Good beds, and attendance.



A SURE SIGN OF IMPROVEMENT.

Village Doctor. "WELL, SCROGGINS, I HOPE YOUR WIFE IS MUCH BETTER TO-DAY, EH? HOW IS HER PULSE, EH? AND HOW'S HER TEMPERATURE?"

Scroggins (considering). "WELL, DOCTOR, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT HER PULSES, BUT AS FOR HER TEMPER"—*(feelingly)*—"SHE'S GOT A PLENTY OF *THAT* TO-DAY!"

MR. PUNCH TO HIS READERS.



NEARLY five years ago *Mr. Punch*—in whom children of all classes, and especially the poor and suffering, have ever found a friend—made an appeal to his Readers on behalf of a Children's Hospital in imminent danger of having to close for want of funds.

The response to that appeal was so immediate and so munificent as to exceed his most sanguine expectations—but this, of course, would not justify him in appealing again to his Readers' sympathies, save in a case of equal, if not greater, necessity.

He thinks that such a case has now arisen: as he pleaded then the cause of the Sick Children North of the Thames, where the proportion of children's cots per head of population is 1 to 3,500, so he pleads now for the Children of South London, where the poverty is even greater, while the proportion of cots per head is only 1 to 12,500.

The Belgrave Hospital for Children, Clapham Road, S.W., will be compelled to close its wards at the end of the current year, unless the charitable public come to the rescue.

With the recollection of his Readers' splendid generosity on the former occasion fresh in his mind, *Mr. Punch* feels that he need add nothing to the above simple statement of fact except a reminder that cheques should be made payable to Mr. F. STUART, the Secretary of the Belgrave Hospital, and crossed "BARCLAY & Co., Pall Mall."

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER III.

The Queen's Speech.

THE Old, or King's, Palace of Hinterland is a massive and gloomy building, with huge towers and battlements, set high on a hill overlooking the capital city. Here lay the bodies of King RICHARD and his three unfortunate descendants, awaiting the hour when they should be conveyed to their last resting-place in the ancient cathedral. All was quiet about the Palace. A few curious spectators were gathered about the great gates, gazing up at the royal standard which drooped at half mast in the still November air, as if they might gather from its folds some explanation of the tragedy that had swept away at one fell swoop four members of the reigning House.

It was not, however, to this Palace, but to the New, or Queen's, Palace that SYLVIA was being conveyed in order that she might be saluted by her loyal subjects on her accession to the Throne. Here all was bustle and animation. Military officers in splendid uniforms and courtiers in state costumes were arriving in crowds and taking their places on the terrace reserved for them. Great carriages were driving up with a clatter of gilded harness and setting down Duchesses and Marchionesses and Countesses, and the massed bands of several of the royal regiments of Guards were making music for the throng. The populace had, as tradition demanded, been freely admitted to the grounds of the Palace, and already they were gathered in a dense mass under the balcony on which the new Queen was to appear. More and more were constantly arriving and taking their stand at the back of the throng already formed. Not many of them would be able to hear such words as SYLVIA might say, but all would be able to get a glimpse of her, and would tell the story to their children and their children's children. The side pavements of the broad street through which SYLVIA was to pass on her way to the courtyard of the Palace were also packed with sightseers, and the hum of their voices rose in the air.

"Well, well," said an old woman in the crowd, addressing in a general way those who stood round her, "so the old King's gone at last, God rest his soul. A good King he was too, and a kind one. I mind one day I was walking in the Broad Avenue and I met him, ah, as close as I am to you, and I bobbed him a curtsey, and 'God bless your Majesty' I makes bold to say to him; and he looks me straight in the face, and 'God bless you too,' he says, just like that."

"What's all the stir for?" said a bearded and broad-shouldered man, who had elbowed his way from the outskirts.

"You don't mean to say you don't know? Why, wherever do you come from?" said the old woman in astonishment.

"Fact is," said the bearded man, "I've been abroad for a number of years. Only landed this morning, and came along here because everybody else seemed to be going this way. What's up? Is the King coming out?"

"King!" said the old woman. "There's no King now," and in a few words she told him what had happened.

The man listened eagerly, and, as she ended, his face lit up.

"But in that case," he said, "the King must be——"

"Ah, it's easy to see you've been abroad. There's no King now, I tell you. A little girl's come to be Queen. SYLVIA they call her, and she's no bigger than a big doll, they say. Poor little thing, her father's dead a matter of ten years ago, drowned at sea. A wild fellow, I've heard tell, but a handsome figure of a man. I mind him too—just about your size he was, but nobler looking of course."

"Are we to see the Queen?" said the man after a pause.

"Yes, that's what we've come for. She'll be out on that balcony, and we can all take a good look, poor young thing."

At this moment a distant sound of cheering came up from the street. It increased in volume, and grew nearer and nearer.

"She's coming," said the old woman. "She'll be out in a minute."

As she spoke the two great windows in the Palace front were flung open, and two gorgeously dressed trumpeters advanced on to the balcony, blew a loud triumphant fanfare, and retired again. A hush fell upon the crowd, and there was a pause of a few moments. Then through the open windows came SYLVIA, and slowly mounted the steps that led to the top of the balustrade, until she stood alone on the top step and looked shyly down upon the wide expanse of upturned faces. She was dressed in simple white. A splendid gold chain, thickly crusted with jewels, was thrown about her shoulders, and in her breast nestled a beautiful red rose. Her fair hair rolled and rippled down her back, and the sun, which had been busily chasing the November mists away, broke out in glory and shone upon her.

The crowd gazed in perfect silence for a few seconds, and then burst out into a frenzied shout of welcome.

Now you know as well as I do that no royal person of any kind, least of all a Queen, has ever appeared upon a Palace balcony in this fashion without having to make a speech. There is no instance to the contrary in the history books, and even the Queen of a great country like Hinterland could not for a moment expect to be exempted from a rule which, as the great historian, Archbishop FLUSHER, says, "is founded not only in reason, but in the manifest desire of the people, who look not so much for great beauty or overpassing genius in their rulers as for the ability to speak aptly on occasion." Therefore it was that SYLVIA held in her right hand a paper on which the Prime Minister had in a fair large hand written down a speech for the Queen. It was a fine speech, and it touched eloquently on many high matters. Unfortunately, however, it was written in the books of Fate that this speech should not be spoken, for in an incautious moment SYLVIA



HER FIRST VISIT TO A POLICE-COURT.

Old Lady. "WHAT A VILLAINOUS-LOOKING MAN THE PRISONER IS!"
Friend. "HUSH! THAT'S NOT THE PRISONER. THAT'S THE MAGISTRATE!"

released her hold of the paper, and it fluttered down and finally perched on the top of a sentry-box below.

SYLVIA'S mother, who stood below her, saw the calamity. "Speak, my darling," she said. "Say a few words to them from your own sweet heart," and SYLVIA opened her lips and said:

"God bless you all. I will do my best if you will help me to do it."

It was shorter than the speech prepared by the Prime Minister, and much less rounded in its periods, but it went straight home to the people. Those who heard it cheered like mad, and then repeated it to others, until everyone knew it, and everyone cheered.

The old woman turned to the bearded man: "It makes my old heart ache with joy to see her pretty face," she said.

"Ay," said the man, with a deep sigh, "she 's the sweetest lass in the world."

Physician, heal thyself!

FROM the *Chronicle*:

"The artistic search for the 'mot juste' is not always attended with success; but that the framers of public notices should so often fail to say what they mean is perhaps more surprising. A printed bill advertising an eighteenpenny dance on the notice boards of a provincial town hall, last week, wound up, for instance, with the curious announcement, 'Dress optional.'"

Mr. Punch never remembers to have actually danced (at eighteenpence or any other price) on the notice board of a provincial town hall, but if he ever so far lost his sense of decorum, he would probably also be indifferent as to the decency of his apparel.

"Gentlemen in Reduced Circumstances."

WANTED, God's Good Man, also The Prodigal Son; must be cheap and clean.—*Advert. in "The Lady."*

Geneva-on-Sea.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail*, the Geneva correspondent of the Paris *Herald* says that certain "American warships, which have arrived at Gibraltar from Genoa, reported having experienced severe weather in Switzerland." This was in the ordinary *Daily Mail*, not the Half Seas Over Edition.

A Chapel of Ease.

THE need of a portable meeting-house has long been felt by itinerant preachers. Whatever difficulties stood in the way would seem to have been overcome by Mr. EVAN ROBERTS, the Welsh Revivalist, if we are to believe an *Express* correspondent who telegraphs from Porth, as follows:—"It was in a quaint, old-fashioned Gothic chapel, with stone walls a yard thick, that EVAN ROBERTS drove through the drizzle of the afternoon."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a cutting of the following advertisement, which might very easily cause pain in Government circles:—

"ADMIRALTY AND OTHER OFFICIALS WANTED."

We hasten to explain that this does not appear in the *Police Review* (the organ of the Force), but in the *Bazaar*, under the general heading of "Stamps."



EXPLAINED.

Auntie (explaining morning manœuvres of His Majesty's Life Guards on their way to relieve guard at Whitehall). "DON'T YOU *see?* THERE'S TWO, AND THEN THERE'S ONE, AND THEN THERE'S THE WHOLE LOT—AND THEN THERE'S ONE, AND THEN THERE'S TWO MORE!"

[*Youthful Niece sees.*

CHARIVARIA.

IF ever a Continent needed patience it is Europe. "The interests of Europe," according to the *Svet* of St. Petersburg, "demand the immediate destruction of Japan."

While feeling compelled to decline the request made by the Zemstvos for the granting of a Constitution, the CZAR has been graciously pleased, as a concession, not to send those who made the request to Siberia.

A cabman is sailing from Tasmania to claim a baronetcy. We do not wish to prejudice his case, but we have heard before now of cabmen claiming more than they are entitled to.

Automobile dust-carts, says the *Matin*, are to be used in Paris henceforth. We had thought every motor-car was this.

A statistical return shows that, last October, Londoners consumed 3,318 tons of meat less than in the same month of the previous year. If we mistake not, JOHN TRUNDLEY of Peckham was touring in the Provinces this year.

Dr. YORK DAVIES' advice to those who would keep warm in the cold weather is to eat plenty of suet dumplings. The burning of country mansions which has been tried lately is undoubtedly crude and unsatisfactory, and we fancy many persons will give Dr. DAVIES' suggestion a chance.

Grave disappointment has been caused among the public by the fact that the recommendations to barbers issued by Dr. COLLINGRIDGE, with a view to safeguarding the public health, contain no proposition that the barbers shall avoid depressing their customers by pointing out the state of the weather to them.

Glasgow Corporation is considering a scheme under which all Glasgow's inebriates are to be banished to the island of Shuna. The chief objection is on the ground of overcrowding. The island is only 3 miles in length and about 1½ in breadth.

The Admiralty has denied the allegation that H.M.S. *Snapper* ran down the steamer *Inverna*, which is missing. As a matter of fact, as the Admiralty points out, at the time when the accident is supposed to have happened, H.M.S. *Snapper* was practising collisions at Dundee, and successfully rammed the dock there.

According to the *Lady's Pictorial*, there are signs that the pretence of boredom with everything is passing away, and it is just now rather smart to be easily amused. We wondered why several serious journals had recently started humorous columns.

A love of sweets would seem to be innate in every child. "Save mother! leave me," cried a little girl of twelve, when being rescued from a fire at her mother's confectionery shop in Hull. Happily, wiser counsels prevailed, and both were saved.

Those individuals who insist on their right to boo at a play which they do not like are said to be contemplating the formation of a club. Suggested title:—The Booligans.

Every now and again one realises how ignorant one is. We learn from the *Daily Mail* that, owing to an innovation in advertising introduced by that journal, "Monday has now become known throughout the country as Ladies' Day."

General satisfaction is being expressed



A TALL ORDER.

German Eagle (*to* Dove of Peace). "TEACH ME HOW TO COO!"

["The German Empire will continue to pursue the policy of peace which has commended itself for more than thirty years. To this end a strong and efficient army, ready for instant action, is now as much as ever necessary."
Memorandum attached to the new German Army Bill. Vide "Times," November 29.]



IF THE RUSSIANS WERE TO CONQUER JAPAN.

(*How they would enjoy themselves in Tokio!*)

at the superb optimism of Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE who, in his drawing, in *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, of the Seasons robing the New Year, has depicted a garment which is obviously not a mackintosh.

The Oxford Congregation has refused to abolish Greek as a compulsory subject. Apparently it is not yet realised by the older generation, as it is by the younger, that learning of any sort interferes with Sport.

The Liverpool Watch Committee has recommended the City Justices to provide a children's Police Court. We understand that this pretty idea is to be carried out most thoroughly and consistently, and that not only are the prisoners to be children, but also the Magistrate, the Court officials, the Police, and the representatives of the Press.

RONDEAU.

["I want to make you *healthy*, for health means *happiness*. I want to show you how to get the most out of life. Will not you give me an opportunity of doing so?"—*Advt. of Mr. E. Miles in "Westminster Gazette."*]

I'M used to smiles, the Daily Press
Expounds my methods more or less
Correctly—rather less than more—
Till now my name provokes a roar
Of laughter, *why* I cannot guess.

The scoffers cause me no distress,
They did at first, I must confess—
But now their gibes I can ignore,
I'm *used* to smiles!

I live on nuts and watercress,
That is the secret of success.
May I show *you* the open door
To health by which you set such store?
Just send a card to my address,
I'm EUSTACE MILES!

"Small by degrees and beautifully less."

"THE OUTRAGE BY THE BALTIC FLEET ON BRITISH FISHING BOATS," at first in staring capitals, has now dwindled down to a mild heading—

"THE NORTH SEA INCIDENT."

"NEAR AS A TOUCHER."—Among the Members of the Cambridge Senate engaged in the discussion on the "general utility business" of Greek, appears the name of "Professor ALLBUTT." How significant of an education just wanting something, say Greek for example, to make it perfect! A Professor ALLBUTT can never be Professor Perfect, but must always remain "*M. Le Professeur à Peu Près.*"

THE "SEPARATE COMPARTMENT" PATRIOT.

(Quite an Imaginary Character, of course!)

COMPARTMENT THE FIRST: PATRIOTISM.

In the Cardiff Express. TIME—*Early Autumn*, 1904.

The Patriot (to a fellow-traveller). Mark my words, Sir, Germany is our worst enemy! Look at the way she's been openly assisting Russia, ever since this war began! . . . . How? Why, in *every* way, Sir! Hasn't the KAISER constantly been sending friendly messages to the TSAR? Isn't there an understanding between them at this moment which enables Russia to reduce her garrisons and remove the big guns in all the fortresses along the frontier? And didn't the KAISER secretly encourage the Port Arthur Fleet to break out and make for Kiao-Chow, a *German* port, mind you? . . . "Where did I see that?" In the papers, Sir. Don't you call that scandalous and disgraceful in a nation that is supposed to be neutral? *I* do—and I think we ought to take some strong measures, too. Germany wants to see Japan beaten, Sir, because she's *our* ally. Germany knows well enough that Japan's fighting *our* battle as well as her own! It would be a bad day for us if Japan got the worst of it. Luckily, she succeeded in getting the command of the sea from the start, and, so long as she keeps *that*— . . . "The Baltic Fleet?" Why, you don't suppose they really mean *sailing*, do you? . . . Oh, of course if they ever *did* get as far as Vladivostock, it would be awkward for Japan,—very awkward. But how are they going to *do* it? They'd want constant supplies of coal—and where are they to *get* it from? They couldn't coal at any neutral coaling station. Even *Germany* wouldn't dare to commit such an outrageous breach of neutrality as *that!* Besides, the only coal that would serve for a long voyage of that sort is our Welsh smokeless steam coal, Sir, and I should just like to know how they're going to get it! I speak as a coal-owner in rather a large way myself, so I know what I'm *talking* about. And I tell *you*, it's impossible—perfectly impossible—for the Baltic Fleet, if ever it starts, to get a fifth part of the way to the Far East. You may take my word for that. And a very fortunate thing for our plucky little ally that it should *be* so. As I said before, as long as she keeps the command of the sea! . . .

COMPARTMENT THE SECOND: BUSINESS.

The Patriot's Office. Later, on the same day.

The Patriot (to his Partner). Well, what do *you* think about it? . . . We don't get such an order as this *every* day. . . . It means a big profit. . . . And they offer cash on delivery, I see. Only thing is—who *is* this German or Dutchman who wants all this amount of steam coal, and what does he want it *for?* . . . Of course if I thought for a single moment it was intended for the Bal—well, as *you* say, it's no business of *ours* who the real consignees are. . . . We may have our suspicions—but, after all, we *know* nothing. And the Law is on our side. Yes, I see no reason myself why we should decline. If *we* don't supply 'em, others *will*, you know. . . . No, better *cable* an acceptance of the contract at once—or we may lose it.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SEQUEL.

TIME—*May*, 1905.

The Patriot (meeting a friend in the street). Serious news this from Japan, eh? I've always maintained that, if that Baltic Fleet once managed to get out to the Far East, it would put a very different complexion on the situation. Togo's fleet was so much the inferior in numbers, you see. And now it appears he has lost the command of the sea; can't imagine how he could have been so careless! Looks as if Japan will have to sue for Peace before long now. Most unfortunate—especially for us! It's my firm belief that Germany is at the bottom of it all! She's always been our worst enemy. However, we must keep a good heart. As SHAKSPEARE says in one of his plays:

"Naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Fine poet, SHAKSPEARE—real patriotic ring about those lines, eh? F. A.

A NOTABLE REVIVAL.

"WHAUR'S your WULLIE SHAKSPEARE NOO?" To which old question the present answer is, "At the Adelphi, showing at his liveliest in farcical comedy, set before us in the best modern manner." The rough-and-tumble business essential to the old Elizabethan farcical comedy, which, in its most exaggerated form, delighted Boisterous BESS or Slobbering JAMIE, is here reduced to an artistic minimum. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE, acting as *Petruchio* and also as stage-manager responsible for the entire production, has ordered the scenes that used to be a mere romp, a series of pantomimic "spill-and-pelt," in so admirable a manner, that what might have been resented by a modern audience as a superfluity of horse-play, is now received with heartiest and truly appreciative laughter, the curtain being raised three and four times, after every Act, in response to most enthusiastic applause.

It is a brilliant performance. Mr. OSCAR ASCHE is a fine actor: his *Christopher Sly*, the drunken travelling tinker of the prologue, is a striking rendering of a small part that might be so brutally burlesqued. As to his *Petruchio*, it is simply perfect; he is the youthful madcap, a gentleman thoroughly at his ease, the most equal-tempered yet determined husband, and, above all, he is the most tender lover. His victory over the shrewishness of his very young wife would be still more effective than it is, had Nature added another couple of inches to her stature. As to Miss LILY BRAYTON'S *Katarina*, we are far from convinced that, to adapt the well-known line,

"This is 'the Shrew' that SHAKSPEARE drew,"

seeing that Sweet WILLIAM was compelled to write the heroine's part to suit such a boy-actor as appears in the *rôle* of *The Lady*, in the *Induction*, who has to pretend she is wife to the bemused *Christopher Sly*. But whatever SHAKSPEARE'S ideal of *Katarina* may have been, for ourselves we can desire no more charming representative of the part, when played to Mr. OSCAR ASCHE'S *Petruchio*, than Miss LILY BRAYTON. One can see that she, still so very young, is but a spoilt child with a temper: and *Petruchio* tames her as RAREY tamed the savage *Cruiser*. Miss LILY BRAYTON brings the house down when, the fortress being reduced by starvation, she exclaims with all the petulance of a very naughty, obstinate girl in a nursery, "I want my dinner!" Whether this line is in the text or not, it suits the situation, and tells immensely.

And then how charming is the tableau on which the curtain descends at the end of the Third Act, when, practically conquered, wilfully irritating *Kate*, hungering for food and for sympathy, bursts into tears, and throws herself sobbing into her husband's arms. Then, when the curtain is raised to enthusiastic calls, *Petruchio*, gazing lovingly on *Katarina*, is seen helping her to some mess or other, which she is eagerly devouring out of a wooden bowl. The situation, as rendered by these two clever actors, is just on the borderland 'twixt laughter and tears. The charm of Mr. ASCHE'S *Petruchio* lies in his gentle firmness, his great pity, and his imperturbable good humour.

Miss PAMELA GAYTHORNE is a charming *Bianca*, and every individual is good in a very full cast. We shall be much mistaken if this exceptionally delightful revival of SHAKSPEARE'S old farcical comedy is not in for a long run at the Adelphi. At all events, on its present undoubted success Mr. and Mrs. OSCAR ASCHE are to be sincerely congratulated.



FOGGED.

Cabman (who thinks he has been passing a line of linkmen). "IS THIS RIGHT FOR PADDINGTON?" *Linkman.* "'COURSE IT IS! FIRST TO THE RIGHT AND STRAIGHT ON. 'AVEN'T I TOLD YE THAT THREE TIMES ALREADY? WHY, YOU 'VE BEEN DRIVIN' ROUND THIS SQUARE FOR THE LAST 'ARF HOUR!"



ANY PORT IN A STORM.

IT IS POOR BROWN'S SECOND TIME OUT ON HIS MOTOR, AND HE HAS A PARTICULAR DREAD OF DOGS.

A DULDITCH PALACE.

THE "PIG AND WHISTLE" AS A HEALTH RESORT.

[This article was compiled by a member of the advertising staff of "Punch," who, in the pursuit of authentic information, has gone the whole "Pig and Whistle."]

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, in his fascinating rectorial address on the Development of the State, has lifted up his voice against the demoralising effect on the national fibre of cosmopolitan restaurants. The protest was timely, but mere destructive criticism will not suffice. What we want to know is not merely what we must avoid, but what we must pursue. The habit of dining at home, tending as it does to monotony, depression, immobility and other distressing *sequelæ*, has long been discredited by the best hygienic authorities, from ÆSCULAPIUS to EUSTACE MILES. Decentralisation, combined with a due regard for native enterprise, is the true remedy for dyspepsia. And how can these conditions be more completely fulfilled than by a daily resort to the "Pig and Whistle" at Dulditch?

Bacteriologists have conclusively shown that the atmosphere in that suburb is richer in pathogenic organisms than any other quarter of the United Kingdom, but lung food is only the least of the advantages attained by frequenting the "Pig and Whistle." As I have shown in a previous article the oleomargarine employed at the "Pig and Whistle" is richer in train oil than that used at any other English hostelry, the room in which the "ordinary" is served is more lavishly sprinkled with sawdust, the beer more profusely fortified with glucose, the sherry more fiery, the water, drawn from a pump erected in the reign of CHARLES II., less conducive to excessive indulgence in non-alcoholic stimulants. The inn itself, which has a splendid north aspect, and can be reached by the village fly in about an hour and a quarter from the nearest station, has lately been refurnished in the most *recherché* rococo style. Several fine German chromolithographs have been added to the advertisement calendars of neighbouring grocers on the walls of the dining-room. The chairs are now thoroughly reliable, and when suddenly moved on the brick floor produce a most agreeable resonance. The bagatelle board is the finest in the county, the set of celluloid dominoes are much admired, and a sofa, handsomely upholstered in American cloth, is a further engaging feature. I ought also to say that the pack of cards has recently been renewed, and very few are now missing.

The parlour also contains a small but select library, in which, among other works, may be noted some back numbers of the *Strand Magazine*, BUNYAN'S *Holy War*, *Under Two Flags*, and a *Complete Farrier*. On a side table is a very chaste thing in wax flowers and fruit.

But enough has been said to show that the authorities of the "Pig and Whistle" have spared no expense or thought to make it representative of the best traditions of Dulditch.

So much for the mere husk of the hostel. We come now to its soul—the kitchen. Ah, the kitchen!

Here be none of your Frenchified kickshaws and made dishes, but good honest solid British and Colonial produce cooked in the antique English style. The Yorkshire pudding is a miracle of tenacious endurance, extraordinarily rich in gluten, and of so close a texture that a guest assured me that one wet day, when his boots were far from waterproof, he successfully caulked a large hole with a wad of this unique culinary product. Fancy attempting to do this with a French omelette or *soufflé!* The suet dumplings, again, are superbly constructed; pre-Mycenæan or early Minoan, as Dr. ARTHUR EVANS teaches us to say, in their massive and monumental solidity. The degeneracy of the race is nowhere more lamentably shown than in its imperfect dentition—the result, in turn, of a preference for soft and over-cooked food. At the "Pig and Whistle" molars, incisors and eye-teeth alike are afforded splendid practice from start to finish of the menu. This in itself should pack the house.

Let us now consider a dinner at the "Pig and Whistle," which will effectually fill the time that might, in the sordid and unhealthy capital, be spent in the fœtid air of the theatre, but which at Dulditch will keep the diner from the company of the tap-room. The distance from the sea and the rail precludes fish. But what so dangerous as fish? Think of the periodical oyster scares, and be happy to be so far from temptation. Here is a specimen menu, which can be made by the discreet guest to last from 7 till 10.30, or, with care, even till 11.

A "PIG AND WHISTLE" DINNER, LASTING FROM 7 TILL CLOSING-TIME, WITH THE VERY MODERATE PRICES ATTACHED.

	s.	d.
Sardines or Pickled Walnuts	0	2
Oxo	0	3
Sardines (double portion)	0	4
Liver and Bacon	0	9
Cauliflower	0	3
Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding	1	0
Sausages and Mashed	0	6
More Sausages and Mashed	0	6
Still more Sausages and Mashed	0	6
One more Sausage	0	3
Prunes and Rice	0	4
Cheese and Watercress	0	3
Coffee Extract	0	4
Beer with meal	0	8
Whisky after Coffee Extract	0	3
Another whisky	0	3
Another whisky	0	3
Another whisky	0	3
Waitress	0	6
Village Doctor	5	0
	12	7

During the same time in London one

would have spent £2, and seen some dreadful "tomfoolery."

Personally I do not less like the "Pig and Whistle" "ordinary" because one meets there all sorts and conditions of men. I have seen there, from time to time, a cab-proprietor who once stroked the Oxford eight, and an organ-grinder whose *lingua Toscana* had lost some of its pristine purity during his long sojourn in our bleak clime. When I hailed him in TENNYSON'S sonorous lines, "I salute thee, MANTOVANO," his eyes gleamed with pleasure, and his genial smile proved that whatever may be true of the Italianate Englishman, the converse does not hold good of the Anglicised Italian. A more frequent customer is an expatriated Polish wood-carver with an unpronounceable name, now engaged in repairing the Dulditch pulpit, whose skill with the knife is by no means confined to his profession. I have seen him to all intents and purposes swallow it in the green-pea season. In short, the company at the "Pig and Whistle" is as stimulating as the fare, and never since I was laid up with gastric fever before Liao-yang have I enjoyed such unique dietetic experiences as those furnished by this admirable hostelry.

"FIFTY YEARS OF FLEET STREET."

IN his preface to the "Life and Recollections of Sir JOHN ROBINSON," published under the above title, Mr. F. M. THOMAS, whilst stating that the long-time Manager of the *Daily News* did not leave a volume of memoirs intended for publication, adds: "He did, however, leave some diaries more or less fragmentary and a number of thick, closely-written volumes of jottings in his own handwriting descriptive of events of which he had been an eye-witness, and [of] people he had seen and known. . . . I have not thought it necessary or desirable to indicate in all cases what is his and what is my own."

Reviewing the book, TOBY, M.P., commented upon this certainly novel — probably misleading — method of preparing a biography, and asked why the "jottings" were not given as written. Since the notice was published, *Mr. Punch* has received assurance that "the jottings alluded to were intermittent and were rarely dated. That Sir JOHN ROBINSON left ample materials for a biography is simply untrue."

TOBY, M.P., had at the time of writing no knowledge of the subject beyond the definite statements quoted in the biographer's own words. He regrets that, accepting them in their ordinary sense, he received, and conveyed, an impression of Mr. THOMAS'S literary methods which turns out to have been erroneous.



DESHABILLE.

Tommy. "OH, MAMMA, DO COME! HERE'S A ELELANT WIV ONLY HIS INSIDE ON!"

To a Bore.

MY prosing friend, I sometimes sigh
To read of merry days gone by—
Days when the "bore's head" used to be
Served on a dish of rosemary.
Some men are born an age too late—
Such dishes being out of date.

The Kaiser to his Chancellor.

(On the increase of the German Army.)

MAN wants but little here, BÜLOW,
But wants that little strong.

INVENTION OF A SUPERMARINE BOAT.—It looks as if the prophecy of the gentleman in *Locksley Hall* who foresaw "the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue" was going to be fulfilled sooner than we hoped. The *Remszeitung* of Gmünd in Würtemberg announced a few days ago that the German steamer *Lahn*, which has been sold to Russia, is to be used as a "*captive balloon*."

A LAST WORD.—A French correspondent writes to say that the question "Do we get our deserts?" has been solved once and for all by M. JACQUES LEBAUDY, who has got the Sahara.

QUESTION AT A CLASSIC EXAM.—Who among the most famous Greek philosophers owed the name he bore to excelling at a certain game of football then, as now, much in vogue?—Soccerates.

Ad Pocketum.

HERE is a gem! And it will make its owner appear brilliant too! EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE'S *Royal Pocket Diary and Engagement Book for* 1905. Not only can you note in it the date of your dinner engagements, but you can also shine in Society if you learn by heart and repeat, on occasion, quotations from "Poetical Readings" selected for that particular day. Let the talented compilers follow this up with pocket puns, jokes for every day, and so forth. If the sale be enormous, the jokes may clash, and of five wits, guests at the same dinner party, only the first to utter his joke will be able to score.

PROBABLE EXEMPLIFICATION OF PROVERB.—"Just in time to be too late"—the Baltic Fleet.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just issued a cheap and dainty edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, illuminated with the deathless illustrations of our dear TENNIEL. Having read it again with fresh delight, my Baronite by chance next took up a more portly volume describing the experiences and impressions of *Uganda's Katikiro in England* (HUTCHINSON). Many of us saw, some conversed with, the emissary of the boy King of UGANDA when he was here during the Coronation festival. He was accompanied by his Secretary HAM MUKASA, to whom we are indebted for the narrative. Written in his native tongue, it is translated by the Rev. ERNEST MILLAR, a missionary resident in Uganda. HAM is a keen observer, with a retentive memory and much literary faculty. Mr. MILLAR has accomplished his task admirably, making no fatuous attempt at improving upon the artless simplicity of the negro suddenly plunged into the vortex of Western life. The happy result is that we have a book curiously like LEWIS CARROLL'S masterpiece. In Wonderland *Alice* came across nothing more marvellous than what HAM MUKASA beheld with shining eyes between the May day in 1902, when he left his native country, and the September morning on which he returned after four months' whirl through Western civilisation. His talk about the things he saw is delightfully like the prattle of an intelligent child. The ship he first voyages in is seven storeys high. It has roads like the roads of a town. There are rooms for the rich and the poor. The screw makes a noise like the vibration of an earthquake. The sea is like a hill. You first see the smoke of a distant ship; then as it comes to the top of the hill you see the masts. When you get near you see all the ship. Nothing struck HAM more than the London crowd. "One would think," he says in a striking sentence, "they had no place of their own, and were busy walking up and down." He went to "the House [of Commons] where they talk over matters, and saw a great many Chiefs debating in the place where they debate about their Government, which brings peace in their country and in the countries of others." This was after the Boer War. Our visitor from a remote corner of Africa was much impressed with what he more than once calls "the marvellous English!" "If," he writes, "any man could stand in the track of a railway train and stop it from passing over him, or if he could run his head against a mountain and pass through it, such a man might check the power and glory of the English." Not otherwise. At a time when some of our chiefs, in Parliament and out, assure us we are rapidly falling into decay, these words are doubly precious.

"Few readers of that admirable story of school life, *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*," writes Junior Assistant Reader, "will not welcome the opportunity of renewing his acquaintance, as they may now do in *Godfrey Marten, Undergraduate*, by CHARLES TURLEY (HEINEMANN). They will be glad to find him unchanged, except by a very few years, from the boy of the previous volume; with the same straightness, enthusiasm, and contempt for 'slackers,' also the same tendency to drift into harmless scrapes, and to accept the consequences (in this book, fortunately, seldom more serious than being gated for three weeks) of others' misdeeds. Here is *Marten's* characteristic description of a quarrelsome family:—

"COLLIER had five brothers and four sisters, some of whom were never on speaking terms with the others except at Christmas or a birthday, when, from habit, they declared a truce. 'The truce is no good,' COLLIER said to me when he told me about it, 'because the only thing that happens is that they change sides. I believe they pick up.'"

We part from him in the 'Varsity XI., with a second in History, and apparently a career before him in the Foreign Office."

It is a very difficult task for any book-illustrating artist to convey the true effect of proportion between *Gulliver* and Lilliputians. Real human midgets, not as big as your thumb, it is almost impossible to realise. To a great extent these antecedent difficulties, in dealing with SWIFT'S immortal work, have been overcome in a bright edition of *Gulliver's Travels*, illustrated by S. B. DE LA BERE (A. & C. BLACK), as will be perceived by reference to the illustration on p. 112, "The Queen's dwarf became insolent."

There is a charming story by MRS. MOLESWORTH called *The Blue Baby* (Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS). Excellent also is a book of fairy tales, *The Pedlar's Pack*, by MRS. ALFRED BALDWIN. The illustrations, by CHARLES PEARS, are capital in design and colour. Nor must I omit *Buster Brown*, by R. F. OUTCAULT, which is a sort of pictorial Bad Boy's Diary, and will, no doubt, be much appreciated during the season of holiday mischief.

The Waters of Oblivion, a novel by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), begins well, and thoroughly interests the reader up to a certain point; and then, old and ordinary melodramatic effects are lugged in, with, as it were, a strong lime-light thrown on them from the wings. Verily the Baron was disappointed. Yet is the story notable for the apparently careful study of a young Anglican clergyman who, devoted heart and soul to his parochial work, suddenly discovers that he has fallen in love, irrevocably, with a charming young lady barely nineteen, to whom the model cleric passionately declares, "You dominate me, heart, soul, and brain!"—which sounds bad for his professional work. Real clergy in novels disappeared with ANTHONY TROLLOPE. But, nowadays, who reads *Barchester Towers?*

A most original children's Christmas book is *The Pillar Box* (FRED. WARNE & Co.). It is filled with post-cards, one side of which is for short message and address, while the other has an outlined picture to be coloured according to given rules. Ornamental possibly; messy perhaps; useful, practically.

If during the coming Yule-tide you wish thoroughly to enter into the spirit of the season, procure a good tumblerful of creature-comfort, steaming, with a trifle of powdered nutmeg in it, some thin lemon peel and a grain of sugar, place it on a small stand beside your old arm-chair, in which you will have comfortably deposited yourself, and while gently inhaling the Virginian fumes in the presence of a cheerful Yule-log fire commence reading the *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary*, by M. R. JAMES (ARNOLD), and the Baron warrants him that out of that chair you will not be in a hurry to stir until you have finished the book. On rising to retire to bed, say, when the clock is striking the hour of midnight, you will be heartily glad of a brave companion, who will assist you in ascertaining that *all bolts and bars are scrupulously fastened*, that *all* doors are locked, that *there are no weird arms coming out from behind any curtains anywhere;* also that all the lights are carefully extinguished, that there is no Thing (ugh!) waiting for you in your bedroom (*let your friend enter with you, so that he may satisfy himself of this*), and that your door and shutter-fastenings are, every one of them, secure. And let all the tellers of supernatural tales take example from this *Antiquary*, and *never, on any pretence whatever, attempt to account naturally* for what ought to have been, *even if it wasn't*, supernatural.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





SOLVING A GEOGRAPHY PROBLEM.

Uncle. "NOW, TOMMY, SUPPOSE YOU WERE LIVING IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND YOU WANTED TO GET TO ENGLAND, WHAT WOULD YOU DO FIRST?"
Tommy. "PACK UP!"

REFORM.

TIME was when there were few more vile than I,
Few (though I speak) that deeper plunged in crime,
Few that have had so lamentably high
A time.

It were a fruitless labour to relate
The shocking details of my grim career,
My tastes were Awful, and my moral state,—
Oh dear!

To virtuous appeal my heart was shut;
Blithely I swaggered on the downward track;
I must have been the hardest sort of nut
To crack.

But now—oh Love, oh sovereign power of Love!—
DELIA has raised my thoughts to nobler aims;
I have reformed; I have a soul above
Those games.

I hardly ever stay out late at night;
Cards are a thing I very rarely touch;
I seldom smoke—that is to say, not quite
So much.

My temper, though notoriously short,
Has lost its tendency to run amŏk;
I am as one with whom a child could sport
(With luck).

Also I have acquired the Art of Song
That never dreamed I had a turn that way;
Tenor, I'll trouble you! And rather strong
On A.

Sometimes I sing and sing for hours on end
Songs all of Love—and I should sing much more
But for the person (whom I once called friend)
Next door.

Ah, 'tis a goodly change! Three moons agone,
Ere I had cravings for a higher bliss,
Who would have thought that I should carry on
Like this?

And you, O DELIA, pearl of maidenhood,
For whom, through whom, th' Awakening began,
See my amendment! Am I not a good
Young man?

It was for you, O DELIA, that I turned
This new leaf over; 'tis to you I bring
This offering; for you that I have learned
To sing.

I hope I have not spent my time in vain;
And when you see how greatly I've improved,
DELIA, I trust that you will not remain
Unmoved.

That, when in honeyed accents I confess
My seemly passion, you, with answering glow,
Will, for the sake of decency, say, Yes,
Not No!

DUM-DUM.

JAM.

SCORN not its title's unassuming length
That slips so easily from off the tongue;
Large virtues and a concentrated strength
On little pegs like this have often hung:
There is the Kirk called WEE,
There is the JAP, and GOG, and M.A.P.

Cow is a word identical in size,
And so is PIG; yet their united fat
(Or what appeared as such to native eyes)
Smeared on a rifle cartridge—simply that,
Just that and nothing more,
Started the Mutiny at Barrackpore!

So much for padding; now we reach the point,
Which is, that I would swear at any bar
That neither British beer nor beefy joint
Has made you, gentle reader, what you are,
Nor me the thing I am,
But our development is due to JAM.

Right antidote—with tea and buttered roll—
Against the poisonous itch for worldly pelf,
It seems to permeate the very soul,
And I am only then my truest self
At moments when I gulp
Some preparation made from fruity pulp.

It is the labourer's joy: with this inside
Unto his sweetened task he sallies out,
Sustained by marmalade and manly pride;
Nor all the bitters (blent, or not, with stout)
Which are his daily drink
Can quite undo the work of good Sir PINK.

It is the loafer's solace; it allays
That tremulous feeling when a job of work
Forces itself on his revolting gaze
With an obtrusiveness too bold to burke;
His nerves no longer wince
If fortified by guava or by quince.

And who is he that lets the acid drop
Into the general public's jar of bliss?
Who caused the shortage in the sugar crop?
Who is responsible, I ask, for this?
How will he meet the clamours
Uplifted by our horrified Free-Jammers?

What though he claims that it was he who slew
The dragon Bounty in a Free Trade fight,
And argues how his famous Brussels *coup*
Could scarce be bettered by a Cobdenite?
Judged by the price of Jam
His plea 's not worth a continental d—n.

For he has hurt his country's tenderest spot—
Her private stomach; let but this expand,
And what is Empire by compare? or what
The links of Colony and Motherland?
Let such ambitions sleep,
But leave us still our Jam, and fairly cheap.

In any case, we 'll mock at JOSEPH'S dream,
His visionary Preferential wraith,
Since past results belie his promised scheme
And man must live on works and not on faith;
Blossoms are lightly blown,
But by its *fruits* (preserved) a tree is known.

O. S.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER IV.

The Queen's Father.

THERE are to be no mysteries in this story; and, indeed' in this particular matter I am quite sure it is useless to attempt to make any. Everybody who read the last chapter must have guessed that the bearded, broad-shouldered man who appeared in the crowd before the Palace and showed such a surprising ignorance of all that had happened, was SYLVIA'S father. If I led you to believe in the first chapter that he had been drowned at sea it was only because at that time I believed, in common with everybody else, that it was so. Now that he has turned up, of course I know better, and I shall not try to deceive you.

The fact is, then, that SYLVIA'S father had not been drowned at all. I am entitled to assume that he was rescued or swam to land, and I am inclined to believe that he afterwards spent some time on a comparatively desert island, where he established himself as the undisputed monarch of a population consisting chiefly of tortoises, which are not bad to eat, and penguins, which are just tolerable if you know how to cook them. He himself was always very reticent about this part of his life, but it really doesn't matter in the very least, for the important fact was that, though nobody in Hinterland knew it, he was not only alive, but had arrived in the capital at the very moment when he ought himself to have been proclaimed Sovereign of the country instead of his little daughter. Nay more, he had actually seen her saluted as Queen by the people and, like a brave man, he hadn't breathed to anyone a word of the secret which, I am bound to add, no single soul would have believed at that moment, even if he had sworn to it by everything that a sailor or a King holds most sacred. When the crowd had dispersed, he had dispersed with it, in order that he might think out quietly for himself a situation which, the more he thought of it, the more he found it to be both peculiar and difficult.

In the first place he was undoubtedly King—King HILDEBRAND THE THIRD—and he had every right to live in several Palaces, to see his side-face pictured on all the coins of the realm, and to revel in the enjoyment of untold wealth. He was 'also, like all sailors of middle age, a very domestic man. During his long absence on the desert island he had never ceased to think of his wife and his little girl, and many a time he had in imagination enjoyed his meeting with them and his quiet but meritorious life in their society after all the labours and anxieties and harassing solitudes of his adventurous career should be over and done with. He was fondly devoted to his little girl, though he hadn't seen her for ten years, and he had dreamed away many hours, in the society of the penguins and tortoises, in constructing a brilliant future for her after he should have come back and given himself up, as he intended, to her education and advancement. Often he had said to himself, "Whatever she wants she shall have: she shall never be disappointed—least of all by her father"—and now suddenly he found himself in a position of unnatural rivalry with her. If he declared himself and eventually proved his title, as he knew he could, he would drag her down from the position of Queen, and disappoint not only her but all the people of Hinterland, who, as he judged from the talk he had heard, were looking forward to her reign with the liveliest satisfaction. On the other hand, if he failed to claim his rights he was cut off for ever from the society of his wife and daughter, and from all that domesticity, the dream of which had supported him through years of existence in a hut constructed by himself, without even a parrot to cheer his somewhat protracted leisure. He



A DOUBTFUL DEVOTEE.

Mr. Punch, Hellenic Sage (*to* Cambridge). "COME ALONG, MY DEAR. MUSTN'T LET YOUR SISTER OUTDO YOU IN LOYALTY TO THE OLD FAITH."

[Oxford has decided to retain Greek as a compulsory subject. Cambridge is still considering the question.]



"AS GOOD LUCK WOULD HAVE IT."

Wife (to Sportsman, who has just taken a bad toss). "I ALWAYS DISTRUSTED YOUR GOING IN FOR THAT HORRID ACCIDENT INSURANCE. YOU KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE. EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS TO MONEY!"

could not reveal himself privately, either to SYLVIA or to her mother. SYLVIA had an unspoilt nature, and the Princess HILDEBRAND, her mother, was so much the soul of honour that she had consistently refused to deceive a single custom-house officer on the rare occasions when she had travelled abroad. Either of them would give him away at once, and insist on his assumption of the regal dignities. Besides, he was a very patriotic man, and he felt honestly doubtful whether he was really qualified to succeed in the business of kingship, for which he confessed he had had a most inadequate preparation. On the whole you will see that he was, perhaps, in as difficult a situation as any King was ever placed in—and all because, as I ought perhaps to have mentioned before, his ship had been delayed by fog for twenty-four hours. How these difficulties were got over you shall learn later. In the meantime we will leave the unfortunate Prince HILDEBRAND pondering over them, and thinking sadly of his vanishing chances of ever meeting his wife and daughter again on a proper footing of authorised recognition.

We can now skip a period of three weeks—thus bringing ourselves to a day in the beginning of December—and return to SYLVIA, who had by this time ceased to be alarmed when she woke up in a gigantic canopied bed with gilded posts, and a satin coverlet embroidered in gold with the royal arms and the Queen's initial S. in light blue. The faithful SARAH had, by an exercise of power which had at first struck some sticklers as savouring too much of despotism, been appointed Lady of the Bedchamber. All murmurs, however, had been stilled when it was known that the Duchess who had hitherto filled the office by prescriptive right had been promoted to the Ladyship-in-Chief of the Bedchamber, an honorary rank designed after the model of the Colonelcies-in-Chief which existed in the Royal Army. The Prime Minister, the Chamberlain—in fact, all the great officers of State—had been maintained in their places, and everything in Hinterland was going on as smoothly and pleasantly as though SYLVIA had been Queen for years. Some remark had been occasioned, no doubt, by the Queen's tendency to romp with the First Lord of the Admiralty, a gallant old sea-dog who had a large family of his own, and thought it the most natural thing in the world to play ball for a few minutes with the Queen. It had also been noticed that the Queen sometimes put the most discomposing questions to the members of her Council, and the Lord Privy Seal had not yet recovered from the shock of being asked to nurse a fluffy black kitten while the Queen added her signature to a packet of State documents.

On this day, to which, as I said, we have skipped, the Queen was in the Audience Chamber awaiting an official visit from the Poet Laureate, who was coming to lay his homage at her feet. She had never spoken to a real poet before, and was looking forward with great interest to the interview. I must reserve it for another chapter.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VI.—"WHITE PININGS."

I.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press, Ltd.

DEAR SIRS,—I am sending you by registered post the MS. of a volume of poems, entitled *White Pinings*, in the hope that you will like them sufficiently to undertake their publication. The poems are entirely original, and have never before (with one exception) been printed. It was once my intention to print them from time to time in the better class weekly papers, but after a while that idea was abandoned. The exception is the rondeau called "Coral Toes," which appeared in the *Baby's Friend*, but there would be no difficulty about copyright, I am sure.

Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

II.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

DEAR MADAM,—Our Reader reports that he has read *White Pinings* with much interest, and that in his opinion the book is in every way worthy of publication. Poetry is, however, as you perhaps are not unaware, not read as it used to be. This apathy is the result, some think, of the interest in the war, but according to others is due to the fashion of Bridge. Be it as it may, no great sale can be expected for such a book, and our Reader therefore suggests that you should combine with us in this enterprise. Of course if the book is successful your outlay would come back to you multiplied many times. We calculate that a first edition of *White Pinings* would cost £100, and we suggest that each of us contributes £50.

Awaiting your reply, we are, Dear Madam,

Yours faithfully,

THE THALIA AND ERATO PRESS.
per A. B. C.

III.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

DEAR SIRS,—I am glad to know that your Reader thinks so highly of my book. Would it be indiscreet to ask his name?—there are two or three points concerning the poems which I should like to put to him.

I am aware that the ordinary run of poetry is not profitable, but there are shining examples of success. I have just been reading the Life of the late Lord TENNYSON, who seems to have been quite wealthy, although he wrote comparatively little; and I gather that the BROWNINGS also were well-to-do. One of my friends considers my style not unlike a blend of both ROBERT and E. B., although (being a woman) naturally more like the latter. I understand also that both Mr. SWINBURNE and Sir LEWIS MORRIS are quite comfortably off. So that there are exceptions.

I should say also that *W. P.* is not, as you think, my first book. I published in 1896, through a firm at Winchester, a little collection called *Heart Beats*, a copy of which was sent to her late Majesty Queen VICTORIA.

None the less, as I believe in my work and wish others to have the opportunity of being cheered by it, I will pay the £50. Please put the book in hand at once, as I want it to come out with the April buds. Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

IV.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

(*Extract.*)

We enclose a contract form, which please sign and return to us with cheque. Any letter intended for our Reader will be at once forwarded to him.

V.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Reader of her MS.

DEAR SIR,—I should very much like to have your opinion of the "Lines written at midnight after hearing Miss Clara Butt sing 'The Lost Chord.'" Do you think the faulty grammar in line 4 of stanza 2—"loud," the adjective, for "loudly," the adverb—is permissible? I have already spent some time in polishing this poem, but I have so high an opinion of your judgment that I am ready to begin again if you say I should. And do you think the title should be merely *White Pinings* or that it should have the sub-heading—"Sighs of a Priestess of Modernity?" One of my friends, a young journalist, favours the latter very warmly.

I might add that I have a very kind letter from the secretary of Sir THOMAS LIPTON, who read the poems in MS., praising them in no measured terms. Do you think it would do the book good if we were to print this letter in facsimile at the beginning? I am,

Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

[*Several letters omitted.*]

XVI.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(*Telegram.*)

Stop printing. Serious misprint page 41. "Heave on coal" should be "Heaven our goal."

XVII.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

(*Telegram.*)

Too late. Error unimportant.

[*Several letters omitted.*]

XXIII.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(*Extract.*)

. . . . And will you please be sure to send a copy with the author's compliments to Mr. ANDREW LANG, as I hear he is so much interested in new poets?

[*From a vast correspondence the following six letters have been selected.*]

XXXI.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(*Extract.*)

. . . . My friends tell me that they have great difficulty in buying *White Pinings*. A letter this morning says that there is not a book-shop in Birmingham that has heard of it.

XLV.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

DEAR SIRS,—Several persons have told me lately that they have looked in vain in the literary papers, ever since *White Pinings* was published, for any advertisement of it, and they have found none. Many of the books of the day are, I notice, advertised very freely, with, I have no doubt, good results—Mr. HALL CAINE'S last novel, for example. Curiously enough, one of my poems ("An Evening Reverie," page 76), contains very much the same moral as his book. Could you not intimate that fact to the public in some way? Please send me twelve more copies.

Yours truly,
VESTA SWAN.

LIV.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

DEAR SIRS,—In the report in the papers this morning of the Bishop of London's address on the reconcilement of the Letter and the Spirit, there is a most curious anticipation of a statement of mine in the poem, "Let us ponder awhile," on page 132 of *White Pinings*. I think that the enclosed paragraph mentioning the coincidence might be sent to the *Athenæum*. I am told that all the other papers would then copy it.

Yours truly, VESTA SWAN.

LIX.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(*Extract.*)

A friend of mine got out of the train and asked at all the bookstalls between London and Manchester for *W. P.*, and not one had it. Is not this a scandal? Something ought to be done to raise the tone of railway reading. Please send me six more copies.



A MATTER OF DIFFICULTY.

Humane but Short-sighted Old Lady. "YOU CRUEL BOYS! I SHOULD LIKE TO TREAT YOU JUST EXACTLY AS YOU'VE TREATED THAT POOR DOG!"

LXVIII.

Miss Vesta Swan to the Thalia and Erato Press.

(*Extract.*)

I am told that a few years ago a volume of poems was advertised by sandwichmen in the London streets. Could not *White Pinings* be made known in this way?

XC.

The Thalia and Erato Press to Miss Vesta Swan.

DEAR MADAM,—We have much pleasure in enclosing the first review of your poems that has reached us. Doubtless now that a start has been made many more will follow.

Yours faithfully,

THE THALIA AND ERATO PRESS.

[1 Encl.] *per* A. B. C.

From the *Scots Reader*.

One of the most amusing misprints that we can recollect occurs in *White Pinings* (Thalia and Erato Press), by VESTA SWAN, which otherwise is unimportant. The poetess undoubtedly wrote:

Watch the progress of the soul
Struggling aye to heaven our goal;

but the waggish printer has made her say:

Struggling aye to heave on coal.

A TUCK-IN AT CHRISTMAS.

WHO is "Father TUCK"? Of *Friar Tuck* everybody knows something, even if it be only the name. But "Father TUCK"? Well, he is so intimately associated with Christmastide that, like the other annually paternal old gentleman, Father Christmas himself, he comes only once a year, at the season of the three P's: Pies, Puddings and Presents. And this Father TUCK is by no means a Friar of Orders Grey, but a Family Father styling himself TUCK AND SONS, of Orders punctually attended to. Like *Mrs. Micawber*, ever true to her senior partner, the sons of TUCK *père* will never desert their parent, but join him annually in putting before the public, for whom they cater, charming New Year Cards, Christmas Post Cards, children's toy books, and a clever novelty styled "The Rag Time" Calendar, from which name it must not be inferred that it contains any hints as to the rough and ready pastime of "ragging." The entire collection the Raphael-Tuckites include under one title, "*L'Entente Cordiale*," at which Cordial the public will probably be ready and willing to take a good pull. The Tuckites say in effect, "Forward us a draught and we 'll send you an *Entente Cordiale*."

MORE INFANT PRECOCITY.—"Child to adopt married couple; premium."

Advt. in the Scotsman.

CHARIVARIA.

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Matin* reports that, in well-informed circles, it is predicted that the War will be finished about July. Even the Japanese themselves have not dared to be so optimistic as this.

We consider that the Admiralty has been unjustly blamed in the matter of the *Caroline*. We agree with the Admiralty:—How was it possible to ascertain her destination until she got there?

The War Office having stated that a Crimean veteran who served for twenty-one years is ineligible for the special campaign pension, as he was never wounded, it is anticipated that a new feature in our future battles will be provided by a number of the more thoughtful of our fighting men requesting the enemy to oblige them with a few slight cuts.

By a decision of the Attorney-General of the United States, all guessing contests have been placed in the category of lotteries and made illegal. If every American who says "I guess" is convicted on his own admission, there should be some overcrowding in the prisons.

Mystery still surrounds the identity of the assailants of Colonel STOCKALL, and some surprise is being expressed that the special artists, whose drawings of the outrage in our illustrated papers prove them to have been present, have volunteered no information.

Lord ROSEBERY has been calling Mr. BALFOUR "The Man in the punt." Curiously enough, Mr. BALFOUR'S latest adherent might be described as an out-Rigger.

The duel between the two orators MM. JAURÈS and DÉROULÈDE proved to be a more humane affair than some had feared, the weapons being pistols and not speeches.

In laying the foundation stone of a Free Library, Lady JERSEY said she hoped that novels would not be the first consideration of those who chose the books, "for the best of these could be bought for sixpence." The author of *The Prodigal Son* is said to have expressed some surprise at Lady JERSEY'S ignorance of the price of that volume.

Messrs. MACMILLAN have just published "Memorials of EDWARD BURNE-JONES: by G. B.-J.," and Literary London is striving to guess what name is hidden behind the initials "B.-J."

"It is difficult to understand," said the *Graphic* the other day, "why, when everything else has become cheaper, the cost of amusement has doubled." But what about the reduction in the price of the *Daily News*?

A discussion is proceeding in the columns of a contemporary as to which is the oldest newspaper. Some of the correspondents seem to be confusing this question with another, namely, which paper publishes the oldest news.

Following the practice of the American railways, the North Eastern Company has created a special department for dealing with all claims arising from injuries to passengers. Such enterprise deserves to be rewarded with an increase of business in this direction.

The railways in America caused 12,155 deaths last year. No wonder railway directors laugh at the idea that motor-cars can ever be serious competitors of theirs.

Mrs. BROWN-POTTER has produced a new version of *Pagliacci*. Is this, perhaps, the cheap opera of which we have heard so much lately?

The Foreign Office, it is stated, has demanded of the Swiss Government the dismissal of the station-master at Lugano, for an assault on an officer of the British High Court. If we may believe the report (quoted in these pages) of the severe weather recently experienced in Switzerland by some American warships, we may trust to our Navy to support the penultimatum of the Foreign Office by a demonstration in these accessible parts.

Mrs. OBADIAH KENT-WHITE, leader of the Holy Cake-Walk Dancers at Camberwell, declares that the English people eat too much. It remains to be seen, however, whether they will be able to swallow Mrs. KENT-WHITE'S Cake-Walk Doctrines.

After forty years of faithful service in the employ of the Zoological Gardens as a letter-box, the rhinoceros *James* passed away last week. Little boys will hear with envy that, even after death, he is to be stuffed.

The problem of what to do with the Unemployed continues to engage the attention of public bodies. The National Liberal Club has decided to give dinners to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, Earl SPENCER, Lord ROSEBERY, Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. JOHN MORLEY.

OBSEQUIES OF MR. PINERO'S DOLL.—Chief mourner, *A Wife without a Smile*, who will walk alone, attended by the Orchestra of Wyndham's Theatre playing "*The Funeral March of a Marionette*," as they proceed along the *Via Dol-orosa* to the Waste-phalure Cemetery. The Shakspearian epitaph, taken from 2 *Hen. IV.* ii., on the tomb will be, "Peace, good Doll! Farewell, Doll!"

THE REVIVAL OF THE CENTAUR.—"Customer's own hoof mounted as ink-stand."—*Catalogue.*



Little Boy. "MUMMY, DEAR, WHY CAN'T I STAY UP TILL IT GETS LATE?"
Mother. "THAT WOULDN'T DO AT ALL, DEAR. YOU'D WAKE UP SO CROSS IN THE MORNING."
Little Boy (thoughtfully). "DOES DADDY GO TO BED VERY LATE, MUMMY?"

THE BUSINESS METHODS OF MR. BULL.

"ALWAYS glad to see *you*, of course!" said Mr. JOHN BULL, as Mr. PUNCH entered his office. "Still, afraid I can only spare you a very few minutes. Such a lot of things to think about just now!"

"It must be an anxious time for you," said Mr. PUNCH sympathetically, "as long as this war in the Far East goes on."

"Oh, I don't worry myself about *that*," replied Mr. BULL. "We've managed to keep out of it so far, and I fancy we're not very likely to be dragged into it now."

"And yet, only a few weeks ago," said Mr. PUNCH, "I seem to remember you talking about an 'intolerable affront,' and an 'ultimatum to Russia,' and so forth."

"Did I say all that? I suppose I was quoting the leading articles in my favourite paper," said Mr. BULL. "I didn't know all the facts in the case then. Of course, as soon as I found out that the Baltic Fleet thought they were being attacked by torpedo-boats, I calmed down. I'd almost forgotten the incident. You see, there are so many other matters requiring my attention just now—this Fiscal Discussion, and Redistribution, and the Education Question, and the Unemployed—and I don't know what else."

"But it's just possible, isn't it, that an Anglo-Russian crisis may occur again?" asked Mr. PUNCH. "What should you do, for instance, if Russia were to try to force the passage of the Dardanelles, as her official journals are announcing she means to do?"

"I should tell her I wasn't going to stand anything of the kind," said Mr. BULL, with his usual determination. "That would be quite enough, Sir. Russia would back out. Mere bluff, you know!"

"So you said about the late Mr. KRUGER, and so, oddly enough, Russia believed of Japan," replied Mr. PUNCH. "Mayn't you be mistaken in thinking that Russia would be so very reluctant to try a change of enemy?"

"Let her!" said Mr. BULL, defiantly. "What chance would a Navy like hers have against ours, I should like to know?"

"The Navy's all right," agreed Mr. PUNCH, "only I don't quite see what good it can be in defending your Indian frontier."

"Our Indian Army will look after that, Sir. I've every confidence in Lord KITCHENER."

"So have I," said Mr. PUNCH. "But, as I needn't tell you, battles are won by artillery nowadays."

"And what's wrong with ours?" demanded Mr. BULL. "Ever seen our Royal Horse Artillery at the Military Tournament? You have, eh? Well, do you suppose any other country in the world can show smarter, better driven teams than those, Sir?"

"Nothing wrong with the teams or the drivers—it's the guns behind 'em," said Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. BULL pished impatiently. "I've heard all that till I'm sick of the subject!" he said. "One or two of the evening papers have been dinning it into my ears for ever so long. And you had a picture about it only a little while ago. Very amusin' and all that—but far-fetched. It isn't as if there was anything new in it either. It's a very old story!"

"It is," said Mr. PUNCH; "as old as the Boer War."

"Ah, I was caught napping *there*, I admit," said Mr. BULL; "but do you know what I said afterwards? I said: 'Never again—never again!' Ah, and I *meant* it too, Sir!"

"I daresay you did," said Mr. PUNCH, "though, as a matter of fact, you've still got the same obsolete old guns you had then, and even third-rate Powers have a more efficient and up-to-date artillery than yours. Which doesn't seem altogether satisfactory."

"Now that just shows how you writin' fellows *exaggerate* things!" said Mr. BULL, with some irritability. "Trying to upset me with your confounded Alarmist scares! I've made inquiries—and what do you think I've found? There's nothing in it! Our new 18-pounder and 13-pounder guns are



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Wife (to struggling husband, half-way up stairs). "MAKE HASTE, ARCHIE. DON'T DAWDLE. WE SHALL BE FRIGHTFULLY LATE!"



THE TAKING WAYS OF GENIUS.

"I SHALL BE DELIGHTED TO PLAY ONE OF MY LATEST NOCTURNES, DEAR MISS ETHELBERTA. BUT MAY I BEG AN ESPECIAL FAVOUR—THAT YOU WILL RESERVE YOUR JUDGMENT? I AM SO SENSITIVE, AND AM ALWAYS OVERWHELMED BY *GREAT PRAISE*."

admitted to be the very best weapons yet invented! Now what do you say?"

"I believe that is so," said Mr. PUNCH. "But have you *got* 'em yet?"

"Well—as *good* as got 'em. That is, I'm promised twenty batteries for India some time next year."

"And you'll want about two hundred and fifty batteries for the Indian and Home Armies together, won't you? When do you expect to get *them*?"

"How do *I* know!" said Mr. BULL, getting distinctly peevish. "Some day or other—all in good time. There's no particular hurry that *I* can see!"

"You might, if you should happen to be at war with Russia and perhaps another great Power, and were handicapped with your present antiquated weapon, which has to be loaded in five movements instead of one, and only fires two rounds a minute to their twelve."

"I don't pretend to understand all these technical matters myself," said Mr. BULL, "I've no time. I pay some clever fellows big salaries to look after such things. What *more* can I do?"

"You could see they did it. Why, you might have been provided with the whole of the fifteen hundred new guns by this time, if you had only insisted on it."

"But—but, bless my soul!" JOHN BULL almost screamed, "do you know what that would have *cost* me, Sir? Over five million pounds! Do you want me to *ruin* myself?"

"Only two years ago you cheerfully gave up eight million a year to provide about two hundred thousand for a few sugar-planters and refiners," said Mr. PUNCH, "and you don't seem to have missed it."

"That was a very different matter, Sir," said Mr. BULL with dignity. "I was protecting a British industry which was in danger of decaying. I can't afford to increase my expenses at present. I always *have* left my preparations to the last moment—I suppose I always shall—the system hasn't answered so very badly up to now. I don't see why *I* should bother my head about it if my professional advisers tell me I needn't."

"Well," said Mr. PUNCH, preparing to go, "I suppose it's no use saying any more just now. So we can only hope that the new guns will come before the next crisis!"

For he saw it was quite useless. Nothing would ever change sturdy stout-hearted, stout-headed old JOHN BULL. He would always go on in the same good old ways—cherishing a secret belief that keeping up his insurance policy was his one unjustifiable piece of extravagance, despising warnings and lessons till the danger was upon him, and forgetting all about them when it was past, and cheerily trusting that his proverbial good luck would enable him to pull through everything.

As no doubt he always will—so long as the luck doesn't change. F. A.

THE *Standard*, describing the condition of the Channel on the date of the departure of the Queen of PORTUGAL, stated that "the sea was slightly sloppy." This characteristic moisture of the Channel has always been a difficulty, even with uncrowned heads.

No Half Measures.

"WANTED, by a respectable Person, a good all-round Wash."—Advt. in the *Manchester Guardian*.

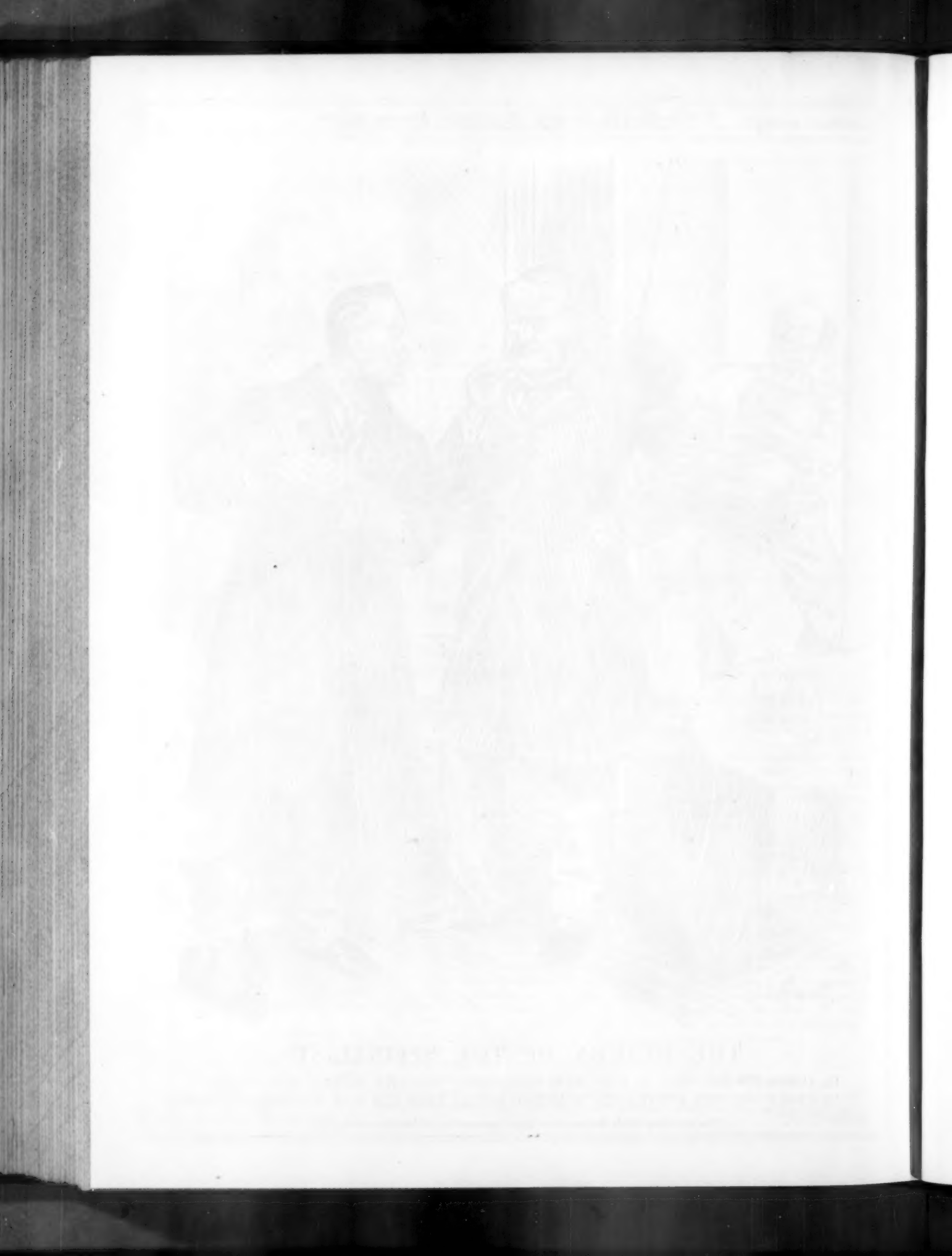


THE RETURN OF THE SPECIALIST.

Dr. Ch-mb-rl-n. "AND HOW IS OUR POOR SUFFERER? DEBILITY NICELY MAINTAINED?"

Dr. Ch-pl-n. "ON THE CONTRARY, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND HIM IN A DEPLORABLY ROBUST CONDITION."

[The November Trade Returns show large increases both in imports and exports.]



MR. BALFOUR'S GARDEN.

(With acknowledgments to the "Gardeners' Chronicle.")

IT is not generally known that, notwithstanding his strenuous life as a statesman and philosopher, the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR has devoted much time and interest to the pursuit of gardening at his beautiful country seat of Whittingehame. Owing to the disastrous condition of the glass trade it is true that the greenhouses have fallen somewhat into disrepair, and the failure of the beet-crop has shorn the kitchen garden of one of its most picturesque features. Still, with all reservations, the gardens and pleasure-grounds of Whittingehame compare favourably with those of most of the stately homes of England, besides possessing certain peculiar and attractive characteristics reflecting the idiosyncrasies of their distinguished owner.

The undulating character of the grounds, approaching at times to the character of a switchback railway, is exceedingly engaging, and has given the landscape gardener free scope for the employment of all manner of effective devices. The additions that have recently been made of Bamboos (*Bamboozlia subtilis*) and other rare plants have lent a peculiarly imposing character to the formal garden, the chief feature in which is an elaborately planned Maze, surpassing the Cretan labyrinth in its mystifying ramifications. Indeed it is said that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, during a visit to Whittingehame in the summer of 1903, completely lost his bearings in an abortive attempt to penetrate to the centre, and was found stretched in an exhausted and semi-comatose condition on a bed of poppies by a search party organised by Professor HEWINS and Mr. CHAPLIN.

Starting from the house and proceeding to the west we are at once confronted by a charming Nursery of Monkey Puzzles, known as the Child's Garden, where Mr. BALFOUR is in the habit of spending many hours in Imperial cogitations. A winding walk leads thence, along the banks of a lake profusely stocked with rainbow-trout, to the miniature 9-hole links; Mr. BALFOUR, as is well known, being a most ardent divotee of the Royal and Ancient pastime. By a pretty conceit all the holes and most of the hazards have characteristic names, "Balfour's Maiden" recalling by a humorous touch an episode in the Premier's tenure of the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland, while Morant's Point gracefully immortalizes the services of the Secretary to the Education Department during the passage through the House of a much discussed measure.

But undoubtedly the most attractive feature of the grounds is the beautiful Colonial Garden which adjoins the links, and was laid out only about two years ago. There are four entrances to this garden, each covered with an arch overgrown with Jessamine (*Jasminum Collingsii*), and in the centre there is a sundial surrounded with low-growing evergreen shrubs such as *Cochleare elongatum*, *Pensio senilis*, and a remarkably fine Cactus presented by Dr. RUTHERFOORD HARRIS.

The garden, which is of extensive size, has in one corner a three-acre paddock railed off where a charming little Kerry cow of the Dexter breed may be seen disporting herself. Here, too, is a delightful little dairy with a thatched roof overgrown with straight-cut Virginia creeper and *Wistaria Taxifudia*. Another attractive feature in the Colonial garden is the *Hortus inclusus*, an elegant little compound decorated with dwarf pagodas, Joss-houses, and large beds containing massed Cape Gooseberries, with steps leading down to an underground rockery wreathed with the pallid tendrils of the *Cauda porcina*.

We must conclude our necessarily imperfect sketch of this Lowland Paradise with a detailed description of a fine and very distinguished species which has recently been acclimatised at Whittingehame—the *Arthurium Pendulifolium*. The blade, which is of willowy appearance, is about six feet one inch long, varying from eight to sixteen inches broad, elongate oblong lanceolate, and narrows to a drooping apex furnished with slight greyish capillary appendages on the upper *labrum*, and drab spathes on both pedancles.



GOOD FOR THE PEARL-BUTTON TRADE!
Tariff Joe takes a "Little Loaf" in the East End of London.
(Mr. Chamberlain is to speak at Limehouse in furtherance of his Tariff Reform Crusade.)

BENE FACTUM.—Last week Mr. AINSLIE BEAN exhibited some of his water-colour drawings to the QUEEN at Sandringham, who purchased one of them. This is Royal encouragement to English art, as what was to HER MAJESTY'S taste was not a French Bean.

From the *Egyptian Gazette*:—

YOUNG GERMAN seeks lodgings of lady very severe. Under "Birch," Poste Restante, Cairo.



"OH, MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!"

"Great *corporations* are necessary, and only men of great and singular mental power can manage such corporations successfully."—*President Roosevelt's Message.*

"MAY THEY LIVE LONG AND BROSBER!"

Rip Van Winkle.

IT is with great pleasure that *Mr. Punch* is able to state, on the best authority, that, for the report, to which the picture by "E. T. R." in *Punch*, Nov. 30, referred, there was no foundation in fact. On the same unimpeachable authority *Mr. Punch* is able to inform his readers that "the Berlin Police, though they had their attention drawn"—here would have been another chance for our artist—"to the caricature by a private person"—evidently a mischievous busy-body—"did not take exception to it, nor did they prevent the sale of that particular number." And, adds the same authority, "as a matter of fact, *Punch* has not a single time been confiscated in Prussia since 1882."

This is good hearing. So in a large glass of generous *Hoch! Hoch! Mr. Punch* drinks to Our Friendly Relations, or Cousins German. *Prosit!*

THE NEW GAME OF DUMB-THUMBO.—Ladies and gentlemen press their thumbs on an inked blotting-pad and then on a white page on which they will leave a good or bad impression of character. Small boys do it without assistance from the pad. The game is to identify the owner by the thumb. Rather foolish, but, as a young lisper observed, "Ith Thumb-thing to do."

FROM the Health Rules issued by the Medical Department, Old Calabar, South Nigeria, we extract the following:—

"Wear a thin warm merino body vest day and night. If it irritates the skin wear it outside the vest."

This instruction as to shifting the epidermis seems to point to greater facilities for the West African than those enjoyed by the Æthiopian.

THE PANACEA.

[In *The House Beautiful* Sir LAUDER BRUNTON, M.D., holds that ill-temper, being frequently the result of ill-health, can be controlled and modified by drugs, and recommends various "temper-powders" as cures for irritability.]

WHEN you pull up the blind in the morning to find
That the fog is as thick as it 's yellow;
When you fish out a sock from your vanishing stock
And you cannot discover its fellow;
When the tub in a trice becomes coated with ice,
And you shiver with cold as you scan it;
When you shrink from the plunge and you find that the sponge
Is as hard as a boulder of granite;
When the strop will not grip, and the razor will slip,
And your cheek is a patchwork of gashes;
When your language becomes, like the lingo of slums,
An unprintable series of dashes;
When you 're streaming with blood and you lose your last stud,
And you cannot lay hands on your braces;
When you carefully choose your most watertight shoes,
And you find that you 've broken the laces—
Pray don't lose your head like an ass, but instead
Of the course that is commonly followed
Take a powder, my friend, and your frowns will unbend
As the soothing concoction is swallowed.

When you struggle in vain for a seat in the train,
And you stand all the way to the City;
When the atmosphere reeks of the pigtail of weeks,
And the floor is detestably gritty;
When you find that the bears have got hold of your shares
Till you 've scarcely a pound in your pocket;
When the stock which you thought only fools would have bought
Has gone up in the night like a rocket;
When the contract by which you had hoped to grow rich
Has been given away to your rival;
When your millionaire friend who had seemed near his end
Unexpectedly thinks of revival;
When your clerklet decamps with the cash and the stamps
And with anything else he can borrow;
When your typist 's afraid if her wages aren't paid
That the office won't see her to-morrow—
Do not fume like a dunce; take your powder at once,
And your face will no longer look horrid,
While the remnants of hair you were going to tear
Will be left still adorning your forehead.

When you trudge from the train through the mud and the rain
To the home you once thought so salubrious;
When your hat is blown off, and you sneeze and you cough,
And you feel very low and lugubrious;
When you hear that the cook has been taking her hook
And the spoons and the dishes by dozens;
When the housemaid has fled with a soldier in red
Who was one of her numerous cousins;
When this tale of mishaps has produced a collapse,
And the household is terribly flustered;
When there 's nothing to eat but a bit of raw meat
And a packet of Somebody's mustard;
When the beds are unmade and the fires are not laid,
And the boots and the shoes are all dirty;
When there 's no one to bring anything when you ring,
And you feel most uncommonly "shirty";
When the wife of your breast has confessed she has drest
On just triple the sum you allowed her,
And has run up long bills for her frocks and her frills—
Take a powder, my friend, take a powder.



L'ART NOUVEAU.

Damp but undaunted Correspondent of a Sporting Paper (to elderly party, who has also been "put down"). "COULD YOU KEEP STILL BUT ONE MOMENT, SIR, WHILE I MAKE MY SKETCH?"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

OUR DEAR NERVES!

ACCORDING to the *Lady's Pictorial*, we are driving ourselves and our friends mad by the colour of our dining-room wall-paper, which is "simply ragging our own nerves" and those of any guests we may entertain within our walls. This accounts for a remarkable increase of lunacy of late, for the decay of domesticity, the spread of cheap popular restaurants, the Camberwell Dancing Craze, and goodness knows what not. The offending colour appears to be red. What our forefathers thought to be a nice, homely, warming, and generally Christmas-like hue turns out to be merely an irritant to their more susceptible descendants, if not an invitation to battle, murder, and sudden death. If twentieth century nerves are going to be thus terribly harassed, every other diner out will be "seeing red" in the French sense, or running his head up against a brick wall. There will be verdicts of "Suicide during a Temporary Attack of Wall-paper," and scare-heads about the "Dastardly Conduct of a Dado." From the rags of which paper is supposed to be made it is an easy transition to the ragging feared by our contemporary — in fact, a modern Rag's Progress. It comes to this, that we ought to be wrapped up in cotton-wool and not allowed out at all. There are red pillar-boxes at street corners, robin redbreasts in the parks, red-coated Tommies at large, and many other "red rags" to the hypersensitive eye.

THE PIPLESS PIPPIN.

In future "there ain't going to be no core to the apple," as the little boy said to a rival claimant. A coreless and seedless apple has been invented (so we are told in the December *Nineteenth Century*) as the produce of a blossomless and grubless tree, of which there are to be two-and-a-half million specimens in 1906. This will knock the stuffing out of the "seedy," or ordinary variety. It is called "the world's greatest discovery in horticulture," but may be regarded as the pioneer of more glorious things to come. In the toothless future we hope to see no-stone plums, *sans*-wasp gooseberries, mulberries without stomach-ache, onions *minus* the scent, unslugged strawberries, and an ex-maggoted and disbirded orchard in general. Pip-pip!

LOST!

[*Mr. Punch* imagines that he owes the receipt of the following letter to his recent sympathetic reference to the alleged Society craze for taking pet animals (such as, according to another observer, "cockatoos, mice, snakes, and lizards") to places of entertainment. However that may be, he is always pleased to come to the aid of beauty in distress, and if any of his readers can earn the larger of the two rewards he will be glad on all accounts.]

301, *Eden Gardens.*

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,—I am inconsolable. I have lost *Squeezums*, my sweet pet Python, and it has almost broken my heart. I will try to tell you all about it, as I want your help, but you must excuse blots, for I have to stop and cry a little now and then. *Squeezums* had been very listless for several days. JOHN said it was the Persian kitten from next door that had disagreed with it—nasty fluffy thing, I can't think why people are allowed to keep them—and when I insisted there was more in it than that, he replied, "Very likely, but that was the only thing that had been missed"—as if that were what I meant. I tried to charm it like the man who sold it to me, but I don't play myself, so I had to hide it in the coal-box and get Herr JUMPSKI to improvise. He is awfully clever, you know, though they do say he drinks, and his playing roused *Squeezums* at once, but before it had climbed halfway up the music-stand he saw it and collapsed on the hearthrug, shrieking that he would never touch another drop.

We were going to *A Wife without a Smile* that night, so I thought I would take *Squeezums* to cheer it up, as the poor thing had been disappointed of its music. There was a cat of a woman sitting next me with a cockatoo and two white mice in her lap, and she wanted to send for the Manager when I went in, but I said I would let *Squeezums* loose if she stirred a foot. He was very happy and quiet, though I felt him thrill once when the cockatoo happened to screech; but, whilst we were all laughing at that doll, something made me look round, and there was the cockatoo sitting back on its tail with a glassy eye like a stuffed canary, and *Squeezums* wagging his head in front of it. I made a grab at his neck, but he struck before I could stop him, and the next second the disgusting bird was half way down my poor pet's throat.

The woman gave a scream and let the white mice fall at my feet, and in springing upon my chair I dropped *Squeezums*, who glided off under the seats.

There was so much laughing going on that few people noticed, and I daren't make a fuss, but I traced him as well as I could through an old lady fainting three rows in front, and a Dean at the side who went very white and left hurriedly. The cockatoo woman carried on fearfully, but I told her I wasn't responsible for the silly pets she chose to take about, and that if *Squeezums* was lost or injured I should sue her for damages.

JOHN and I stayed till the theatre was empty and looked everywhere, but we found nothing but one green lizard with a broken leg, which some *brute* must have dropped, and the attendants were most uncivil—wouldn't come near.

Dear *Mr. Punch*, what I want you to do is to publish this next week, so that anyone who finds a Python answering to the name of *Squeezums* may know where to send it. JOHN says he will give £1 reward if it is found and £5 if it isn't, so everybody ought to look. And will you please say what you think of *cats* who take birds and mice everywhere they go? Yours in great distress, ADELA BRAYNE.



"AS OTHERS SEE US."

THIS IS HOW YOUNG JARGE CARRIED HOME THE PRIZE-CARD, AND HE WONDERED WHY PEOPLE SMILED.

TALKING SHOP.

[In the Chicago public schools the girls are being instructed in the art of shopping. We may shortly expect to see similar courses of instruction introduced in this country.]

SUSPECTING the character of their visit, I ventured to follow them into the shop. The school-girl advanced to the counter and looked timorously into the assistant's face. Then she hesitated. But her companion was impatient.

"Come, come, begin," she said.

The school-girl looked round, caught my expression of sympathy, and—

"I—I would like some blue ribbon, please," she said.

"Wrong!" interrupted the other, who was obviously the teacher. "Quite wrong. How many times have I told you that you mustn't say 'please' to a person of this kind? Now watch me." The school-girl, who had shrunk into herself with fear, ventured to look up again while the teacher turned to the assistant.

"I want some narrow blue ribbon!" There was no mistaking the command in the voice.

"Yes, madam," said the patient young man, and he turned to reach down a box while the teacher continued her instructions.

"Don't let me hear you say 'please' again. And now mind you make him work."

The young man was opening the box and proceeding to show its contents. The girl fingered them lightly; then, evidently forgetting her instructions, began with a conscious glance at her teacher—

"I—I—think I'll take this."

"You certainly won't," snapped the other, who had not even glanced at the ribbon. "You are to say it is wholly unsuitable." Then, turning to the assistant, "Be good enough not to waste our time," she said viciously.

The young man bowed gravely and then began to reach down more boxes while the lesson continued.

"Under no circumstances must you select the first thing shown. When you have passed the elementary course—that is if you ever do so, though you seem too dense for anything—you will, of course, insist upon going through the boxes twice before making a selection; and then, if you like best what you saw first, you can select it when you see it for the second time. But you must thoroughly understand that you are never to take it at once, however much you like it."

The child nodded in a bewildered way. "Because I might find something better, do you mean, Miss ICELAND?"

"No, that is not the reason. Because—because—oh, you'll understand when you're a woman. I—I can't quite explain. Proceed with the lesson!"

Other boxes were now lying on the counter, and the time began to slip by. The young man, the perspiration running down his forehead, had already had to requisition the step-ladder to reach distant heights. But uncomplainingly he went on answering inquiries in the same even tone; deftly extending ribbons for approval, bowing, nodding, occasionally skipping up the ladder; always striving to please.

At length the instructress rose, noting as she did so with intense relish the fact that several customers who had been kept waiting were showing signs of impatience. "Come," she said.

The pupil rose, looking doubtfully from the young man to the teacher.

"But we haven't selected anything," she said.

The instructress frowned. "When will you learn, child! Tell the young man at once that nothing he has shown us is of the slightest use, and that he ought to be ashamed of such a stock, and of himself as well."

In faltering accents the girl obeyed, then together they turned towards the door. I followed again.

"Is that all, please, Miss ICELAND?" asked the pupil at length.

"No, certainly not. You have not yet performed what is in some respects the most important duty of all. You haven't yet reported the assistant for inattention and incivility. Go! there is the shop walker!"



A FOX HUNT.

(After a Tapestry.)

A GREAT RELIEF.

THE Squire was decidedly unwell. He was compelled to stay indoors. The Doctor arrived, and was shown into the Squire's sanctum.

"Soon put you all right," said the Doctor cheerily.

"Hope so," returned the Squire, "but I shan't be well till I've got something off my mind."

"May I inquire what is the trouble?" asked the medical man sympathetically.

"You may," replied the Squire, "and I will tell you." For a second he relapsed into moodiness. Then, arousing himself, he said, "May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," said the Doctor laconically. "Put it."

Whereupon the Squire, suddenly brightening up a little, commenced, "You have come here to put me all right?" The Doctor bowed assent. "Then," continued the Squire, "why are *you* like my dog *Ponto* that always accompanies me out shooting?"

The Doctor considered. Not being prepared with a reply, he asked, somewhat timidly, "Is this a conundrum?"

"Right first time," quoth the Squire, evidently already on the high road to recovery. "And—do you give it up?"

"I do," was the Doctor's very decided answer.

"Then I will tell you, my boy," cried the Squire cheerily, becoming quite his own old hearty self again, "You are like my old dog *Ponto* when out shooting with me because you've 'come to heal.' See?"

And in another minute the Doctor had left the house, driving quickly in the direction of the New County Lunatic Asylum, where there was a colleague of his whom he considered it wise to consult. And the Squire, gun in hand, closely followed by *Ponto*, went out, feeling as fit as ever he had been in the whole course of his healthy life.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE mills of Lady RIDLEY'S fancy and imagination grind slowly, but they grind with exceeding effect. It is some four years since *The Story of Aline* revealed to my Baronite a new novelist of fine mark. Since then we have had nothing from her pen. Now comes *A Daughter of Jael* (LONGMANS), a work worth pondering over by the author, worth waiting for by the public. It is not what would be called a cheery, genial sort of story. It is, rather, one of those strong, almost morbid, things which lovely woman, stooping to literature, occasionally —as in the case of CHARLOTTE BRONTË and *Jane Eyre*, of LUCAS MALET and *Sir Richard Calmady*—delights to produce. The plot is novel, except wherein it may have been suggested, as the title indicates, by the story of SISERA. It is worked out in the simple, direct fashion which is the highest art. A contributory episode to the story is the sin of a couple who avowedly do not love each other, the woman going astray *pour s'amuser*, the man wrecking his own wife's happiness out of pity for the assumed unhappiness of another woman. This is a pretty complex problem, and it is high tribute to Lady RIDLEY'S power and skill that, almost, she makes it probable. Some of the characters are a little sketchy. But through the crowd, a real living being, strides the strange heroine, who for love of her brother murders her grandfather, and for love of her husband takes to her arms his paramour, and endeavours to win her back to life.

The Baron's Critical and Ready Rhymester writes as follows: —"If any boy desires a tale which tells him how a boat to sail; to live upon a desert isle (although in reach of home the while); to build a hut; to make a gun; to have the finest out-door fun;—why *Bevis* (DUCKWORTH) is the book on which that boy at once should look—by RICHARD JEFFERIES long since written to give delight to Younger Britain."

The Darrow Enigma is a good sensational detective story by MELVIN L. SEVERY (GRANT RICHARDS), who occasionally writes queer English, as, for instance, "I felt of his heart; he was dead." Perhaps this slip may be attributable to the printer, as may another, namely, "Hallo! that sounds like the doctor's rig!"—where "rig" is evidently an error for "ring." However, the style, if not polished, is in the main good for directly interesting. This *Enigma* would have been decidedly better for simplification, as it really consists of two enigmas, and the second is started before the first has been explained. Still, admirers of Sherlock-Holmesian methods will soon find themselves absorbed in the mystery.

THACKERAY'S prohibition of the writing of his biography is well known. So also are the chapters with which his daughter, Mrs. RITCHIE, prefaces successive volumes of the fine edition of her father's work published two years ago by the familiar house in Waterloo Place. SMITH, ELDER issue fresh contribution to knowledge of the life and personality of the novelist in two portly volumes entitled *Thackeray in the United States*. It is a stupendous work, comprehending not far short of 800 pages. The chief novelties presented are an abundance of sketches—over a hundred—from THACKERAY'S pen. There is also a painstaking bibliography of THACKERAY'S writings, before which my Baronite stands amazed at proof of the industry of a life which did not far exceed the span of fifty years. In the main the work is a compilation, General WILSON having gleaned all familiar fields. To tell the truth he unconsciously goes over some of them more than once, retelling stories already printed on earlier pages. But we can never hear too much of THACKERAY, and here are garnered the reminiscences and appreciations of many who knew him intimately and therefore loved him greatly. Much of it has appeared in print before; but what of that? It is conveniently brought together, the testimony of divers witnesses converging in the effort to let the generation of the present day know what was thought of THACKERAY by his contemporaries.

Quite in the front rank with its bright absurdities for Christmas is *Comic Sport and Pastime* (SKEFFINGTON AND SON), by ALAN WRIGHT and VERNON-STOKES. Whether the writing is entirely by WRIGHT as by right it ought to be, or whether VERNON-STOKES has taken his share of it in addition to doing most of the droll designs, the Baron is unable to determine.

An Assistant Reader reports that a batch of Christmas books has come to hand from Messrs. W. AND R. CHAMBERS. First, I note (he says) three books by L. T. MEADE:—*Mrs. Pritchard's School*, *A Modern Tomboy*, and *Petronella*. All three are good wholesome reading for girls. The following books,—*Viva Christina*, by EDITH E. COWPER, *Glyn Severn's School Days*, by GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, *Brought to Heel*, by KENT CARR, and *Hazard and Heroism*, by G. A. HENTY and others, my Assistant Reader warmly recommends to boys.

The Baron, kindly disposed towards nonsense at Christmas-time, observes that, in Mr. LOUIS WAIN'S idea, *Santa Claus* is a kind of patron saint of cats! He has got a scratch company (feline) together, and represents them, in his *Claws and Paws*, as engaged in all sorts of brightly coloured transactions. Then he "gives us paws" after the tales of cats. But this comic cat and dog business must surely be on the Wain.

Fairy Tales from Hans Andersen, humorously illustrated in colour by J. STUART HARDY (ERNEST NISTER), is hereby heartily recommended by the Baron as a dainty little present to interest and amuse little people.

The Land of Bondage, by JOHN BLOUNDELLE BURTON (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is a delightful work that the Baron can strongly recommend to all who love genuine romance. It is full of stirring incident, it is never overlaid by superfluity of picturesque description, and it is alive with sensational effects and startling surprises, all admirably contrived. There may be a better story somewhere about, but up to the present moment it has not been the Baron's good fortune to come across it, and he is perfectly content, *pro tem.*, with this.



NOTICE—TO SOMEBODY.—Somebody has sent by post to *Mr. Punch's* Office a book entitled *Boston Public Library* (dedicated to the building), containing, amongst other patchy matter, extracts from the "Diary of Parliament" by SHIRLEY BROOKS, whose signature appears inside the cover. On the addressed wrapper is written, "*Letter also.*" This letter has been unfortunately mislaid or destroyed, and as name and address of sender are not given, the book must remain at our office until further information be received and stamps sent for return.

FROM the business card of a Limehouse "Wireworker":—

"Manufacturer of Sieves, Nursery Guards, Fire Guards, fancy flower Baskets and all kinds of Plain and fancy work. All kinds of Repairs and Soldiering."

This last word throws a lurid light on the expression, "Nursery Guards."



THE PERILS OF POPULARITY.

"I WISH SOMEONE WOULD GIVE ME A DOG."—*Infant Prodigy to an Interviewer.*

OUR ARTIST DEPICTS THE SCENE NEXT DAY.

TO A MINCE PIE.

EXIGUOUS pie, beneath whose brittle shell
One solid month of luck is said to dwell;
Within whose mincèd succulence there lurks
An antidote to fell Misfortune's works;
Thou harbinger of prosperous days in store
(*I.e.*, posterior to 1904),
Days—to express it in a graceful way—
Sweetened by toil and beautified by pay;
Divine comestible, thy potent spell
Bids me to eat (though presently unwell)
Thee and eleven others each thy peer,
In all a dozen, to complete the year.
The cloth is spread: a fig for indigestion,
Thy magic art permits no doubt or question;
No need to voice the heart's profound desires,
One simply eats thee and the rest transpires!
But still I may as well, before I feed,
Mention precisely all the things I need.

Item, the Public at the present time
Displays a base indifference to rhyme;
Between us, nothing really could be worse
Than the immediate sale for humorous verse.
It isn't that I'm thinking of myself:
Toilsome obscurity and lack of pelf
I'm quite accustomed to: what sears my heart
Is the unparalleled offence to Art.
The evil's rank: the remedy is clear;
I think you might attend to this next year.

Item, a lovely maid, the counterpart
Of Venus' self, has won my trusting heart;
I met her first while taking tea and muffins
With Mrs. JONES: her name's CORDELIA CLUFFINS.
I know she looks with favour on my suit,
But CLUFFINS Senior is a perfect brute,
His tone is vulgar and his voice is hoarse,
His manner, towards myself, extremely coarse.
His kindlier feelings badly want a jog
(Something might also happen to the dog).
At any rate, for better or for wuss
I want the girl: please pull this off for us.

Item, my uncle, old JOSIAH CHITTY,
A tallow-broker somewhere in the City.
He's a philanthropist, in broken health,
The sort that often misapply their wealth.
In short he's ripe to quit this world of cares,
And I am one of his prospective heirs.
Life would be easier without a doubt
If Uncle JOSY were to peter out.
This view may strike you as an idle whim,
But still I think you might attend to him.

Item—but no: I feel the above will do,
At any rate till January's through.
(Old CLUFFINS in particular should try
The powers of any well-developed pie.)
My further wants shall exercise the art
Of February's individual tart.
And now I eat: what boots one night of pain,
When thirty days of happiness remain?

GAMES AND THE MAN.

["Sport," says Mr. Cunninghame Graham, in a recent letter to the *Humanitarian*, "has often been defended as being the image of war, and as tending to render those who engage in it manly and warlike . . . But there are the Japanese, none of whom are sportsmen, for one can hardly class their fishing (after a battle) in the category of sport . . . Is any nation of sportsmen more brave or more warlike?"]

O for the faiths of long ago
On which our fancy loved to lean,
When naked Truth was still to know,
And we were young and very green;
Now are they mostly hollow myths,
Like to the "king y-crowned in Fairy,"
Or those high gods in Dr. Smith's
Inimitable Dictionary.

To history's radium, piercing through,
Reluctantly each legend yields:—
Witness the tale of Waterloo
As won on Eton's playing-fields;
Its authorship is not in doubt:
The Duke unquestionably said it:
Only, the facts therein set out
Are deemed no longer worthy credit.

We nursed, till now, the cherished creed
That none could cope with swords and flames,
Or do a dashing warrior-deed
Save he excelled in "manly games;"
Games were "a mimic warfare," and
Unless an officer could play 'em
He had no leg on which to stand.
"O hasn't he?" says Mr. Graham!

"Go mark the Jap! He wades in gore,
He gives, and takes, the shrewdest knocks,
Although he never snicked a four,
Or ran to earth the ruddy fox;
He laughs to hear the bullets hum,
'*Banzai!*' he yells and lays the foe low;
And yet he never screwed a scrum,
Or took a casual toss at polo.

"How he achieves it, who can say?
I don't suppose he ever stood
Intent to grass his fluttered prey
Outside a pheasant-haunted wood;
Yet thus employed, or in the course
Of armed affrays with instant rabbits,
We think to learn that cool resource
Which stamps the man of martial habits.

"'Tis true, at times, he has his fling
Upon a river-bank or mole,
Trying for fish with baited string
Dependent from a bamboo-pole;
Yet he pursues this gentle art
Rather by way of relaxation
Than as a prime essential part
Of military education.

"He routs the Cossack; yet he spends
No time on racing, or can see
Much merit in a school that tends
To feats (we 're told) of chivalry;
Can you conceive *our* soldiers' brains
Reft of the tipster's useful knowledge?
Or picture Ascot's tented plains
Without the Camberley Staff-College?"

O Mr. Graham, you have cleft
This heart in twain by your report;
At worst we had one solace left—
Our manhood's faith in British Sport!
The rest might go—art, science, trade—
Sport was the only thing that mattered;
On this the Empire's base was laid,—
And now—that last illusion 's shattered!

O. S.

THE DELIGHT OF GIVING.

(Being useful hints for Yule-tide gifts.)

By Mr. Punch's Souvenir-Specialist.

Several correspondents have asked me to suggest any present which would be at all likely to give pleasure to a Grand Aunt who has for some years past been a confirmed Centenarian. As she is practically certain (judging from all I have read about Centenarians) to be in completer possession of all her faculties than the average person of middle-age, it would be difficult to find anything more suitable or in better taste than an 18-h.p. automobile. All the principal drapers are just now exhibiting a wonderfully cheap line of cars, some of which are marked down as low as £999 19*s.* 11¾*d.*!

Another and somewhat less expensive gift is a monkey—always a lively companion for any elderly lady in low spirits who requires rousing. You can hardly go far wrong with either—but perhaps the motor-car would be the more *chic* and up-to-date token of affection.

Penelope.—I see no objection to your working a pair of braces for the bachelor Bishop of your Cathedral City *except* the difficulty of ever being *quite* certain that your gift is proving of practical service to its recipient. Why not embroider him an apron instead? It should be of black or a mulberry shade of silk, with the Episcopal arms in coloured silks in the centre, and quite a coquettish touch could be given by the addition of two small pockets adorned with clerical rosettes or bows. In one corner of the apron you might work a dove, in the other a serpent; this would give a delightfully artistic and symbolical finish to the garment—which of course is only intended to be worn with full evening dress.

O. Lettham-Alcombe has collected a small fund for the purpose of presenting each destitute foreign alien now in our midst with a small Christmas *souvenir*, and wants to know what I consider they would be most likely to appreciate. I should say that either an egg-whisk or an umbrella-stand would be received with enthusiasm. Or there are some delightful Bath squares in four Art shades, which, at two-and-fivepence-halfpenny apiece, would form a useful and seasonable present. If for any reason this idea is not approved of, I 'm afraid I can only suggest some little article of daily use, such as a Bridge-marker, a stamp-damper, or a cab-whistle.

Clarcy.—There is no particular reason why you should not send the Duke a slight token of remembrance this Christmas if you think proper to do so, especially if, as you say, he has rather gone out of his way to be affable to you on more than one occasion. The difficulty with a Duke, of course, is to give him anything that he hasn't got already. If I were you, the next time I met him I should lead the conversation with apparent carelessness to the subject of trouser-stretchers, and, should you succeed in ascertaining that he does not possess such an article, you might do worse than supply the deficiency. They are not expensive—the best costing no more than ten shillings, but of course you could easily have one made for you in solid silver and enamelled with the ducal cipher, or a spray of holly, or possibly a robin, which would save you from all suspicion of stinginess.

County Family writes: "My old housekeeper will have



"DE MORTUIS," &c.

Shade of Shakspeare (*to* Mr. Punch). "I HEAR THEY WANT TO DO SOMETHING TO PERPETUATE MY MEMORY. I SAY, OLD MAN, *DON'T LET 'EM PUT UP A STATUE!*"





COMPLEMENTARY.

Exasperated Amateur Photographer (to girls who have been "rotting" a good deal). "PLEASE KEEP STILL. YOU ARE SPOILING SUCH A CHARMING BACKGROUND!"

been with me fifty-five years next Christmas, and I should like to give her a little something, *just for once*, to mark the occasion, but cannot think of anything really *appropriate*. Can you help me?"

Has she got a Sandow Exerciser, a bicycle bell, or an ocarina? Any one of these gifts would be regarded by her as an act of graceful condescension on your part. But perhaps an even safer present would be a diamond tiara.

GENEROUS UNCLE.—I certainly think that, if you carry out your intention of presenting the young couple with an elegant drawing-room suite at £6 13*s.* 8*d.* from the Tottenham Court Road, you will be making them a most magnificent Christmas present—especially if you throw in the Art coal-scuttle at three-and-eleven. As an artist, your nephew is sure to treasure the handsomely carved monumental slab representing the last moments of your first wife, and will undoubtedly assign it the place of honour over his dining-room mantelpiece. You could not possibly have hit upon a cheerier selection, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have rendered at least *one* home bright and happy in the coming Yule-tide!

ONE OF A NUMEROUS FAMILY.—Yes, I know it is a great tax—especially with so many cousins whom one cannot abide, but who still must not be forgotten! However, it is *quite* a fallacy to suppose that you cannot indulge your generous impulses except at a ruinous expense. Remember that it is not the value of the gift that counts, but the spirit in which it is given. By following my instructions, you will be able with little or no outlay to present all the male and female members of your circle of relations with a gift that will certainly strike them as infinitely more valuable than the one they gave *you*. First for the ladies: Save up, or ask your chemist to oblige you with, as many empty pill-boxes as you may require. Fill each box with emery powder (which the cook will procure for you, and put down in the bills). Then cover neatly with scraps of velvet, silk, or brocade (these your dressmaker will be quite grateful to you for picking up off her floor). Finish off with gold cord—which you will have saved from crackers—and you have a tasty and artistic trifle that no one will ever believe could possibly have cost less than fourpence-three-farthings.

Next for the gentlemen: A match-box is always a useful present for a gentleman—even if he is not a smoker. Ask the parlour-maid to keep the empty Tändstickor boxes for you. When you have enough of these, cover the inner box with gold or silver paper off the crackers. Remove the outer case and wash it over with a solution of weak gum, or sugar and water. *Before* it dries, sprinkle it all over with SIMPKIN'S Silver Frost (this you will probably have to purchase at a Fancy Stationer's. It costs a penny a packet, but one packet will do quite a number of boxes). When dry, glue a seasonable device (which you can cut out from your last year's Christmas cards) on the top of each—and I venture to predict that you will be quite surprised at the admiration and gratitude of your male friends and relatives as they open the parcels containing your effective but inexpensive little offerings. If you care to go to the additional expense, you can fill each box about a third full with Tändstickors, but this is not absolutely essential for an object which is chiefly decorative.

F. A.

SEE HOW THEY RUN.

(OR OUGHT TO DO.)

A REVISED edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, in which various hymns familiar to us from our childhood have been subjected to extensive emendations with a view to remedying their metrical deficiencies or improving their ethical tone, has recently been issued to a grateful Public.

Encouraged by the chorus of delight with which this courageous enterprise has been received by the Press, *Mr. Punch* has embarked upon a task equally bold and certainly not less necessary. It is, in fact, the production of a revised edition of our English Nursery Rhymes. Children of the least delicacy of feeling must constantly have been shocked by the barbarous and occasionally sanguinary episodes with which this class of literature is defaced; while, though the metres are usually well enough, the rhymes are often of the poorest description and sometimes hardly worthy of the name. To take an obvious instance, the story of *Jack and Jill*:—

JACK and JILL
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
JACK fell down
And broke his crown,
And JILL came tumbling after.

This is obviously a painful episode—and all modern educationists are agreed that the element of pain should be excluded as far as possible from childish literature—while the rhyme "water" and "after" is so deplorable that it would bring tears to the eyes of any sensitive child. Certainly *Mr. Punch*, who is rather fastidious in these matters, would never admit such a rhyme to his columns. The poem therefore needs drastic revision as follows:—

JACK and JILL
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
JILL fell down—
But saved her crown,
For JACK politely caught her!

Here the rhyme is improved, the catastrophe avoided, and a lesson in masculine courtesy insinuated—the poem being thereby rendered suitable for family reading.

Again, the story of *Three Blind Mice* is a horrible one, and quite unfitted for any nursery. The idea of blindness, even where only a mouse is concerned, is far too tragic to be treated with levity, while the idea that any woman would deliberately cut off an animal's tail—and use a carving-knife for the purpose!—is unspeakably repulsive. In *Mr. Punch's* edition these undesirable features have been removed, and the poem now reads:—

Three blonde mice—
See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
A kindly lady of blameless life,
Who never would dream of employing a knife
On three blonde mice!

Old King Cole is a comparatively unobjectionable ditty, but there is an hilarious tone about it which is open to criticism; while the contents of the "bowl" should be clearly stated in the interests of Band of Hope propaganda. The opening stanza should therefore run:—

OLD KING COLE
Was a temperate soul,
Oh a temperate soul was he!
When on festive occasions he called for his bowl
It was always a bowl of tea.

Sing a Song of Sixpence it has been found possible to retain unaltered, at least for the present, but with the growth of Vegetarianism it may ultimately be necessary to alter the blackbirds into black currants.

Treated in this way it will be found that Nursery rhymes, like hymns, are capable of indefinite amelioration, and when the new edition is in the hands of the public *Mr. Punch* hopes it will be generally admitted that the revisers have been entirely successful in destroying the charm of the originals while not greatly improving the sense.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

[The rhinoceros, "JIM," the "oldest inhabitant" of the Zoo, has at length joined the great majority.]

TIME flies apace, and Death makes many claims;
Old favourites vanish, giving place to new;
But this was hardly what we looked for, JAMES,
From you.

For fifty years we'd pored upon your slow
But sportive gait, your mirth-provoking eye;
Nobody ever dreamt that you would go
And die.

For fifty years our doting little ones
Had loved the generous air that round you clings;
You were their prime receptacle for buns
And things.

JUMBO had gone to glory, smashing trains;
JINGO had vanished in the briny deep;
E'en HANNIBAL had laid his old remains
To sleep.

Giraffes, tarantulas and chimpanzees
Arrived and perished in our alien clime,
But you we deemed as proof against disease
And time.

But now we come, and lo! you're vanished too;
Empty the cage you used to gambol in;
Only by paying sixpence may we view
Your skin!

Farewell, old friend, your smile was very dear:
Fate calls, alas! what is there left to do
But wish a freer, happier New Year
To you?

THE FISTIC PROBLEM ABROAD.—Our Hungarian Parliamentary correspondent reports:—The chair was taken by a member of the Diet, who broke it over the head of the Minister for War. The Premier, the "strong man of the Government," complained of the conduct of those "who had violated the forms of the House." While mentioning the forms he made no reference to the chairs, whose legs had been used as arms. He then contemptuously alluded to the House as a Diet of Worms, and introduced an Agricultural Bill and two scythes, with which he attacked the Opposition. Left sitting (on the floor).

TOO SEVERE.—The defendant who had conducted his own case and lost it, as reported in the *Times* of Tuesday, Dec. 13, finally requested His Honour Judge ADDISON, K.C. (Southwark C. C.) to be "good enough to state a case for the Higher Court." But His Honour wasn't "good enough," remarking that "The High Court and every other Court and every lawyer would laugh at such a defence." If this were indeed "the state of the case," then how very unkind it was of Judge ADDISON to deprive the legal profession generally of so exceptional a chance of enjoying a good joke.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.—If you drop a match, don't strike another to look for it.

THE CALL OF THE CONGO.

[Cheap tours on the Congo are being advertised. It is hoped that a substantial reduction in first-class fares will speedily popularise the country.]

I go as a rule
At the coming of Yule,
To a place where the sunshine 's obtrusive;
At Hydros I 'm found,
Where dyspeptics abound,
And massage and physic 's inclusive;
Or a shelter I grace
In some fashion-plate place
Where the giddy and frivolous throng go,
But to Fashion adieu,
If the rumour is true
They 're reducing the fares on the Congo.

Each English resort
Will lack my support,
Nor do Cannes or Mentone intrigue me,
I see the same faces
At watering-places,
And the places and faces fatigue me.
But I now can afford
To career like a lord
To the land of the palm and the mango;
To the Tropics I 'll ship
For a cheap little trip,
A week-end at warm Wango-wango.

Eluding the net
Of my usual set,
And the hump that it constantly gave me,
The lies and the smirks
Of refinement that irks—
In the Jellala Falls I will lave me.
In a place I will stay
That is called *O-go-way*,
I will shake by the hand the Obongo,
And with vigour renewed
I shall come back imbued
With the charms that are cheap on the Congo.

DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

(*Latest Bulletins.*)

["A person writing to the *Daily Dispatch* says the Marquess of ANGLESEY's wonderful polyglot parrot is not ill, but on the contrary was laughing and chatting very heartily on Monday."—*St. James's Gazette.*]

WE are glad to be able to state that Lord MOUNT SORREL's favourite monkey, which has been suffering lately from Phlebitis, is well on the way to recovery. No further bulletins will be issued.

The report that Lady AGATHA FITZHUNTER's pet pony was confined to the stable with Bronchitis is grossly exaggerated. The pony merely complained of being a little horse. The joke, of course, like its maker, was a chestnut.

Mrs. MARTIN BRADLEY's French poodle is rapidly re-covering. It is admitted on all hands, however, that it was a remarkably close shave.

The alarming rumour that Lord BARNDORE's famous owl (which had been suffering from insomnia lately) had committed suicide on Tuesday night, is happily contradicted this morning. It appears that the owl had merely left the house for a few hours for a special purpose—to wit, to woo!

Lord RASPBERRY's prize turkey, which a short time ago had a painful operation performed on its neck, was able to appear at dinner last night and received a cordial welcome from those present.

The absurd tale that Lady HOPTON WOOD's pretty little Manx cat was suffering from diseased liver has no foundation in fact. The liver was perfectly good, and similar to that usually supplied.



IN A TRAM-CAR.

Lady (with smelly basket of fish). "DESSAY YOU'D RATHER 'AVE A GENTLEMAN SETTIN' A-SIDE OF YOU?"

Gilded Youth (who has been edging away). "YES, I WOULD."

Lady. "SAME 'ERE!"

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

VII.—THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

I.

The Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to his curate the Rev. Arthur Starling.

DEAR STARLING,—I am sorry to appear to be running away at this busy season, but a sudden call to London on business leaves me no alternative. I shall be back on Christmas Eve for certain, perhaps before. You must keep an eye on the decorations, and see that none of our helpers get out of hand. I have serious doubts as to Miss GREEN.

Yours, L. L.

II.

Mrs. Clibborn to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—I think we have got over the difficulty which we were talking of—Mr. LULHAM'S red hair and the discord it would make with the crimson decorations. MAGGIE and POPSY and I have been working like slaves, and have put up a beautiful and effectual screen of evergreen which completely obliterates the key-board and organist. I think you will be delighted. Mr. STARLING approves most cordially.

Yours sincerely,
MARY CLIBBORN.

III.

Miss Pitt to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

MY DEAR MR. LIDBETTER,—We are all so sorry you have been called away, a strong guiding hand being never more needed. You will remember that it was arranged that I should have sole charge of the memorial window to Colonel SOPER—we settled it just outside the Post Office on the morning that poor BLADES was kicked by the Doctor's pony. Well, Miss LOCKIE now says that Colonel SOPER'S window belongs to her, and she makes it impossible for me to do anything. I must implore you to write to her putting it right, or the decorations will be ruined. Mr. STARLING is kind, but quite useless. Yours sincerely,
VIRGINIA PITT.

IV.

Miss Lockie to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

MY DEAR MR. LIDBETTER,—I am sorry to have to trouble you in your enforced rest, but the interests of the church must not be neglected, and you ought to know that Miss PITT not only insists that the decoration of Colonel SOPER'S window was entrusted to her, but prevents me carrying it out. If you recollect, it was during tea at Mrs. MILLSTONE'S that it was arranged that I should be responsible for this window. A telegram to Miss PITT would put the matter right at once. Dear Mr. STARLING is always so nice, but he does so lack firmness.

Yours sincerely,
MABEL LOCKIE.

V.

Mrs. St. John to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—I wish you would let Miss GREEN have a line about the decoration of the pulpit. It is no use any of us saying anything to her since she went to the Slade School and acquired artistic notions, but a word from you would work wonders. What we all feel is that the pulpit should be bright and



LADIES, WOULD NOT MR. PUNCH MAKE AN IDEAL HUSBAND AT CHRISTMAS-TIME?

gay, with some cheerful texts on it, a suitable setting for you and your helpful Christmas sermon, but Miss GREEN'S idea is to drape it entirely in black muslin and purple, like a lying in state. One can do wonders with a little cotton wool and a few yards of Turkey twill, but she will not understand this. How with all her *nouveau art* ideas she got permission to decorate the pulpit at all I cannot think, but there it is, and the sooner she is stopped the better. Poor Mr. STARLING drops all the hints he can, but she disregards them all.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLOTTE ST. JOHN.

VI.

Miss Olive Green to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR MR. LIDBETTER,—I am sure you will like the pulpit. I am giving it the most careful thought, and there is every promise of a scheme of austere beauty, grave and solemn and yet just touched with a note of happier fulfilment. For the most part you will find the decorations quite conventional—holly and evergreens, the old terrible cotton-wool snow on crimson background. But I am certain that you will experience a thrill of satisfied surprise when your eyes alight upon the simple gravity of the pulpit's drapery and its flowing sensuous lines. It is so kind of you to give me this opportunity to realise some of my artistic self. Poor Mr. STARLING, who is entirely Victorian in his views of art, has been talking to me about gay colours, but my work is done for *you* and those who can *understand*.

Yours sincerely,
OLIVE GREEN.

VII.

Mrs. Millstone to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—Just a line to tell you of a delightful device I have hit upon for the decorations. Cotton-wool, of course, makes excellent snow, and rice is sometimes used, on gum, to suggest winter too. But I have discovered that the most perfect illusion of a white rime can be obtained by wetting the leaves and then sprinkling flour on them. I am going to get all the others to let me finish off everything like that on Christmas Eve (like varnishing-day at the Academy, my husband says), when it will be all fresh for Sunday. Mr. STARLING, who is proving himself such a dear, is delighted with the scheme. I hope you are well in that dreadful foggy city. Yours sincerely,
ADA MILLSTONE.

VIII.

Mrs. Hobbs, charwoman, to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

HONOURED SIR,—I am writing to you because HOBBS and me dispare of getting any justice from the so called ladies who have been turning the holy church of St. Michael and all Angels into a Covent Garden market. To sweep up holly and other green stuff I don't mind, because I have heard you say year after year that we should all do our best at Christmas to help each other. I always hold that charity and kindness are more than rubys, but when it comes to flour I say no. If you would believe it Mrs. MILLSTONE is first watering the holly and the lorrel to make it wet, and then sprinkling flour on it to look like hore frost, and the mess is something dreadful, all over the cushions and carpet. To sweep up ordinery dust I don't mind, more particulerly as it is my paid work and bounden duty; but unless it is made worth my while HOBBS says I must say no. We draw the line at sweeping up dough. Mr. STARLING

is very kind, but as HOBBS says you are the founting head. Awaiting a reply I am Your humble servant,

MARTHA HOBBS.

IX.

Mrs. Vansittart to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR RECTOR,—If I am late with the north windows you must understand that it is not my fault, but PEDDER'S. He has suddenly and most mysteriously adopted an attitude of hostility to his employers (quite in the way one has heard of gardeners doing), and nothing will induce him to cut me any evergreens, which he says he cannot spare. The result is that poor HORACE and Mr. STARLING have to go out with lanterns after PEDDER has left the garden, and cut what they can and convey it to the church by stealth. I think we shall manage fairly well, but thought you had better know in case the result is not equal to your anticipation.

Yours sincerely,
GRACE VANSITTART.

X.

Mr. Lulham, organist, to the Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be glad to have a line from you authorising me to insist upon the removal of a large screen of evergreens which Mrs. CLIBBORN and her daughters have erected by the organ. There seems to be an idea that the organ is unsightly, although we have had no complaints hitherto, and the effect of this barrier will be to interfere very seriously with the choral part of the service. Mr. STARLING sympathises with me, but has not taken any steps.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
WALTER LULHAM.

XI.

The Rev. Lawrence Lidbetter to Mrs. Lidbetter.

MY DEAREST HARRIET,—I am having, as I expected, an awful time with the decorations, and I send you a batch of letters and leave the situation to you. Miss PITT had better keep the Soper window. Give the LOCKIE girl one of the autograph copies of my *Narrow Path*, with a reference underneath my name to the chapter on self-sacrifice, and tell her how sorry I am that there has been a misunderstanding. Mrs. HOBBS must have an extra half-a-crown, and the flouring must be discreetly discouraged—on the ground of waste of food material. Assure LULHAM that there shall be no barrier, and then tell Mrs. CLIBBORN that the organist has been given a pledge that nothing should intervene between his music and the congregation. I am dining with the LAWSONS to-night, and we go afterwards to the *Tempest*, I think.

Your devoted L.



THE GREAT QUESTION.

Fond Young Mother (with first-born). "NOW, WHICH OF US DO YOU THINK HE IS LIKE?"

Friend (judicially). "WELL, OF COURSE, INTELLIGENCE HAS NOT REALLY DAWNED IN HIS COUNTENANCE YET, BUT HE'S WONDERFULLY LIKE BOTH OF YOU!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Professor Job Lott.

BED-RIDDEN SPORTSMEN.

ACCORDING to the *Onlooker* the newest cure is dining in bed, especially after a long day's motoring. If it is a taste for automobilism that such fragile individuals are to be cured of, one might suggest that a simpler remedy would be to stop in bed altogether. However, Society will be served, and the next step will be a combination of feather-bed and motor. We fully expect to see very shortly a procession of petrol-driven four-posters along the Brighton road, with electric warming-pans and night-lights complete, also arrangements for being called, on occasion, by the hedgerow policeman, for travelling below the legal limit of pace, and thereby obstructing the traffic. Very little change will be required to transform the present motor costume into a dressing-gown and night-cap. When all the scorchers have retired to roost or fallen out, honest pedestrians and cyclists will come by their rights. The term "bed-ridden" now bids fair to acquire a new shade of meaning, both active and passive.

QUERY (*by one who is not very well up in Latin, and now does not intend to be*). Was "*Pontifex Maximus*" the title given to the best player at Bridge by the ancient Romans? *Si quis hoc scit placebitne mihi dare responsum.* [Not quite forgotten my ancient scholarship.—M.A. 1863.]



THE LAST STRAW.

Giles. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT 'TIS COMIN' TO! POOR BILL'S GONE, YER AUNT EMMA'S BROKE 'ER LEG, YER POOR OLD MOTHER'S VERY ILL, AN' NOW, DANG IT ALL, *THERE'S A FOWL DEAD!*"

A PRESENT PERPLEXITY.

THE time grows short!
(A sounding phrase, but void of comfort to me);
And still I am enveloped in a sort
Of mental nebula, obscure and gloomy.

I dare not risk
A swift resolve—the issue is too solemn—
I dread her stare, so like the basilisk,
Sending cold shivers down my spinal column.

And I recall
A former dire result of rash decision,
When tremblingly I had to suffer all
The tortures of her merciless derision;

When she refused
Alike well-meant excuse and flattering unction,
And cast my offering, twisted up and bruised,
Into the fire without the least compunction.

If I could peep
Into her maiden longings, vague and dim, like
Some old magician, then I'd quickly leap
High o'er the difficulty, Sunny Jimlike.

Alas! I fear
That mine is not the wizard's avocation,
And I shall see my course of action clear
Only through long-drawn mental tribulation.

This is the fix,
That plunges me in worry so unpleasant:—
Her name is ANGELA, her age is six;
What *can* I give her for a Christmas present?

Commercial Candour.

IN the *Scarborough Post*, under the head of "Christmas Cheer," a local firm advertises:

Mince Meat, 1*s.* per lb., our own moke.

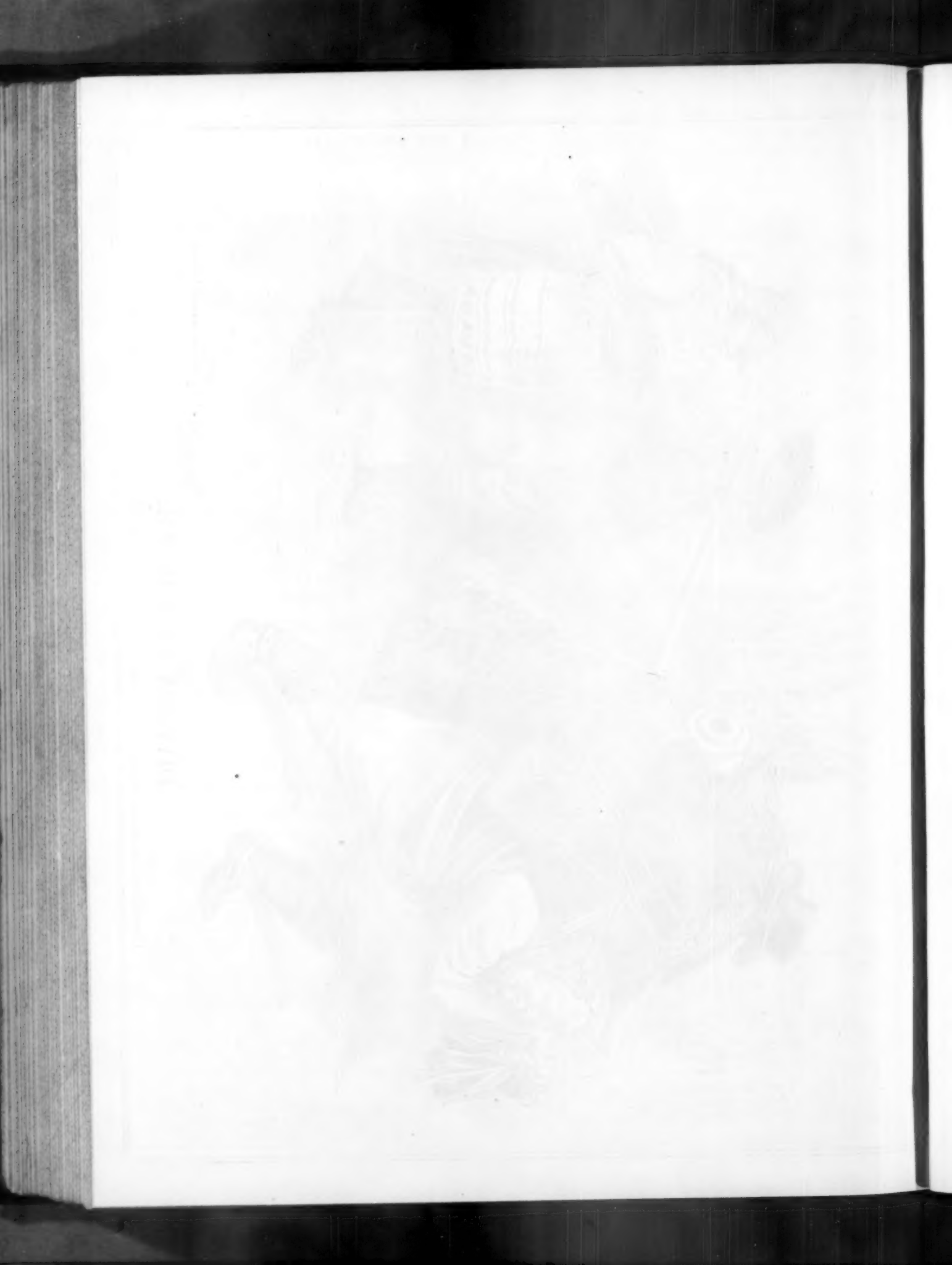
THE first officer of the *Malacca*, lately arrived in London, reports as follows:—"When we had got as far as the bottom of the Red Sea, we were stopped by the *Peterburg*." He says nothing, however, of PHARAOH'S chariots.

"BISHOPS," said the Rev. Mr. PHILLIPS to the Playgoers' Club, "are not really so stiff and starchy as they are made out to be. There is a good heart beneath the gaiters." Calf-love, we presume.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

[British Naval Estimates for the year 1904-5, £36,889,500. Appropriations in aid: Australia, £200,000; Canada, nil.]



CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the Children's Hotel which has been opened in Pembridge Square, we are sorry to hear the rumour that, although there are many comforts in the buildings, some of the little inmates are complaining bitterly of the absence of card-tables.

An hotel for motorists only is to be established near Cannes. Segregation seems a capital idea.

A gentleman writes to the *Express* to protest against the christening of warships by means of a bottle of wine. As a matter of fact, we understand that, as often as not, some thoughtful Jack Tar prevents the waste by (unofficially) changing the contents of the bottle.

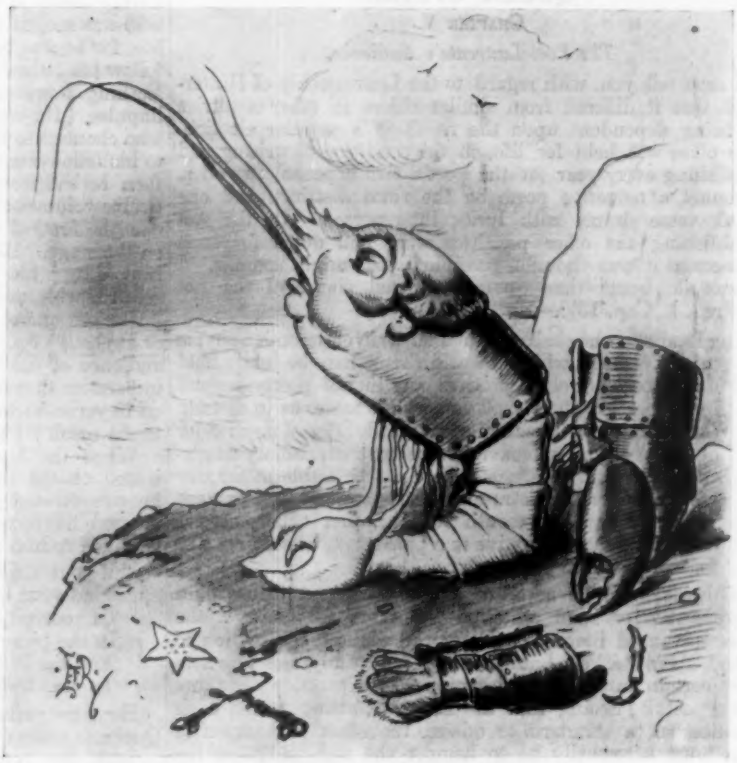
General LYTTELTON, speaking at Leicester last week, on the work of the Army Council, said, "We work in what I may call water-tight compartments." The object of this is, we suppose, to try and prevent the water getting to the brain as it so often did at the old War Office.

The Army Council's idea of providing an organ for the publication of articles which were not up to the standard of the existing Service Journals has been abandoned. "Financial considerations" are given as the official reason. The expense of obtaining purchasers would have been enormous.



Sir 'Enery Campbell-Bannerman follers that there Joseph to the "Hedinburrer Corstle."

"'Try to be a gentleman,' eh? I'll give 'im what for!"



THE DEFENCELESS CRUSTACEAN.

JOHN BULL AT THE MERCY OF HIS ENEMIES. INDIGNANTLY DEDICATED TO THE WAR OFFICE AND SUCCESSIVE SECRETARIES OF STATE FOR WAR.

["This country follows the procedure of that edible invertebrate, the lobster. At intervals the lobster casts its shell, and until a new one grows he is absolutely helpless and has to conceal himself in a hole. That is our case, only we have no sheltering hole . . . . We appoint a committee which discovers a number of things previously known to all other nations, we provide ourselves with a new shell, lucky if nobody attacks us in the meantime, and then we go to sleep again."—*The "Times" on the disgraceful state of our Field Artillery, Dec.* 15.]

A Somerset vicar was thoughtlessly described by the chairman of his annual parish meeting as "a capable preacher, a good golfer, and a graceful dancer." And now the Cake-Walkers are after him.

Judge TINDAL ATKINSON has just come to the conclusion that a schoolmaster is not a gentleman. Some schoolboys had suspected this for years.

The Macedonian Gipsies having expressed their willingness to go to Germany if they were paid £50, the amount, it is said, was immediately subscribed several times over. Where will this insensate hatred of Germany stop?

We hear that Russia has decided to follow the British Admiralty's example of re-naming the fleets, and that the Baltic Fleet will be known in future as the Half-seas-over Fleet, and the Port Arthur Fleet as the Submarine Fleet.

Londoners sometimes grumble because there is no Sunday delivery of letters as in the country, but they have their consolation: this year their worst enemies cannot force them to receive Christmas cards on the 25th.

Ants' Nests are said to be the latest novelty in gifts. Rough-coated dogs have, of course, been a common form of present for some time.

The King of ITALY proposes to give a statue of CÆSAR to New York, to stand beside that of FREDERICK THE GREAT, presented by the KAISER. Such jealousy seems to us to be very petty.

THERE are phases of victory in the Sugar trade. Saccharina has many enemies, but she has one stout ally, and, curiously enough, will be victorious when she is Sugar Beet.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER V.

The Poet Laureate's Audience.

I MUST tell you, with regard to the Laureateship of Hinterland, that it differed from similar offices in other countries in being dependent upon the result of a popular election. The office was held for life, on the condition of writing and publishing every year (at the poet's own expense) two odes, a sonnet, a narrative poem on the rural districts, and one blank verse drama with lyrics interspersed. In the Act establishing the office penalties were laid down for such offences as it was thought possible a poet might commit. I cannot do better than quote the penal clause of the Act (5 Fred. I., Cap. 13):—

"Any Laureate who shall commit a false rhyme or omit a rhyme in any place in which the said rhyme may be justly held due to occur or shall protract any line of poetry beyond its proper length or shall so vary his metre as to distract the attention or shock the susceptibilities of any reader of full age shall on conviction before a stipendiary magistrate or a Court of Quarter Sessions be liable at the discretion of the Magistrate or Chairman to imprisonment not exceeding one month as a prisoner of the second class or in the alternative to a penalty not exceeding £10 for every offence proved against him."

This, it must be admitted, was a stringent clause, and there was a constant agitation for its repeal amongst the more advanced literary circles of the country. Why, it was asked, should a Poet Laureate be more strictly tied down to keep certain antiquated rules of poetic expression than any other poets? Seeing that the Laureate, owing to his high position, set a standard to others, the effect of hampering him must necessarily be to hamper the rest, and thus the originality of those who professed the art must be seriously restricted. Besides, what appeared to one generation to be a false rhyme might in the progress of poetry be absolutely correct in another, and thus there could be no consistency in the character of the offences punished from time to time. The great Laureate GRAMBLICHUS, for instance, had undergone a month's confinement in the last century for rhyming "shadow" with "meadow," but a recent decision (on appeal) of the Lord Chief Justice had laid it down that this rhyme was permissible. On these and similar grounds they demanded the repeal of the clause. It is, however, to the credit of the Hinterlanders that the strong good sense which is, perhaps, their most eminent characteristic, had hitherto made them deaf to these clamours.

On the other hand, the emoluments of the office were substantial. The Laureate was entitled to draw as salary £100 a year in money and fourteen pounds of best beef every week from the Royal larder. In addition he was entitled to have his official lyre re-strung twice a year at the public expense, to have his hair dressed by the Court wig-maker, and to charge for two suits of bright green taffetas every year. Quarters were provided for him in the bell-tower of the King's Palace. I ought to add that, on the death or resignation of any incumbent of the office, candidates were at once invited to submit their names, accompanied by testimonials, to the Chamberlain, and after an interval of three weeks, during which the poets stumped the country giving specimens of their powers, the electors were summoned to the polling-booths to decide the matter. All males of full age were entitled to be registered as voters, "save and except only" (I quote the words of the Act) "notorious poets or such persons as may have been found to be idiots or lunatics or convicts or in arrear with their taxes for a period of not less than two years immediately preceding such election."

The present Laureate had held the office for four years, having received ten thousand votes more than the candidate who was second on the poll. He had not been a poet all his life, for he was born in a humble rank, and had been bred to follow his father's somewhat prosaic business of brick-laying. Nothing, however, could long stand in the way of his metrical impulse. He was rescued from bricks by a literary agent who chanced to hear him declaiming an original composition to his fellow-workmen, and was struck by his genius. Since then he had made good use of his time, and had published twelve volumes of selected poetry and seven tragedies—only one (the first) of which had, however, been actually produced on the stage. His hair, most of which he had lost, had never been long; his eyes were not dreamy; his brow did not recall marble, and he was stout and of short stature. Indeed, he looked more like a prosperous silversmith than anything or anybody else. On this morning he was to have an official audience of his Sovereign, and as on these occasions it was imperative that the conversation on his side should be carried on in verse he was not without some natural nervousness as to the result; for even poets have their off-moments.

When the Laureate was announced SYLVIA was already seated on the throne in her audience-chamber, and thither he was at once conducted by the Chamberlain. When he entered he bowed very low, and SYLVIA having graciously signified to him that he might speak freely, he thus began:—

"If your Majesty pleases, I've come to make sure
That your Royal approval of me will endure.
Of your pity I beg let me bask for a space
In the beams born of beauty that shine from your face;
And the least of your poets will humbly endeavour
To pray that your life may continue for ever."

Here he paused and coughed, as though expecting the Queen to make a remark.

"Oh, how very clever!" said SYLVIA, clapping her hands with pleasure. "How in the world do you manage to do it? The rhymes, for instance. They always puzzle me most dreadfully whenever I've tried to compose anything."

The Laureate's face assumed an expression of reverential admiration, and he started again:—

"Oh triumph of triumphs! Let all the world know it!
The Queen of our country herself is a poet!
In rhyming, with practice, you won't find much trouble,
Unless, as at present, the rhymes should be double."

"But I shouldn't dream of making double ones," said the Queen; "the single sort are quite enough for me."

At this moment a violent scratching was heard on the door of the audience-chamber.

"It's *Rollo*," said the Queen, for she noticed that the Laureate started apprehensively, "my St. Bernard dog. Be quiet, *Rollo!*" she called out, "I shan't let you in yet. Go back to SARAH. I'm busy."

The Laureate was prompt to seize the occasion.

"Dog," he said, closing his eyes and wrinkling his forehead, as clergymen do when they say grace, "Dog—um—um—ah—Dog." Then he opened his eyes and continued:—

"Dog of the dewlap and the dewclaw too,
Much would I give to be turned into you.
Luckiest of dogs, you see the Queen each day,
And can insist where others have to pray.
Yet spare the gilded door you're clawing now,
Until the poet shall have made his——"

"Bow!" barked *Rollo* in a deep bass voice from the ante-room.

SYLVIA laughed. "*Rollo*'s a poet, too," she said. "He finished that line for you splendidly, didn't he? And now I think we'll have dinner. I'm sure Mamma will be delighted to see you, and you needn't talk poetry unless you feel you simply can't help it."

"A LITTLE LEARNING."

'Arry (who has had a toss). "I SAY, MISTER, JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO NEXT, WILL YER? I'VE SAT ON 'IS 'EAD FOR ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

THE GLORY THAT IS GLUBB'S.

HOW TO SHOP.

[These notes have been compiled by a member of Mr. Punch's advertising staff with a view to solving the paramount problem of the moment—Where shall I do my Christmas shopping?]

MAN, or at any rate man's better half—the half which is more than the whole, as PLATO remarks in one of his most luminous *obiter dicta*—is a shopping animal, and this natural instinct, illustrated alike by the early Minoan *graffiti* and the flint implements of the prehistoric Polynesians, is developed with peculiar intensity in "a nation of shopkeepers," to quote the jocund phrase of BOSSUET. Life without shopping is unthinkable. But, granted this momentous and irrefragable major premiss, we are at once confronted with the insistent necessity of deciding where and under what conditions the satisfaction of this primordial impulse can best be achieved.

As Mr. MORLEY remarks of ROBESPIERRE, nothing is so painful as the spectacle of the unhappy doctrinaire inextricably involved in the intricacies of practice. Without some plain instructions, the average individual is in danger of being paralysed by the *enchevêtrement* of modern life. To shop in London, especially at this season, is to emulate the temerarious exploits of a football referee. Salvation and sanity can only be compassed by a rigorous method of decentralisation.

Within a certain radius the temptations to reckless expenditure in the metropolis are almost irresistible. Only the other day a well-known Fellow of an Oxford College, a confirmed misogynist and a rock-climber of European celebrity, went into Regent Street from his club for half an hour, and came back to his chambers the embarrassed possessor of a diamond tiara. He was utterly unable to give any adequate explanation for this rash act—personally he is a man of ascetic habits and negligent attire—which must be ascribed simply to the infection of environment. But if a man of culture and self-restraint can be thus beguiled how much greater must be the temptation to persons less adequately equipped and fortified with the virtues of the Porch?

The true philosopher no doubt emerges triumphantly from the ordeal by practising SYDNEY SMITH'S precepts. When the spending fit is upon him he will ask first: Can I afford it? Second: Can I do without it? But we cannot be all philosophers or even Fellows of Colleges. The average man, still more the average woman, needs some clearly defined means of escape from the dangers of propinquity. In a word, if we would shop with sanity, we must shun the central marts of fashion, we must assist in the re-flow of the town to the country, so eloquently pictured by Sir ROBERT HUNTER in the current *Nineteenth Century*, and enrol ourselves amongst the customers of GLUBB'S Emporium at Little Chipley.



BUSINESS.

"HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT, BILLY?"
"FOURPENCE."
"I'VE GOT TWOPENCE. LET'S PUT IT TOGETHER AND GO HALVES!"

The advantages of such a course are self-evident, but they may be speedily enumerated. Little Chipley, which is only 23 miles from Charing Cross, is 3½ miles by road from the station of Slopford on the South Midland, and by changing at Bramshall Junction one can get there in just under two hours. It is impossible to miss your way, as GLUBB'S is the only shop in the village, in addition to which the peculiar and entrancing odour diffused from the premises renders the task of identification simple even to the most short-sighted visitors. Here in close proximity are to be found boots, corduroy pants, oleo-margarine, oranges, kerosene, lard-cakes, Spanish onions, insect-powder, blacking, golden syrup, apples, and kippers. Variety, in the words of ARISTOTLE, is the sweetest of all boons, and here you have variety, both of substance and aroma, in the most concentrated and pungent profusion.

The sufferings of shopping in London are enormously enhanced by the vicious system of departments. To take an everyday experience, — you have bought, say, a mink pelerine and wish to purchase a hot-water bottle. Accordingly you appeal to a sleek shopwalker, only to be told, "Hot-water bottles? Yes, Madam. Fourth shop to the left, then take the lift to the hardware department on the second floor." These senseless and irritating pilgrimages are unknown to the clients of GLUBB'S Emporium.

There everything is to be found within the compass of a single room of 14 ft. × 12 ft. You want a Finnan haddie: you have only to stretch out your hand and take it. Are bull's-eyes your dear desire? You will find them on the counter in a glass bottle which also contains Kentish cobs, liquorice sticks and postage stamps. The day is wet and you think it inadvisable to face the return journey without some extra protection against the damp. Goloshes, arranged in a tasteful festoon depending from a hook fastened into the door jamb, confront your gaze with reassuring radiance. This economy of space is truly marvellous. Picture post-cards are kept in the snuff-canister, and medlars in a barrel half-full of bars of washing soap.

There is nothing that GLUBB'S does not keep, except the more flagrant luxuries of modern complex civilisation, such as potted char, star sapphires, and silk pyjamas. We asked in vain for these; but on the other hand we were instantly served with tinned sardines, bread, hob-nailed boots, a hammer and nails, a rat-trap, a bottle of capers, a ball of string, and some excellent French figs at a very low figure.

Any shop that contains in profusion

the articles on which the prosperity and comfort of the wage-earning community are based may be said to reach very near perfection; and GLUBB'S is that shop.

To know GLUBB'S is to know rural England.

But this exquisite symphony of odours, this complex and irresistible appeal to the olfactory organs, coupled with a concentration of commodities impossible of achievement in a metropolitan shop, do not exhaust the advantages and attractions of GLUBB'S Emporium. There remains to be added the important consideration that the limited space available precludes the possibility of such scenes as are too often witnessed in our monster shops and stores. It is physically impossible for more than a dozen persons to enter GLUBB'S at the same time. There is, therefore, no danger of panic or of those strange and turbulent manifestations analysed by M. REYNALDO POUPARDIN in his masterly treatise on *La psychologie de la foule*. As GIBBON remarks, "Conversation may enrich the intellect, but solitude is the true school for genius." If GLUBB'S does not exactly give us solitude—for the operations of purchase must always presuppose at least two persons—at least we find there an atmosphere of quiet and seclusion ineffably refreshing after the turmoil and bustle, say, of Kensington High Street. This return to Nature, this emancipation from the oppressive influence of pompous frock-coated shop-walkers, makes for that efficiency so ardently desiderated by Lord ROSEBERY, and tends to harden and consolidate the national fibre. There being no delivery from GLUBB'S, customers are obliged to carry their parcels home, an effort which, in the case of luxurious Londoners, engenders a healthy sense of fatigue of which they otherwise seldom taste. Physically, as well as morally and financially, a visit to GLUBB'S is fraught with incalculable benefits, and no more fitting conclusion to this imperfect survey of a noble institution can be found than the touching quatrain of the Poet Laureate:—

> Philosophers in ancient days
> Were satisfied with tubs:
> But we, who walk in modern ways,
> Find Paradise at GLUBB'S.

Argumentum ad Pocketum.

INCORRIGIBLE old Father Time, going the pace as fast as ever, is annually brought to book by JOHN WALKER & Co., with their useful, natty and Russian-leather-bound Pocket and Note-books for the coming year 1905. What records will not the New Year leave behind him in hundreds of these same pocket-books! What material for any number of *Pepys' Diaries!*



NO WOUNDS LIKE THE OLD ONES.

Barber. "HAIR CUT, SIR?"
Customer (who has been there before). "NO. CHIN AND CHEEK, PLEASE."

No Sparing of the Rod.

THE Essex Education Committee, in publishing the estimated cost of forming a School Garden in connection with a Public Elementary Day School, have produced the following calculation:

> "Class for 12 Boys—
> Each boy 1 rod = 12 rod."

At this rate no child should run the risk of being spoilt.

IN order to check extravagance in the Cavalry, the authorities have decided that "fines of money or wine are no longer to be levied on marriage or promotion, *or in respect of any minor irregularities.*" In future the officer who commits the major irregularity of being promoted will not need to say, with the *King of Denmark*, "O, my offence is rank!"

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

IF you want to praise a friend's work do so before it is finished, or it may be too late.

It is better for a man to forget his misfortunes than to talk of them, but he is robbing his friends of a good deal of honest pleasure.

What were vices once are manners now, and yet everybody is not happy.

If the wolf is at your door, be comforted; there is evidently a worse famine elsewhere.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Garrick Club, by PERCY FITZGERALD, F.S.A. (ELLIOT STOCK), is a work specially interesting to "Garrick men," and will be found both entertaining and instructive by all interested in literature and the drama, whether they may be members of "The G." or not. Some of the reproductions of the celebrated pictures, on which the Garrick Club prides itself, are very good; but this cannot be said of all. A curious error has been made by the author at p. 70, where a portrait of GILBERT ARTHUR À BECKETT appears *as the portrait of his father*, GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT. As Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD was, probably, personally acquainted with "GIL" À BECKETT, whose portrait appears at p. 381 in Mr. SPIELMANN'S *History of Punch*, and can be compared with that of his father given at p. 273 in the same work, this is a muddle which a very little trouble, on the part of the painstaking PERCY, would have prevented.

Of the writing of books about the Indian Mutiny there is no end. Private journals, narratives of eye-witnesses, disquisitions by historians, contribute to the bulk. The last word has surely been said by Mr. FORREST in his *History of the Indian Mutiny*, published in two handsome volumes by BLACKWOOD. Long time Director of Records of the Government of India, Mr. FORREST enjoyed exceptional opportunities of getting at the heart of the matter. A touch of personal interest completes the appropriateness of his undertaking. His father, Captain GEORGE FORREST, V.C., was one of the nine who defended the Delhi magazine on May 11, 1857, and his mother lived through this time of storm and stress, sharing in the display of gentleness and courage that added fresh lustre to the crown of womanhood. Varying from the habit of average writers on the stirring topic, Mr. FORREST never attempts picturesque writing. My Baronite finds in his narrative something of the stiffness and all the accuracy of a State paper. But it is brightened on every page by apt quotation of passages from the testimony of eye-witnesses. It is interesting to note that *Maga*, forty-seven years ago, as during the war in South Africa, and in connection with the conflict now going on in the Far East, was distinguished by graphic records from the battle-fields. Lord ROBERTS and Sir HENRY NORMAN, who both went through the Mutiny, read and revised the narrative before it reached the public. Other survivors of the fight have contributed fresh pages to its story. A large map of the British position at Delhi, some smaller plans, and many portraits complete the value of an important contribution to the history of the Empire.

Il y a Grevilles et Grevilles, and two are diarists. All the world knows CHARLES, delighting in his full opportunities, his keen insight, and his incisive style. After an interval of twenty years SMITH, ELDER bring out the third series of *Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*. They have the advantage of being edited by Sir HENRY'S niece, the Countess of STRAFFORD, whose work is admirably done. Compared with the Memoirs of his more renowned brother, HENRY GREVILLE'S diary is a little suggestive of the literary effort of a shrewd maiden aunt who, thanks to family connections, moves in interesting Society, and has formed a habit, before putting her curls in paper on retiring to her bedroom, of recording her impressions of the day. The resemblance is borne out by the almost pathetic reverence Sir HENRY GREVILLE had for the *Times* of his day. He frequently does homage to the vigour and prescience of that journal, supporting his view by long quotations. Had he lived into this century my Baronite would like to have seen his face when urged to subscribe (by telephone) to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Comparison with his brother's work is inevitable. Its brilliance need not extinguish the mild effulgence of the later effort. It does not add much to the information of mankind. But it is interesting as reviving memories of events that occupied the public mind in the middle of the nineteenth century. With Sedan afar off, and the place of Chislehurst unknown on the map, it is striking to find how dominating was the figure of NAPOLEON THE THIRD at the epoch dealt with.

Monsieur JOURDAIN was genuinely and genially surprised to make discovery that he had been talking prose all his life. Sir WILFRID LAWSON is not under any mistake as to his having been writing poetry for at least forty years. His book, *Cartoons in Rhyme and Line* (FISHER UNWIN) is inscribed, "From the worst of poets to the best of wives." This modesty disarms criticism. It is understood that the Poet Laureate, in a recent article lamenting the inadequate recognition paid to the highest form of poetical art, had at the back of his mind some resentment at the success of the Lobby Laureate. That is a personal matter. My Baronite, who for full thirty years, with occasional intervals due to electoral inconstancy, has known Sir WILFRID in the House of Commons as a pungent commentator in rhyme on current political episodes, delights in this collection of his work. The lines do not always scan, and the rhymes are here and there audacious. But the genial humour, the keen insight and the directness of the commentary are delightful. Sir WILFRID has found a sympathetic collaborateur in F. C. G., who by way of illustration gives of his very best.

There is a certain place the pavement of which is proverbially said to consist of good intentions. Employing this concrete material JAMES THE SECOND only succeeded in constructing a *pons asinorum* that enabled him to escape from Great Britain to the Continent. The bridge collapsed, and the return of the Royal STUARTS, in the direct male line, was rendered impossible. Of the building and failure of this bridge, the work entitled *Adventures of King James the Second* (LONGMANS), by the author of the *Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, is an interesting account, written in a fairly impartial spirit. No Jacobite, nowadays, *can* be otherwise than justly irritated by the sheer obstinacy, self-conceit, and infirmity of principle, despite his strong religious convictions, displayed by JAMES Duke of YORK, who, on his succession to the throne, was welcomed by a majority in so hearty a manner that it proved his future success to be already three parts assured. His advisers were ill chosen, and as the Right Reverend F. A. GASQUET, the "learned Benedictine," in his cleverly written preface, points out, JAMES was imprudent, indiscreet, and, in the earlier part of his private life, unquestionably immoral. The burden of his dissolute easy-going brother's *refrain*, of which JAMES bore a small part, was, "*O les femmes, les femmes, il n'y a que ça!*" only JAMES was not for ever singing it; moreover, during his latest years he was a sincere penitent. One thing certainly is to be placed to his credit, as it was by his contemporary and friend the Earl of AILESBURY, namely, that JAMES "had nothing so much at heart as the strength and glory of the Fleet and the Navy: it was never in so high a pitch nor in so great lustre, as during the time of his administration." JAMES THE SECOND, as Duke of YORK, may be fairly reckoned as the founder of our Navy. His praise, as an administrator at the Admiralty, is sung by business-like SAMUEL PEPYS. Incidentally, too, when Duke of YORK, JAMES was in a way the precursor of Mr. CECIL RHODES as "Governor and Chairman of the Committee of Management of the Chartered African Company." On the whole, this is a most interesting book, pleasantly written, and most valuable for reference.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CHARIVARIA.

OUR War Office has at last decided to arm the Artillery. The new guns, it is said, are to be ready within two years, and we understand that a polite message has been sent to all the other Powers requesting them not to make war on us in the interim.

Herr RENAULD, a Colonel in the German Army, having stated that a war between European Powers would not cost less than £6,000,000 daily, several offers have been received from enterprising Americans—including, we are told, one from the gentleman who was responsible for the successful War Spectacle at the St. Louis Exposition—offering to do the thing for considerably less.

Mr. JOHN MORLEY, whom we had all been accustomed to look upon as a staunch Liberal, has been recommending everyone to read BYRON, and poor Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who has just published a volume of verse, is said, not without reason, to be piqued. This is the sort of treatment which drives people to drink.

"I rebel with all my soul against the phrase 'light literature,'" said Mr. HALL CAINE at a banquet last week. The delusion under which this great writer is labouring, if he supposes that the phrase is commonly applied to his own work, is rather pathetic.

We hear that Mr. HALL CAINE has been much gratified by a statement made to him by a Society lady to the effect that, until she came across his book, she had never heard of the Prodigal Son. Mr. CAINE hopes, if he be spared to us long enough, gradually to re-write the whole of the Bible. There are tons of money in the idea.

A gruesome incident is reported to us from the Law Courts. It happened just before the Vacation. The usher attached to a certain Court was dozing peacefully, when he was suddenly awakened by loud laughter. "Silence in Court!" he shouted, starting up—not knowing that it was the Judge's joke which had called forth the applause. It is thought, however, that the fellow will be re-instated.

Automobile prison-vans are to be introduced in Paris, and local criminals are already giving themselves airs.

We hear that a new series of Cookery Books is about to be published. Suggested title: The Grub Street Series.

We feel sure that the Editor of the *Daily Mail* will be sorry to hear that he has been instrumental in getting a little boy into serious trouble. In the list of suggested Christmas presents which our contemporary published the other day, under the heading "For Father" appeared "Large Bath Sponge." The youth in question followed the *Mail's* advice, and his father, who is a German gentleman, proved absurdly touchy, and the little lad is not yet able to sit down with comfort.

By the by, though it is true that a book will generally form an acceptable present, a thoroughly tactful person will not give *The Complete Motorist* to one who has just lost a leg in a motor accident.

An amusing incident, showing the rate we live at, has been brought to our notice. On the 24th of this month Father Christmas went to a bookstall and asked if any Christmas numbers were out. "Lor' bless yer, Sir, they 've mostly been sold weeks ago," said the boy to the astonished old gentleman; "only a few soiled remnants left."

A new fresco has been unveiled in the Royal Exchange. It commemorates for all times the incident of a Lord Mayor, in the reign of RICHARD THE THIRD, delivering judgment in a dispute which had arisen between the Merchant Taylors' and the Skinners' Companies as to the right of precedence. This is the kind of event whose memory a grateful nation will not easily let die.

MR. PUNCH would have hesitated to publish the following statement with regard to a recent census in Cape Colony, if it had not already appeared in the pages of a local organ which must have had opportunity for verifying its allegation: it is the *Diamond Fields Advertiser*, of Kimberley, which informs him that "the Colony will be interested to know that there are nearly 60,000 more asses in the country than in 1891."



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ABOUT TO TAKE A COLD BATH.

QUEEN SYLVIA.

CHAPTER VI.

The Queen's Christmas Party.

"YOUR Majesty," observed the Chamberlain one morning when he had been admitted to his usual audience, "has not as yet signified your wishes with regard to the Christmas festivities. There will, I presume, be no great variation from the ordinary routine. The neighbouring crowned heads are, I suppose, to receive their invitations, which they will, as is customary, decline with all respect, on the ground of prior engagements; and a Baron of Beef will be roasted whole for the immediate retainers of your Majesty. Then there will be the Christmas gifts to see to—the little packets of sixpenny and threepenny bits arranged in coloured tissue paper—and all the other details with which it is doubtless unnecessary to trouble your Majesty. And there must, of course, be——"

How much more the Chamberlain would have said I cannot tell. He was a courtier of considerable power of speech, with a fine command of many long but ordinary words arranged in sentences not remarkable for their shortness, and he had a fine rolling delivery to which he himself listened with unvarying pleasure. At this particular point, however, the Queen, greatly to his amazement, interrupted him:—

"I was thinking," she said, "of doing something quite new this year. Everybody must be tired of the old old way of doing things."

"Antiquity," said the Chamberlain stiffly, "is venerable, and we cannot lightly set aside that which the custom of years has sanctioned."

"Oh, but I shan't set it aside lightly," said SYLVIA. "I shall do it quite deliberately and very heavily, so that gets rid of your first argument. Next, please."

The Chamberlain was unaccustomed to this touch-and-go style of discussion. He felt as if things were crumbling under his feet. However, he gave a great heave and pulled himself together.

"Madam," he said, "you will do me the honour to believe that in all the counsels which I have been privileged, at your Majesty's own request, to tender to you, I have been animated solely by a desire for your Majesty's welfare."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Queen. "What then?"

"Let me then humbly advise your Majesty not to break with the custom—the ancient custom—of Christmas entertainment."

"But I'm not going to break with it," said the Queen. "I'm going to reorganise it. That's all."

"In that case," said the Chamberlain, who had spent much time in advocating a reorganisation of all the departments of state with which he was not personally concerned, "in that case I have nothing more to say. I have only to take your Majesty's gracious commands."

What the gracious commands came to was shortly this:—The old-fashioned Christmas festivities, which had been entirely confined to the Court, were abolished, though the crowned heads were to receive the usual invitations in the confident expectation that they would, as usual, make excuse for their absence. On Christmas Day the great Palace, with its grounds, was to be thrown open to the people, who were to be invited to bring their children with them, and to spend as much time as they liked there from ten in the morning till ten at night. The Queen would sit in her throne-room for two hours to hear what anybody might have to say, and at seven o'clock all the children were to have tea in vast tents which were to be set up in the park. The Commander-in-Chief of the army, the First Naval Lord, the Archbishop and the Chamberlain were to make all the necessary arrangements for ensuring comfort and order amongst the thousands who might be expected to attend. At nine o'clock in the evening the Queen would, by pressing an electric button, light a gigantic Christmas tree in the centre of the park, and at ten o'clock everybody was expected to go away. One point I had almost forgotten—grown-ups were only to be admitted if accompanied by children. Any grown-up, therefore, who didn't happen to have children of his or her own would have to take charge of some for the day.

The resolution of the Queen was promptly made known by proclamation, and it naturally excited a great deal of discussion. As the day approached it was realised that the plan bade fair to be a striking success, and even those who, either from conservative prejudice or from an ingrained dislike for Christmas festivals, had at the outset expressed disapproval of it began to be enthusiastic in its favour, most of them going so far as to claim the credit of having initiated the idea.

Everybody who has read the Chronicles of Hinterland compiled by the Historiographer General will remember the glowing pages in which he gives an account of these novel festivities, and celebrates the wisdom of the young Queen who had planned and arranged them.

"Nothing," he declares, "was left to chance. Every swing-boat and every merry-go-round had been tested by her Majesty and her principal Ministers on the previous day. The regimental bands played their very best in various parts of the park. The ventriloquial entertainments were refined but amusing, and the performing dogs, having played the parts allotted to them, were fed by her Majesty's own hand." Everything, in fact, went off splendidly. One incident, however, the writer does not record. As it bears upon this story I must relate it here.

The Queen had been sitting in the throne-room for an hour and had taken much pleasure in an orderly procession of school-children headed by clergymen of various denominations, when there was a sudden scuffle at the entrance to the room, and a bearded, broad-shouldered man, breaking through the military guard, advanced boldly to the middle of the room. The officer of the guard hurried after him with his sword drawn:

"Your Majesty," he said, placing himself in front of the intruder, "this man has broken the rules. He has no child with him. We sought to stop him, but he insisted on coming. Shall he be conducted to the dungeon?"

"What have you to say?" said SYLVIA, addressing the man, who was standing harmlessly enough before her.

The man looked at her and sighed, and then he spoke:

"I'm a seafaring man, your Majesty. Many a year I've been away from here and only just returned. I had a little girl once—much your own age she'd be now, but I can't find her, and I thought she might be here. I mean no harm, but pray don't send me out."

"Permit him to stay," said SYLVIA to the officer.

"God bless your gentle heart!" said the bearded man very loudly, and, though the Chamberlain was shocked, the Queen herself smiled with pleasure.

"The Disraeli Family."

"WHAT Latin motto would you have chosen, Sir, for the founder of the DISRAELI family?" asked MONTAGU CORRY, when Private Secretary to Lord BEACONSFIELD, of his master.

"A popular one," replied his Lordship, "would be, *Ex uno Dizzy omnes.*'"

[*Anecdote not included in the articles on this subject now appearing in the "Times."*

LIBERTY HALL.—"Mrs. —— wants a General Servant (not expected to wash)."—*Devizes and Wiltshire Gazette.*

LACRIMÆ RERUM.

[The Supreme Court of Tennessee recently decided that an advocate has the right to shed tears for the purpose of influencing a verdict, adding, "Indeed, if counsel has them at command it may seriously be questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever occasion arises." In view of the interesting developments to which this principle, when appreciated at its full value, is likely to give rise, *Mr. Punch* is fortunate in being able to publish in advance the following law report of the year 1920.]

Moss v. *Weeper*.—This was an action brought by MALACHI MOSS, company promoter, against WILLIAM WEEPER, K.C., for professional negligence. The plaintiff alleged that the defendant—being an advocate of notorious hysterical ability in general, and having in particular one week previously secured the acquittal of PHŒBE PICKUP, kleptomaniac, by such a tempest of tears as had rendered him incoherent for three quarters of his defence—had neglected to employ his proper talents in a similar way on behalf of the plaintiff, whereby to his prejudice the true facts of the case, undisguised by emotion, were allowed to influence the jury, the plaintiff in the result being mulcted in heavy damages for misrepresentation.

For the defence it was pleaded—(1) That the defendant was not a person of such lachrymose brilliance as alleged, a number of his past speeches being read in support of the statement, and certainly proving dull and dry enough; (2) That, in the case of PHŒBE PICKUP cited, the appearances which had so affected the Court as to secure an acquittal were entirely due to his having taken a pinch of what the defendant believed to be a mixture of rappee and cayenne pepper from the snuff-box of the leader of the circuit—whose success with juries he now at last understood. (3) That, even if he were of the emotional temperament alleged, the case of Mr. Moss was not one in which tears were obligatory, it having been held in *Shem* v. *Phlegm* (JUGGINS, J.) that no counsel need do more than sniff when demonstrating the guilelessness of a city financier; and (4) That, in the course of his defence, he did so sniff on three several occasions—notably when appealing for sympathy for the destitute condition of the plaintiff, consequent upon the settlement of his whole estate upon his wife prior to the commencement of the action.

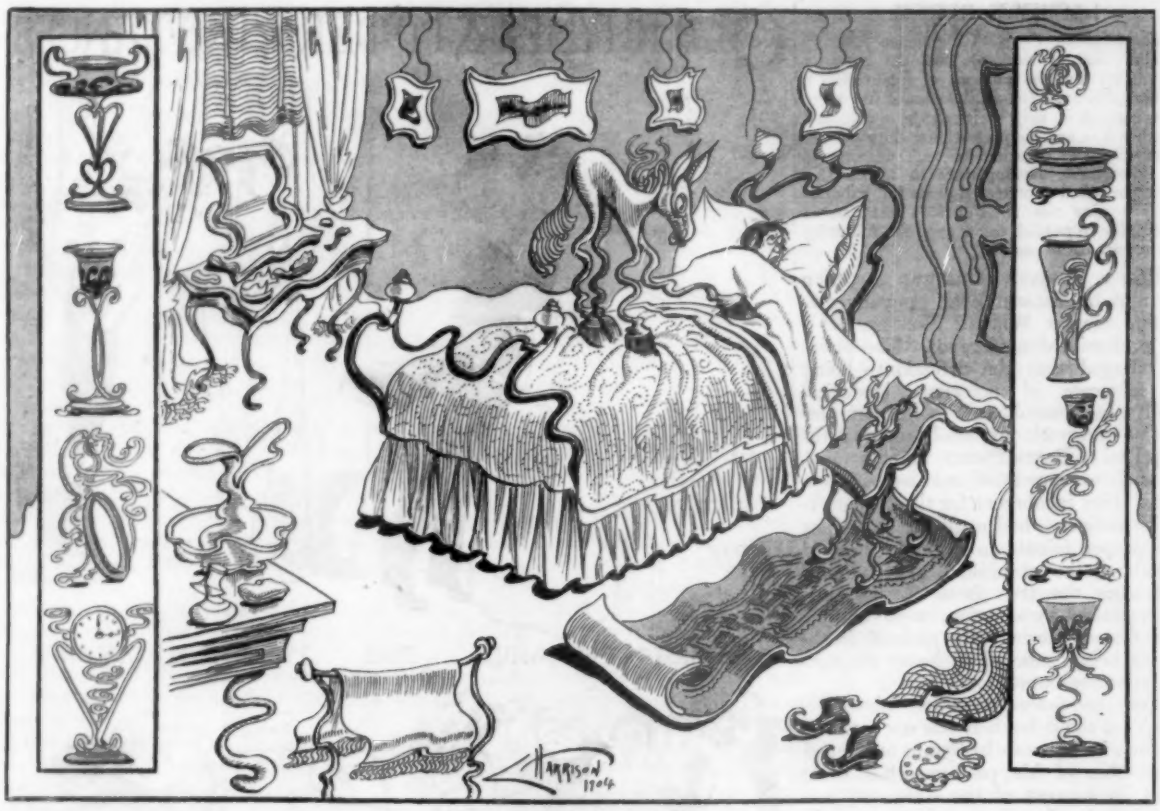
Mr. Justice SOMB, in giving judgment, pointed out that all that *Shem* v. *Phlegm* laid down was that in certain cases a sniff was adequate if counsel was incapable of tears. The judgment was many years old, and dealt with a situation now happily rare. His own experience was that the latter-day advocate was capable of anything short of epilepsy, if needed to gain a verdict. The only question, therefore, was whether the defendant in the present action was an exception to this honourable rule. The validity of his plea seemed to him to be entirely destroyed by the defendant's own admission as to the efficacy of artificial stimulants to sensibility. Exhibitions of distress due to pepper and other provocatives might not be of the highest kind, but they were eminently serviceable, and it was obvious that such distress might be just as genuine as that produced by apprehension for a client. With means of this kind within his reach the duty of an advocate was clear, and judgment must be for the plaintiff, but he would allow the defendant to address the Court further in mitigation of damages.

Mr. WEEPER rose feebly and, supporting himself on the shoulder of his Junior, swallowed audibly several times amid a tense silence, broken only by a woman's hysterical moan in the gallery. As soon as he was able to control his emotion it coursed down his cheeks, whilst he made a heart-rending appeal on behalf of his wife and family, culminating in a storm of sobs of such paroxysmal violence as to bring on a species of seizure, necessitating his removal in the ambulance.

The learned Judge, who had been for some time furtively crying into his inkpot, entered judgment for one farthing, and ordered an adjournment whilst the Court dried.

OLD RHYMES & MODERN INSTANCES





A WARNING.

JONES HAS BEEN BUYING SUCH A LOT OF L'ART NOUVEAU ORNAMENTS, ETC., FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, THAT HE HAS QUITE A CURLY NIGHTMARE.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

(*With acknowledgments to the "Lady's World."*)

BAYSWATER.—Your little love tale reads very easily, and is prettily told, despite occasional mistakes. For instance, your hero, "an Oxbridge man and Fellow of St. Boniface," says in Chap. II. "I'll learn him who's who." This is a clumsy sentence, and should be modified. "I will show him that I am far from being the sort of man who is in the habit of taking it lying down" would, I think, be better.

BELLA.—You have still a good deal to learn before you will be able to write a story of Glasgow life that will pass muster. Would it not be a good plan to go to Scotland for a week-end and study the language and customs of the natives? "Benthehoose" is not the name of a mountain, and I don't think gentlemen go about Glasgow in kilts saying, "Tits laddie," and "Hoot awa."

ROSEMARY.—*The Curse of Tregaskis* bristles with faults. Take this sentence: "Sir ALLAN loudly blew his nose with his handkerchief to hide his emotion." Why handkerchief? Surely this might be understood from a gentleman in Sir ALLAN'S position. Then again the following seems to want a little clearing up. (Chap. XLI.)—"The house was a large one standing in its own grounds built when ELIZABETH was Queen when men had more time to think of beautiful things surrounded by a moat containing superb examples of the armour of the period whose walls at the time we write were fast crumbling to decay." You can, I am sure, do better work than this.

IMOGEN.—In future please write on one side of the paper only; that is, if you feel you *must* write. Modern young men do not say "erstwhile" or "peradventure" in ordinary conversation. I do not think the servant girl in your story could consistently make use of the expressions "Oh, lawks!" and "*savoir faire*" in one and the same sentence, and your hero "well-groomed as usual in frock-coat, pearl-grey trousers, and immaculate bowler," would not, I am sure, have created quite the kind of impression in Piccadilly that you intended.

SHOPPING BY POST.

FROM MESSRS. AMPLE & CO., UNIVERSAL PURVEYORS.

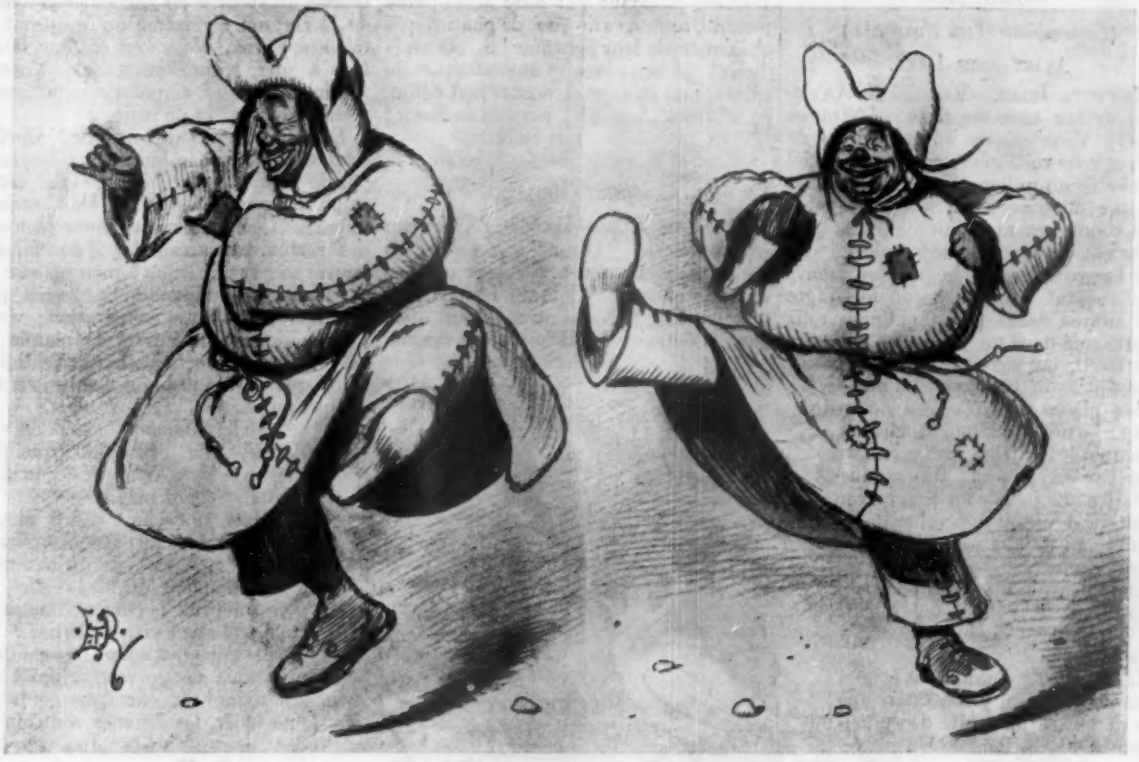
Tottenham and other Courts Supplied.

(ALIGHT AT GOWER STREET.)

MADAM,—In reply to your favour we beg to say that we are forwarding the motor omnibus and the sugar-tongs to your esteemed order, and hope they will come to hand safely. The sideboard and the two gimlets are not yet quite ready, but we trust you will not be inconvenienced by our omitting to send them with the mangle and the wineglass to match your pattern, both delivered last week at your house. We regret that you have overlooked the latter. It was securely tied to the mangle with strong string, for safety in conveyance, and we feel sure that, on carefully looking again, you will find at least the string. With respect to your inquiry for kitchen ranges and crochet cotton, we will deliver at once on your telling us the quantity and sizes required.

Your obedient servants,

AMPLE & CO.



WHAT ON EARTH ARE "NOMAD JIGITS"? ARE THEY ANYTHING LIKE THIS?

["According to intelligence received from Urga, Japanese agents disguised as wandering Lamas are inciting the Nomad Jigits to destroy the Trans-Siberian Railway and blow up the icebreakers on Lake Baikal. It is stated, however, that the Jigits have refused to act." —*Westminster Gazette.*]

A STUDY IN EMOTIONAL COSTUMES.

We met at tea-time's witching hour,
When buttered crumpets breathed of peace;
Upon her breast a purple flower
Set off a robe of pale cerise;
"The garb," I mused, "denotes a clinging mood:
Propose to her, my boy, she 's dying to be wooed!"

But when I gazed at her and sighed
She never looked the least put-out,
But anxiously observed that I 'd
"Been growing positively stout."
The accusation gave my hopes the lie;
Perhaps her costume erred, perhaps my prentice eye.

I met her in the ball-room's glare:
She wore an orange *crêpe de chine*,
With rose kroumeskis here and there,
And ruched with bows of apple-green.
The whole effect was just a trifle warm;
"Now is your time," I said, "to take the girl by storm!"

I sought a well-secluded seat,
And heard her whisper in my ear,
"I haven't had a thing to eat!
Take me to supper, there 's a dear!"
I mentioned LOVE: she said (and ah! it hurt),
"Don't be a goose: I 'm here to feed and not to flirt!"

I called (her sire was out of town)
And found her reading HENRY JAMES;
She wore a crimson Empire gown,
Trimmed round the edge with whatshisnames.
An amorous languor that enhanced the whole
Revealed, I thought, the yearning passion of the soul.

But when I bent above her chair
She seemed to feel no answering thrill;
I heaved a groan of mute despair:
She laughed and asked if I was ill:
Her callous mood my inspiration damped,
I said "Good-bye" (like that) and hastily decamped.

And then one day I met her in
The railway train: we were alone;
She wore a coat of sable skin
Over a skirt of sombre tone.
I pined to speak the word, but her attire
Seemed to betray a mood ill-timed to my desire.

But when I urged some trivial jest
She smiled with such pathetic eyes
That something took me in the chest,
And, to my own intense surprise,
I seized her hand, and with a chaste caress
Cried, "Lovely one, be mine!"—and she said, "ALBERT! Yes!"

AVANT ET APRÈS "L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

(Impressions d'un Français.)

AVANT (VERS 1900).

MON CHER JULES,—Me voici en Angleterre depuis trois semaines. L'étrange pays! Vous passez un petit bras de mer, et vous voilà tout-à-coup sous un ciel de plomb, au milieu d'une foule d'êtres placides aux traits figés. Sur le paquebot déjà commença mon initiation à la politique envahissante de ce peuple enragé. Dès l'embarquement, le pont se trouva pris d'assaut par une horde de viragos aux allures décidées, au chignon roux emprisonné dans un petit filet. En un clin d'œil, on s'était installé, on avait fait main basse sur les meilleures places et, au milieu de ce camp fortifié, dressé l'étendard britannique! Ah! la race colonisatrice par excellence! Une timide tentative que je fis pour m'emparer d'un siège vacant, me valut de la part d'une de ces aimables amazones, sorte de géante toute en dents, et musclée à faire peur, un regard! . . . mais un regard . . . qui disait clairement: "N'y revenez pas!"

L'air retentit aussitôt du jargon britannique. On y constatait une fois de plus l'infériorité des populations d'Outre-Manche. Un gentleman en complet à carreaux leur reprocha vertement leurs vices innombrables, leur manque de sangfroid, leur laisser-aller choquant.

"Du reste," releva sa puritaine moitié, "que pouvez-vous attendre d'un peuple si peu adonné aux ablutions? La décadence est leur partage, c'est clair. Et cette cuisine de dégénérés. Rien qui ne soit déguisé, manipulé, falsifié!" (Ah ça, par exemple, leur cuisine, à eux! très franche, en effet, ignoble régime de barbares, indigne d'un peuple cultivé.)

* * * * *

Dans ce pays, on ne constate votre existence qu'après due présentation: on daigne alors vous faire subir le petit interrogatoire que voici: quand vous êtes arrivé en Angleterre, combien de temps vous vous proposez d'y passer, et si vous préférez ce pays à la France. Gardez-vous bien de faire ce dernier choix, de peur d'être taxé d'excentricité. Puis on vous lâche: voilà tout l'esprit que vous pouvez tirer de ces rustres, aux membres d'une longueur démesurée, et qui passent leur temps à jouer au "*crickett*" et au "*footbal*." J'enrage! Je vois d'ici comment je vais m'accommoder de la morgue glaciale de ces insulaires. Ah! mon cher, vois-tu, rien de plus lugubre que les Anglais! ennuyeuse à périr leur fameuse correction! Monstrueuse leur insociabilité! Tout me provoque ici: cette atmosphère pesante, ce je ne sais quoi de pharisaïque qui émane de leur personne! . . . Grands dieux! je sens venir une attaque de spleen, mal étrange et encore mal défini. Je m'arrête. . . . . Ah! pays de malheur!

Ton infortuné

EMILE.

APRÈS (1904).

MON CHER JULES,—Me voici de nouveau en Angleterre. Dieux! que les temps ont changé! et quel revirement étrange s'est fait en moi! Entouré, fêté, accablé de civilités, je tiens avant tout, mon cher, à détruire la fâcheuse impression que j'ai dû te laisser sur ce pays hospitalier entre tous. Des boutades, mon ami, de simples boutades sans portée! Se laisser aveugler à ce point! N'en parlons plus. Prodigieux les Anglais! Race arriviste par excellence. Notons: stage indispensable à faire en Angleterre à qui veut s'inspirer des traditions qui conduisent à la conquête du monde. Ah! les mauvais plaisants ont eu leur temps! Placides, lourds, prosaïques, les Anglais?—Permettez, philosophes au plus haut degré. "Inertie intellectuelle," déclare l'observateur superficiel; philosophie des philosophies, proclame le psychologue éclairé. Oui, sagesse des sagesses que de comprendre "qu'il ne faut pas comprendre." Le beau prestige que d'être passés-maîtres dans l'art de la discussion et de l'analyse à outrance! le bel avantage que d'avoir l'esprit encombré de tout un fatras de notions contradictoires! Mais voyez-les donc: équipés d'une manière plus rationnelle dans la lutte pour l'existence, ils l'ont emporté sur nous. Morale: Pour commencer, faisons du sport, c'est leur école suprême de la vie; on s'y exerce au sangfroid à toute épreuve. Voyez cet orateur faire face à une séance orageuse. Voyez, fendant les foules, ce policeman au geste plein d'ampleur et de majesté!

Et quelle hospitalité courtoise! Quelle correction parfaite! Jamais de collisions. Quelle noble réserve! Rien de cette emphase de mauvais goût. Une sereine impartialité et, pour couronner le tout, des vertus patriarcales!! J'en faisais l'autre soir la remarque à mon hôtesse.

"Monsieur," répondit-elle, "voilà qui fait honneur à votre pénétration; vous avez toujours passé pour le peuple le plus intelligent de la terre. Il y a quatre ans, pendant mon séjour en France. . . ."

"Ah! Madame!" m'écriai-je alarmé, "de grâce; si quelque chose vous y a offusquée, j'en fais pénitence à vos pieds!"

"Mais, Monsieur! pas le moins du monde, bien au contraire. Votre charme! Votre parfait naturel! Votre abandon exquis! Ah! le goût français! la cuisine française! Quel art! on ne vit qu'à Paris! . . ."

Elle s'éloigna, suivie de ses filles, une vraie déesse accompagnée de ses nymphes; car dans ce pays, mon cher, les femmes sont toutes des déesses: des Junons, des Dianes, des Minerves à la démarche assurée, aux membres assouplis, aux allures indomptées. C'en est fait, je suis conquis! Qu'on me reprenne à chanter le piquant et le chiffonné de nos Parisiennes. Absurdes et perverses, ces créatures trébuchantes et languissantes! N'oublie pas de conseiller à toutes les mères de notre connaissance de faire prendre à leurs filles un cours de "*crickett*" et de "*footbal*." Absolument essentiel à l'esthétique et à l'éthique féminines.

Ton vieil ami,

EMILE.



The Crowned Crane (to the Spoonbill). "ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU PUT UP YOUR HAIR, MY DEAR?"

ACCORDING to a special correspondent of the *Daily Dispatch*, the wolf which has been providing such capital sport in the North of England has been "distinctly seen by no fewer than seven people engaged pulling turnips in a field." (These would, of course, go admirably with his usual meal of mutton.) The writer goes on to say: "I have questioned two of them, and have no reason to doubt their veracity." Whether his enquiries were addressed to the "people" or to the "turnips" it is impossible to say; but we understand that, in either case, the Russian Embassy has no information on the matter.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

PROUD maiden, I ask no returning
Of such little gifts as I sent;
The letters are fittest for burning,
Not meaning the thing that they meant.
The gloves and the scent and the brooches,
The sweetmeats, the small vinaigrette,
I leave with unuttered reproaches,
For you to recall or forget.

There 's a pouch that you broidered and brought me,
If you wish I 'll return it to you;
And a box of cigars that you bought me,
I only could tackle a few.
The weeds I will gladly surrender,
They 'll do for some other sad swain;
But the poems I sent you—the tender
Sweet sonnets—I want them again.

You remember the ode true and simple
Addressed to your firm little nose?
And the sonnet induced by a dimple,
And the rondeau I sent with a rose?
You remember the dainty effusion
That said I would die at your feet?—
It may have been all a delusion,
But I think the expression was neat.

I haven't a copy, and therefore
I hope you will kindly restore
These things you no longer will care for—
Because I may use them once more.
I soon may again be affected
To utter emotions in rhyme,
And really I can't be expected
To pen a new poem each time.



SENSIBLE CHILD.

"WELL, JACKY, AND DID YOU HANG UP YOUR STOCKING FOR SANTA CLAUS TO FILL?"
"NO. I HANGED UP MUVVER'S!"

BACK-END RESOLUTIONS.

(*For* 1904—*or what remains of it.*)

IN case any readers with treacherous memories have omitted at the beginning of the current year to frame the usual Model Resolves, a provisional list of the same may be of use, though it is considerably past the eleventh hour. However, a reference to the calendar will show that there are still some ninety-six hours, waking and sleeping, for the following Pious Aspirations to be put into practice:

Not to oversleep myself more than four times.

To be called at day-break (N.B., the sun rises after 8 A.M. these few days).

To limit myself to sixteen, or, at most, twenty meals for the rest of the year, and to refrain from eating unripe fruit in the kitchen garden.

Not to squander money in visiting the Royal Academy, the Derby, the Lord Mayor's Show, or *The Wife without a Smile.*

Not to waste time in attending regattas, cricket matches, tennis tournaments and garden parties.

To purchase, and keep (by me) a diary and cash account, if possible, to the end of the year.

To abstain from paying income-tax, rent, rates and similar impositions within the same period.

Not to over-indulge in grouse-shooting, salmon-fishing, butterfly-catching or bird's-nesting any further in 1904, but strictly to attend to business (if I have any).

To impress, at any rate upon my wife and family (if I am married and have descendants), the moral duty and beauty of keeping these excellent resolutions.

Repentant backsliders, it is to be hoped, will make a note of the above suggestions, which have been carefully graded, *pro hâc vice*, to suit the most irresolute temperament. This is their last chance, and there will be no later offer.

N.B.—*À propos* of the above article, *Mr. Punch* understands, on the best of authority, that there will be no General Election this year.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR.

THEOBALD PINES-PUTNAM—Gipsy, Poet, Novelist, Critic and Chaperon. With numerous maps, plans, facsimiles, &c. By JOHN DELVER. London: ODDER AND ODDER. £2 2*s. net.*

In the whole history of secrecy nothing is more charming than Mr. JOHN DELVER'S quiet mole-like preparation of this colossal book. Day after day, night after night, he was at The Pomes, West Ealing, in the company of England's two most illustrious intellects. His conversations with Mr. PINES-PUTNAM were endless, ranging back to his early manhood, when, regardless of rheumatism, he read poetry seated on wet rocks. No question was too intimate for Mr. JOHN DELVER to put or the scholar-gipsy to answer, although why Mr. JOHN DELVER should be so much interested in "poor little me" (as the great man phrased it) he could not understand. Yet such is the inherent humility of genius that Mr. PINES-PUTNAM had no notion of what these visits portended, and when the first copy of the work was laid upon the breakfast table and Mr. PINES-PUTNAM, all unsuspecting, cut the string, his astonishment was beyond description. It was the very renascence of wonder and surprise.—"Claudius Clear" in the *British Weekly*.

The old saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men is no longer true, thanks to Mr. JOHN DELVER'S masterly and exhaustive work.—"A Man of Kent" in the *British Weekly*.

We cannot be too grateful to Mr. JOHN DELVER for this protest against the old and effete custom of waiting for a man's death before commencing his biography. Anything more illogical could not be imagined; it is as though one did not present one's cup to the fountain until the spring was dry. For years have biographers been misunderstanding their duties; Mr. JOHN DELVER comes forward to show them the new way. He is the new BOSWELL, with this advantage over his dilatory predecessor that he strikes while the iron is hot, and does not tarry until his JOHNSON is no more.—*The Expositor*.

One of the most deeply fascinating chapters describes the long and intimate friendship of the poet-chaperon and the novelist Mr. ALF ABEL, upon whom, we understand, a similar work is now in preparation. Indeed, when we think of the treats in store for lovers of literature we can hardly sit still.—"Lorna" in the *British Weekly*.

Readers of the book will have a few disappointments. It is not long enough (there are only 863 pages); there is little about Mr. SWINBURNE in it; and the novelist-critic would not allow Mr. DELVER to describe his (the novelist-critic's) appearance. Hence we have only the contradiction of a less enthusiastic commentator who had called his dark-brown eyes green. However, the photograph of Mr. PINES-PUTNAM and his life-long friend GEORGE BORROW, each looking out of the window of a gipsy caravan, is among the triumphs of the illustrator's art.—*British Weekly* (Editorial).

LATE AFTERNOON.

HERE in the back streets there is a vague charm about the colourless winter afternoon. The low grey houses and the modest semi-private shops with their tiny square windows harmonise strangely with the dull grey sky which weighed so oppressively upon the larger scale of things in the main road. The little bootmaker's shanty opposite, with its hanging sign of a melancholy half-leg in a scarlet top-boot, looks as though it has never heard of such words as hurry and enterprise. A little further down three small boys have clambered up the low wall fronting one of the houses and are clinging to the railings, the whole of their little minds concentrated in garrulous wonder upon the circumscribed travels of two gold-fish about a bowl in the window. For the rest the street is deserted, save for an indistinct figure seated in a low chair outside the little furniture-dealer's at the corner.

I walk slowly to the top of the street, glancing as I pass at the figure in the chair. It is a short grey-haired man in a much soiled serge suit. His hands are folded in his lap, affording a view of a pair of grey-fringed shirt-cuffs; his feet are crossed and drawn up beneath the chair, as he sits motionless, gazing straight before him across the road with a dull, vacant stare. From an open cut beneath one eye a little rivulet of blood has trickled down his cheek, and winding a devious course over a scrubby grey moustache has become lost to view beneath a dirty frayed collar.

As I take stock of him, a figure in shirt-sleeves strolls casually out of the furniture-shop and looks listlessly round the street. Suddenly his eye, following mine, becomes intent and indignant as it lights upon the object of my interest.

"'Ullo," he observes pointedly.

The seated man, without moving a muscle, continues to stare vacantly at the low grey line of houses opposite.

"I don't remember invitin' you ter sit down in that there chair," says the furniture-dealer sarcastically.

The visionary in the chair takes not the smallest notice. There is a pause while the furniture-dealer regards him with mingled astonishment and indignation. At length he speaks again.

"Make yerself comfertable," he suggests with satirical bitterness. "Don't let *me* disturb yer."

The seated man remains as though in a trance. This scrupulous adherence to his advice appears to exasperate the furniture-dealer. He turns to me.

"Wot is this 'ere country a-comin' to!" he demands fervently. "We'd better all become Russians an' 'ave done with it."

I do my best to appear overwhelmed by the logic of this cryptic utterance. The recognition of my support seems somewhat to soothe his indignation; he turns to the unconscious instrument of Russian ambitions.

"Why didn't yer drop me a 'alfpenny postcard?" he inquires with mordant jocosity. "I'd 'ave 'ad the chair covered in cloth o' gold."

By this time a little group of onlookers have gathered outside the shop—a stolid-looking man with his hands buried in flap-pockets, a very large lady and a very small girl carrying a washing-basket between them at a steep angle, the three little boys who had been watching the gold-fish, and a preoccupied man with a dripping brush, who has succeeded somehow in whitewashing the small of his own back and is now making a rather patchy job of my boots.

I venture diffidently to point this out, whereupon he thanks me and, with a chatty motion of his head towards the still unmoved man in the chair, announces his opinion that what we have before us is a dramer in reel life. Finding this well received he stoops suddenly, and resting his brush carefully upside down against a yellow chest of drawers marked STYLE approaches the visionary and shakes him by the shoulders with kindly vigour.

"'Ere, BILL!" he cries briskly.

No answer or movement from the visionary.

"'ARREE!" conjectures Whitewash. "GEORGE! TED! SID!"

Still no answer or movement from the visionary.

"The pore man 's ill," remarks the lady with the elevated end of the washing-basket.

"*You're* ill," observes the furniture-dealer curtly.

"The man 's ill," repeats the lady aggressively. "Look at 'is eye. Why can't yer let 'im be?"

"I'll let *you* be," retorts the furniture-dealer. "Willing," and approaches the chair.

"'E ain't doin' no 'arm settin' there, is 'e?" demands the lady, becoming more indignant. "Why can't yer—Oh, yer great brute! Ain't yer got no 'eart?"

The furniture-dealer has suddenly tilted the chair from the back, and the



Lady Visitor. "I SEE YOU STILL HAVE POOR OLD BINGO."
Fair Widow. "YES. I WOULDN'T PART WITH HIM ON ANY ACCOUNT. I NEVER LOOK AT HIM WITHOUT THINKING OF POOR DEAR MARMADUKE!"

visionary is now standing upright, propped by the timely arm of the whitewasher. Even now he shows no sign of returning animation. The lady of the washing-basket has raised her voice an octave higher.

"Ain't you ashamed o' yerself!" she declaims. "Turnin' a pore man out wot 's ill an' cut 'is eye! Oh yer great brute!"

The furniture-dealer has turned on her.

"D'yer wanter buy any furniture?" he demands.

"*Me!*" exclaims the lady, delighted with the opening. "*Me* buy yer furniture? Thank yer, I'm perticler about *my* things."

"All right, then," returns the man crisply. "Git."

"White-livered 'ound!" exclaims the impotent lady.

"Don't you worry about *my* liver," returns the furniture dealer, with exhilaration. "I can take care o' *my* liver all right. Better than some people, p'raps."

"Ho," retorts the lady, with merciless sarcasm. "You *look* as if you could."

Meanwhile the whitewashed gentleman, to the intense interest of the piscatorial boys, has propped the visionary against the wall beside the shop and is carefully wiping the blood from his cheek with a handkerchief to which the lady of the basket might well turn her attention. Now and then he desists in order to clap his hands in front of the still vacant face of his *protégé*, with alternate inquiries as to his name and his address. A few feet away the gentleman of the flap-pockets watches these operations with an air of *blasé* indifference.

Suddenly a hush of interest falls upon the party. The visionary, still leaning against the wall, has found his voice.

"'Ave yer got a gun?"

For the moment Whitewash seems taken aback by this inquiry. The visionary turns a vacant eye upon the gentleman of the flap-pockets.

"'Ave yer got a gun?" he repeats.

"No, I ain't," returns Flap-pockets, without excitement.

"Wot d' yer want a gun for?" inquires Whitewash, recovering himself.

"I want ter shoot a bloke," observes the visionary, still gazing dreamily at Flap-pockets. "'Ave yer got a gun?"

Flap-pockets expectorates with a sideways movement of the head.

"You ain't allowed ter do that," he responds dispassionately—"not 'ere."

The visionary receives this item of information with resignation.

"Wot 's this 'ere place?" he inquires slowly.

"Fulham," responds Flap-pockets impassively.

For a while the visionary ruminates without stirring. Then he slowly moves his back from the wall and looks absently upon the group.

"Or ri," he says with a preoccupied air. "Gooraftернoon," and buttoning his jacket walks quietly off round the corner.

"Takes 'imself fer Admiral Togo, I should think," observes the furniture-dealer obscurely, and retires, reminiscently disgustful, into his shop.

Gradually the little group dissolves. The grey light is waning into dusk, and the street is empty save for the piscatorial boys, who still hover at a short distance from the corner, clinging to a vain hope that something may yet happen.



THE EFFECTS OF BRIDGE ON THE RISING GENERATION.

Master Tom (discontented with the size of his portion). "I DOUBLE PUDDING!"

TRAGEDY.

You that of late were privileged to hear
How I had doffed the cloke of evil-doing
For Virtue's thin yet plausible veneer,
To charm my DELIA when I went a-wooing,—
Mark how the false gods till th' eleventh hour
Smiled, and then, sneering, cast me down to grapple
With wounds that mock the staying flagon's power,
And quite ignore the comfortable apple.

I had not told my love—oh, was it wrong?—
For, though I found her all my fancy painted,
I thought it better not to go too strong,
As we had been but recently acquainted;
Wiser it seemed to let the thought take root
In her young mind; to let the ice get broken;
Essay my fortunes at the Christmas shoot,
And trust the gods to keep her unbespoken.

Full thrice the sequent moons had waxed and waned,
Yet there had come no noise of rival wooer;
And the wan star of Hope had risen, and gained
A crescent brightness as the days grew fewer;
Now had I seen the final day but one;
My qualms of jealousy had ceased to rack me;
When down my colours tumbled with a run
Just as my confidence had reached its acme.

O waste, waste, waste, irrevocable waste!
O labour lost and tardily repented!
I do not cavil at the lady's taste;
It 's painful, but it 's not unprecedented;
But to be fooled—deluded from the start—
Basely deceived, and vilely brought to ruin!—
What of my struggles with the vocal art?
What about all those clothes I bought to woo in?

These are the thoughts that pale a person's cheeks.
But worse, oh worse beyond all computation,
I hold the memory of those tedious weeks
Squandered in moral rehabilitation!
Does it not thaw the heart, however hard?
Does it not give the soul, however steely, a
Pang, to recall those bursts for ever barred?
May you be sorry for it some day, DELIA

O reader, reader, what a dole is mine
After three dreary months of dreary labour
In walks which certainly are not my line,
Scorned by my friends, a nuisance to my neighbour,
Just when my fears of rivalry were dead,
Just as I thought that I was out of danger,
DELIA, the Prize, the girl I hoped to wed,
Has got affianced to a total stranger! DUM-DUM.

REACTIONARY CHANGE OF NAME.—Sultan MULEY ABDUL AZIZ will now be known as Moor Muley-than-ever Abdul Azwaz.



PEACE ON EARTH.

"IF I ONLY KNEW THE COUNTERSIGN!"



THE WATER TEST.

Whip (bringing on tail hounds, in the rear of the field). "HULLOAH! WHO 'VE YOU GOT THERE?"
Runner (who has just assisted sportsman out of a muddy ditch). "DUNNO. CAN'T TELL TILL WE 'VE WASHED 'IM DOWN A BIT!"

THE LATEST EPIDEMIC.

STIMULATED by the example of Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT, M.P., who has composed two Free Trade songs, "D'ye ken BOB PEEL?" and "Stamp, stamp, stamp upon Protection," quite a number of distinguished politicians and public characters have burst into topical verse. Owing to the stringent laws of copyright we are unfortunately only able to give very brief quotations, but even so they will, we think, inspire our readers to make further and fuller acquaintance with these modern masterpieces.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's contribution to this Christmas chorus of song takes the form of a charming little Elizabethan madrigal. It is addressed "To a fair Confectioner," and the first line (referring doubtless to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's significant silence on the Sugar question in his recent Limehouse speech) runs as follows:

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind.

Mr. BALFOUR has modelled his latest effusion on a well-known unrhymed piece by CHARLES LAMB—"The Old Familiar Faces." It begins in a vein of touching retrospect:

I have had colleagues, I have had companions,
In the days when I was a child in the matter of free imports,
But all, or at any rate a large proportion, are now gone of the old familiar faces.

Mr. C. A. PEARSON strikes a more resonant and confident note in his fine ballad, "The Journalists of England":

Ye journalists of England,
Our Empire's strongest link,
Whose quills have stained unnumbered reams
With patriotic ink;
Your glorious *Standard* launch again
To guard our peerless JOE, &c.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON is now as ever unflinchingly loyal to his crusade against intemperance, and turns the tables on BEN JONSON, the mighty toper of the "Mermaid," by borrowing the form of one of his most famous songs to preach the virtues of abstinence:—

A GREAT INDUCEMENT.

Drink to me *only* with thine eyes!
Grant but this boon, and I'm
Prepared to swear that I'll abstain
Teetotally from rhyme.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, who, it may not be generally known, is a most diligent and sympathetic student of BROWNING, sends the following genial effort in discipleship:—

'Tis the season of fog,
The weather 's a beast,
But we 're jogging along,
HARRY MARKS sits for Thanet,
There 's a new Golliwogg,
E. T. HOOLEY 's released,
HALL CAINE 's going strong,
All 's right with this planet!

Our next specimen is from the gifted pen of Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, and recalls in its unstudied simplicity the rhymes we learned at our mother's knee:

Little JACK HORNER sate in his corner,
Working eight hours a day.
But a bounty-fed alien, a dumping Westphalian,
Came and frightened JACK HORNER away.

Lastly, the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, in a fine outburst of lyrical frenzy, predicts the triumph of the Cobdenite cause, his last quatrain running as under:

If we have freedom in our trade,
And get our imports free,
Angels alone in bliss arrayed
Enjoy such liberty.

The White Slave Traffic.

Another Horrible Revelation.

"BOILED Starch WOMAN Wanted for Regatta Shirts, &c."—*The Londonderry Sentinel.*

MORE CABMEN CRITICS.

[Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, in the *London Argus* describes his conversations with a cabman who frequently drives him to rehearsals and concerts, and has proved himself to be a most accomplished musical critic.]

ODDLY enough Mr. SARGENT and Mr. HEWLETT have also each had somewhat similar experiences with cabmen critics of late.

Mr. HEWLETT's driver was conveying him from Leather Lane to the Italian Circus. "Pardon me," he remarked through the little door in the roof during a prolonged block in Oxford Street, "pardon me, Sir, but do you think you have said enough for the view from Fiesole in your *The Road in Tuscany?*"

Mr. HEWLETT agreed that perhaps the subject was susceptible of enlarged treatment.

"And another thing," said the driver, "me and the missus was a good deal troubled after we had finished the *Queen's Quair* by thinking about BOTHWELL's end. You don't say what became of J. B. Now wouldn't a little appendix chapter winding everybody up—in the way CHARLES DICKENS used to do—have been a good thing? What did become of BOTHWELL anyhow?"

"BOTHWELL——" said Mr. HEWLETT; but at this moment the cab ran into a dray.

Mr. SARGENT's driver was a more constructive critic.

"What you want, Sir," he said genially one day, as he cracked his whip at a small boy, "is a better knowledge of the nood. Now I've got some studies at home which I can lend you that will put you right in the matter of harms and legs."

Sure enough, the next time Mr. SARGENT hailed the cab the driver produced the portfolio and handed it to the master.

"Don't ask me to drive you to the R.A.," he said. "Don't ask me to do that. Let it be the New English Art Club! Anything but Burlington 'Ouse."

"That 's a nice little thing of yours at the New English," he continued, when at last the horse had been induced to start. "I like the handling of the bedclothes. Why don't you paint like that for the Academy? Dukes and Duchesses, hearls and peers, why can't you keep your 'ands off 'em one year at anyrate, and paint real things? Why——"

But, the horse falling down at this point, the harangue abruptly ceased.

Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, we may add, is not the only distinguished musician who has found a kindred soul on the box seat of a London cab. Madame CLARA BUTT recounts a similar experience in the current issue of *Harmson's Royalty Magazine*. "It began," says the famous contralto, "one evening this summer when I was engaged to sing at a Ballad Concert. When I told the cabman to drive to Queen's Hall my Jehu replied by whistling the *motif* of '*Land of Hope and Glory.*' We got blocked in Piccadilly, and while we were waiting he opened the trap-door and observed, 'Beg pardon, Madame, but if you 'll take my advice don't overdo the portmanteau.' 'Portmanteau?' I replied; 'what portmanteau?' 'I didn't say portmanteau,' he rejoined rather sharply, 'I said *portamento*. Scoop, some people calls it. It 's all very well for a milkman, but it doesn't become a high-class singer.' I was naturally rather indignant, but the man was so much in earnest that I suppressed my feelings and let him go on. To my surprise I found that he was really a first-rate authority on voice-production, registers, &c., and had bought an expensive laryngoscope out of his earnings. Since then I have frequently employed him, and from time to time have given him copies of songs, which he returns with marginal notes as to breathing, expression, and so forth, which I have found most helpful. The other day, when we were discussing '*Mother's Joy*,' he asked me if I had ever heard RICHARD STRAUSS's '*Sinfonia Domestica*,' and on my replying in the negative told me that he had just purchased the score and was arranging it for a small orchestra of cornet, tambourine, flageolet, gong, cymbals, and perdoneum. Really he is one of the most marvellous musicians I have ever met. His name is BIRD, but since our conversation on the subject of RICHARD STRAUSS I have called him DICKY BIRD, to distinguish him from Mr. HENRY BIRD, the well-known accompanist, who takes a deep interest in the career of his humble namesake."



CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS AT THE ZOO.

"THE ANIMALS HAVE PASSED A VOTE OF THANKS TO THE SUPERINTENDENT AT THE ZOO FOR THE RECENT IMPROVEMENTS. TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION (OR CHRISTMAS), THE HARP SEAL, SCREECH OWL, SAND PIPERS, ETC., HAVE KINDLY VOLUNTEERED THEIR SERVICES TO SERENADE HIM."

"Do we Believe?"

"AT Alton, Hants, NORMAN LITTLEJOHN was summoned for driving a motor-car in a reckless and negligent manner. The Bishop of ——— was in the car at the time, and in the witness-box his Lordship said the car was being driven carefully, and going only at ten miles an hour. *The Bench imposed a fine of forty shillings.*"—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



HE sat with his hostess over their coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes in the smoking-room of the Ladies' Active Service Club—the only male among many types of woman-warrior, from Amazons of the Guards down to ordinary Imperial Yeowomen. Statues of ATHENE (fully armed), BOADICEA, JOAN OF ARC, and Lady ROBERTS were disposed about the room; while under the cornice ran the names of other ladies distinguished for heroism—such as ARTEMISIA (of Halicarnassus and Salamis), HIPPOLYTE, JAEL, Mrs. CARRIE NATION and the Mother of the Gracchi.

"Have you many institutions like this?" asked MR. PUNCH (for it was he).

"I will mention a few of them," replied BRITANNIA (for it was she). "There is the Minerva Club for Literary Women, the Hygiæum for Dress-improvers, the Josephine for Tariff-reformers, the Winston Pippin for Free-fooders, the Leandress for Oarswomen, Poodle's for Dog-fanciers, the Paris Mutuel for Feminine Supporters of the *Entente*, the Tic-doloureux for Type-writers, the Siddons for Actresses, and the Sans Atout for the Unemployed of both sexes. You will see we have gone far to solve that harrowing problem, *What shall we do with our Mothers?*"

"Your sex has indeed made vast strides," said MR. PUNCH.

"Yes," she replied, "and this fact has greatly affected our size in boots. And I hear it is the same with gloves at the Sans Atout, where the constant playing of Bridge enormously developes the hand. At the Hygiæum, again, they have grown clean out of corsets!"

Delicately ignoring the last observation, MR. PUNCH inquired if election to these Clubs was a matter of great difficulty.

"Our tests," replied his hostess, "are of the most severe. Thus for entrance to political Clubs a candidate is required to have established a strong influence among the babies of constituents: she must have kissed at least one politician into Parliament. At the Minerva, Greek is compulsory."

"Ah! there," said MR. PUNCH, "you touch a question that has of late been moving the very marrow of our older Universities. Myself, I am all for the retention of traditional colour. If our utilitarians want to become expert in the making of steel rails, or scientific beer, or motor-buses, let them pursue their ideals at one of our provincial colleges. But at Oxford and Cambridge there ought still to be room for Inefficiency. There at least let us preserve the love of learning, pure and inutile."

"Oxford," said BRITANNIA, "has set her fairer sister a noble example in this department."

"I make little distinction between them," replied her guest, "being myself *alumnus ambarum;* though, of the two, the Cantabrigian element preponderates in my constitution. But Oxford had no choice in the matter; the advent of so many Rhodes scholars compelled her to adopt a policy of protection. She could hardly allow the alien to pass through

her gates without some guarantee that he had not come merely to master our British methods of commerce, and eclipse us on our own ground."

"The whole problem of the admission of immigrant aliens has greatly intrigued me," replied BRITANNIA. "Do you happen to have any views as to the right kind of test by which to differentiate between the worthy and the unworthy?"

"The topic has for a long time engaged my attention," replied the Sage, "and I have decided that Literary Culture must be the criterion. You may remember the pretty story—revived in BROWNING'S *Balaustion*—which relates that, when the Athenian NICIAS was defeated at Syracuse, his conquerors gave their freedom to all captives who could recite from the plays of EURIPIDES?"

BRITANNIA nodded vaguely.

"Well, far be it from me to underrate the merits of 'EURIPIDES the human.' But I am convinced that we have his latter-day equivalent in a certain fine literary series which I could name. Now there are often inadequate facilities for studying the best English literature among, let us say, the Russian moujiks. So I would have this collection placed in the steerage libraries of all emigrant ships that sail for our shores; and every alien who, on arrival, could recite at sufficient length from any volume of this series should be welcome to our hospitality. Curiously enough, I came only the other day upon a passage in this same series revealing the most remarkable foresight on that very point. It was written under the heading 'Essence of Parliament,' on July 18, 1857, during the reign, you will note, of the Third NAPOLEON, and ran as follows:—

"'Lord PALMERSTON then smashed, as he conceived, the Isthmus of Suez Canal, declaring that the scheme was a bubble, and also that, for political reasons, our Government would always oppose it. Some years hence, the chief cabin passengers of the *Bulbul*, a steamer plying along the Suez Canal, will read this record in Mr. ——'s' (the veteran pronounced the name inaudibly) 'Thirty-third Volume (a complete set of his works being among the necessaries of the voyage), and will smile indulgently, and remark how Egypt has improved since England accepted her as a present from the SULTAN, with the consent of the Republic of France.' That prediction," continued Mr. PUNCH, "was, as I say, written in 1857, and has been fulfilled in almost every detail."

"And who, may I ask," said BRITANNIA eagerly, "was the author of this astonishingly accurate prophecy?"

A suffused blush, as of maiden modesty, incarnadined the veteran's cheek. "With your permission," he said, "I will retrieve from the cloak-room the latest, and, I trust, not the least, of that remarkable series. No, I beg you" (for BRITANNIA'S forefinger was upon the electric button); "dogs not being allowed on the Club premises, I may not summon my trusty servant from his post of attendance on the doorstep; and to none of your footwomen dare I commit the carriage of so precious a document."

In a trice he had vanished and returned. Then, with a profound genuflexion, such as had never hitherto been witnessed within the precincts of the Ladies' Active Service Club, he presented his hostess with a copy of his own

One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Volume.





Cartoons.

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY
Another Ruined Industry 209
At Bay 173
Bank Holiday at Westminster 83
Cincinnatus de Wet 371
Common Enemy (The) 317
Division of Labour 443
En Route 191
Futile Falconry 11
Internal Disorder 101
Japs "In Buckram" 335
Jolly Rogers (The) 65
"Magic Kettle" (The) 263
Mixed Bag (A) 119

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY
"Most Favoured Nation" (The) ... 389
One Who Knows 227
Our Gunless Army 353
Peace on Earth 461
Phantom Fleet (The) 281
"Return of the Native" (The) 245
Southampton Revels 299
Tall Order (A) 407
Till Further Notice 47
Time's Revenges 29

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD
Anglo-Saxon Race (The) 89
Ave Cæsar! 345

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD
Business First 111
Carlos, His Friend 363
"Child in these Matters" (A) 327
Circumstances Alter Cases 165
Consultations Invited 255
"De Mortuis," &c. 435
Dream of Green Fields (A) 93
Fiscal Freaks (The) 381
Lesson in Patriotism (A) 9
Long Sight Better (A) 273
Matter of Taste (A) 21
Mistress of the Sea 137
National Need (A) 155

PARTRIDGE BERNARD
"Necessitas non habet legem" 57
On his Hobby 75
Practice and Precept 309
Profit without Honour (A) 399
Return of the Specialist (The) 425
Venetian Reveries 289

RAVEN-HILL, L.
Benevolent Curiosity (A) 218
Doubtful Devotee (A) 417
Home Rule (New Style) 183
Neutrality 147
Touched on the Raw—Material 201

Articles.

ALLEN, INGLIS
Difference of Class (A) 232
Free Speech 78
Late Afternoon 458

BLACK, HAROLD J.
Shakspeare on the Live Wire 248
Should a Wife open her Husband's Letters? 292

BREDIN, E. M.
Lesson in Golf (A) 214

BRETHERTON, C. H.
Evanescit! 212
Study in Emotional Costumes 455
To a Mince Pie 433
To an Old Friend 438
To a Mosquito 154
To a Peripatetic Minstrel 301
To the Memory of Chloe 223

BROWNE, GORDON
Puzzles and Paradoxes 292

BROWNE, H. DEVEY
Love or Money 34
Merry Millionaires (The) 26

BUCKLEY, JAMES C.
Was Omar Khayyám a Golfer? ... 197

BURNAND, SIR F. C.
All alive O! 235
Crackers and a Report 367
Girls of the Period 337
"Go to Jericho," &c. 338
Great Relief (A) 431
Guildhall, and After 344
Here's a Pretty Go! 5
Inn-auguration (An) 132
In or out of the Movement! 98
"May they live long and broaber!" 428
Middle-sex Difficulty 334
New Theatre and the Old Piece 10
Notable Revival (A) 410
On Pocket-Books 394
Operatic Notes 16, 35, 55
Our Booking-Office 18, 36, 54, 72, 90, 108, 126, 144, 162, 198, 216, 234, 252, 270, 288, 306, 324, 342, 360, 378, 396, 414, 432, 450

BURNAND, SIR F. C.
Record of a Short Holiday (The) ... 53, 71, 89, 107
San Carlists at Covent Garden 304, 323, 355, 377, 395
Survival of the Fittest 356
Suspended Animation 294
Tempest in a Teacup (A) 379
To an Old Stager 333
Tuck-in at Christmas (A) 421
"Willie brue'd a peck," &c. 128
Zutka and keeping the pot boiling 341

BURNET, HODGSON
Baltic Fleet (The) 305
Cupid's Guide to London 403
Distinguished Invalids 439
Hints to Young Writers 454
Oxford Notes 384
Rondeau 409
Woman Beautiful (The) 267

CAMPBELL, A. J.
Song of the Open Road (A) 344

COCHRANE, ALFRED
Bridge Problems 88
From Delia, Bridge Expert 366
Mixed Day at Dufferton (A) 368

CORNELIUS, LILIAN
Symbolic Boots 293

COX, F. G.
Feminine Figures 302

CUÉNOUD, E. M.
Avant et après "L'Entente Cordiale" 456

DARK, RICHARD
Birthday Gift (A) 202
My Lady's Cake 43

DEANE, A. C.
Following it up 160
Hoo-Hooliganism 32
Mr. Brown at Breakfast... 163, 187, 206, 224
Pickwick Up-to-Date 45
Sole of Honour (The) 358
Tariff Tales 91, 125

DUNLOP, W. W. C.
Chat-en-poche 271

ECKERSLEY, ARTHUR
Drama by Instalments 211
Idiomatic Phrases for Tourists 125
Political Romance (The) 157
Putting it Nicely 337
Reform of Pantomime (The) 398

EDMONDS, F.
Correspondence of Mr. James Smith and M. Jules Dubois (The) 44
Dog Policemen 97

ELIAS, F. W.
Literary Gossip 251
Love Games 259
Talking Shop 431

EMANUEL, WALTER
Charivaria 9, 33, 43, 60, 82, 96, 124, 136, 153, 172, 181, 208, 225, 243, 269, 283, 295, 326, 351, 366, 384, 406, 422, 445, 451
Time-Fuse for Messenger Boys (A) 20

GRAVES, C. L. AND LUCAS, E. V.
Amazing Viscount (The) 292
Art of Popularity (The) 37
Book of the Moment (The) 296
Book of the Year (The) 458
Case of Mr. B. (The) 307
Chantrey Bequest Investigation (The) 42
Drug Market and its Value (The) ... 170
Dulditch Palace (A) 412
Earthquakes in Wellington Street.. 376
Echoes of the British Ass 152
Essays in Unction 268, 279, 302, 340
Feeding of the Old (The) 24
From Next Year's Magazines 168
Genesis of a Phrase (The) 394
Genius at Play 121
Gilded Humour 199
Glory that is Glubb's (The) 448
Golf Notes 19
Gossip from the Links 80
Hard Times for the Birds 63
Holiday Hints 17
How they got there 197
Impossible Openings 204
It goes too Swimmingly 150

GRAVES, C. L. AND LUCAS, E. V.
Latest Epidemic (The) 263
Living History 242
"Love, bee-yutiful Love" 207
Manufacture of Pseudonyms 131
More Cabmen Critics 464
Mr. Balfour's Garden 427
Mr. Punch's Symposia ... 33, 62, 96, 134
Mr. Swimburne's latest 140
Musical Jottings 349
Musical Notes 189
Natural History Notes 50
New Hygiene (The) 366
Old Age Cure (The) 60
Painter and the Carpenter (The) ... 361
"Pa, Ma, and Babba" 304
Pat and the Footlights 229
Pets at the Play 361
Philanthropist and the Constable ... 198
Prevailing Musical Depression 74
"Quick, thy Tablets, Memory!" ... 241
Secret History of Yesterday (The) 220, 240, 258, 276
Sensational Cricket 8
Speculative Archæology 150
Stanzas for Music 98
Strictly Private 116, 139
Telepathy Day by Day 79
Vocal Politics 118

GUTHRIE, ANSTEY
Afternoon at the Zoo (An) 260
Business Methods of Mr. Bull 423
Clearing Out 278
Delight of Giving (The) 434
Energetic Signalling 319
"Form" on the Fifth 314
Mr. Punch to his Readers 404
My First Punch and Judy Show ... 374
Our Booking-Office 414
Our Mr. Jabberjee in the Far East 6
Prospect King (The) 350
Quid pro Quo 218
"Separate Compartment" Patriot 410
Smallest Suggestion, &c. 330

HANKIN, ST. JOHN
Actor-Manager Explains (The) 2
Mr. Squeers on the Emotions 355
See how they run 438

Articles—*continued*

HEWITT, H. J.
Gunless War Office (A) 350

HOARE, J. DOUGLAS
Blue Books for the Million 280
Cricket by Contract 100
Fashion Notes from Whitechapel ... 253
Society Voice (The) 29

HOME, ALICE
Fashions for the Empire 401

HOPKINS, E. T.
Atomic Waif of Love (The) 341
Lacrimæ Rerum 453
Lost! 430

HUGHES, C. E.
Heber Hogg Correspondence (The) 177
Was Shakspeare a Cricketer? 88

HUTCHINSON, A. S. M.
"Bridgita" 313
My First Panto 272
Parochial Spice 370

KEMP-ROBINSON, E. S.
Figs and Thistles 243

KENDALL, CAPT.
Ballad of Edinboro' Toon (A) 63
Honest Reluctance 295
Insurance Policy (An) 222
Lines Written in a Storm at Sea ... 265
My Lady's Gift 176
My Malady 25
Reform 415
To Edinburgh 88
To my Sense of Humour 374
Tragedy 460

KERMAN, GEORGE A.
Railway Refreshments 196

LEA, WILL S.
Game of "Averages" (The) 106
Our Dumb Pets 167
Tragedy (A) 266

LEHMANN, R. C.
"Horridoh!" 325
Mafficks and Obscurities 311
My Little Brown Dog 14
Our Booking-Office ... 18, 234, 288, 324, 360
Oxford's Expansion 356
Queen Sylvia ... 302, 392, 404, 416, 440, 452
White Rabbit (The) ... 73, 92, 110, 132, 146, 176, 192, 212, 224, 236, 254, 290

LITTELL, PHILIP
Special Instructions 326
"Tit-bits" and the "Guardian" ... 365

LUCAS, E. V.
Life's Little Difficulties ... 320, 332, 348, 366, 402, 420, 440

LUCAS, J. LANDFEAR
Shopping by Post 454

LUCY, H. W.
Coronation Picture (The) 315
Essence of Parliament ... 13, 31, 49, 67, 85, 103, 114
"Fifty Years of Fleet Street" 413
"Jemmy" Lowther 204
Mangled Remains 373
Mr. Speaker 145
Our Booking-Office ... 18, 36, 54, 72, 90, 126, 144, 162, 180, 198, 216, 234, 252, 270, 288, 306, 324, 342, 360, 378, 396, 414, 432, 450,
Squire of Malwood (The) 266

MACNAGHTEN, HUGH
Ave, Cæsar! Morituri te Salutamus! 344

MARSHALL, A. H.
Garden Notes 27

MARTIN, N. R.
Break-up of the Empire 122
Modes for Men 305

MENZIES, G. K.
Another Queer Calling 70
Classics Vindicated (The) 152
Complete Doctor (The) 383
Complete Journalist (The) 247
Difficilis descensus Averni 99
Force (The) 144
Legs and the Man 347
My Dream 109
Panacea (The) 428
Point of View (The) 268
Therapeutics à la Mode 26
Ways to Wealth 41
Wooin' o't (The) 314

MEW, EGAN
Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy 211, 231, 331, 355, 380, 449

MILNE, A. A.
Answers to Correspondents 333
Lilian's Loves 142

POPE, JESSIE
"Another Pair of Sleeves" 231
Bundleby Bazaar (The) 286
Call of the Congo (The) 439
Close Finish (A) 187
Cochers, not Cochons 25
First-Aid Ferocities 106
Mail-Cart Dialogue 352

POPE, JESSIE
Matter of Diet (A) 250
My Motor Cap 309
Nautical Schemes 143
Ripley Road Martyr (A) 34

POWELL, G. H.
How we write History now 64
Lines to an Absent Friend 206
New Household Recipes 190
Parisian Gossip 240

RADLEY, J. A.
Entreaty (An) 333
Snapped Tie (A) 348

RAMSAY, R.
Landed and Lost 294

RIGGALL, PHILIP
Prospectus of the "Daily Piper" ... 163

RISK, R. K.
Was Omar Khayyám a Golfer? ... 134

RUSSELL, FOX
At the Grand Llamaserai 26
On the High C's 143

SALMON, ARTHUR L.
Grateful Memory (A) 277
Love's Last Request 457
March of Progress (The) 398

SEAMAN, OWEN
Arms and the Showman 164
Blank Week (A) 362
Channel Record (A) 192
Der Taubadler 398
"Do we get our Deserts"? 380
Dust-heap of Europe (The) 20
Famous Victory (A) 308
Games and the Man 434
George Frederick Watts, R.A. (In Memoriam) 28
"Growing Handicap of Marriage" 236
Jam 416
Modern Moloch (A) 272
New Dramatic Criticism (The) 290
Night Thoughts of an Altruist 344
Our Booking-Office ... 72, 162, 180, 252, 306
People's Sport (The) 254
Perils of Partisan Humour (The) ... 38
Salt of the Earth and Salt of the Sea 200
Should serious Drama be divorced from the Stage? 56
Surplus Stock of Old Cartridges ... 218
To an accomplished Serio-comic ... 2
To Delis—Bridge Expert 326
Under one Flag 79

SEAMAN, OWEN
Women I have never married 74 92, 110, 128, 146

SEDGWICK, MISS B. I.
Thought Forces 194

SENIOR, W.
Pleasures of Imagination (The) ... 248
Railway Romances 61
Respice finem 127

SMART, H. C.
Instructions for Army Manœuvres 170

SMITH, C. T.
Making of First-Class Men (The) ... 77

STRANGE, E. F.
Rabbits of Richmond Park (The) ... 331

SYKES, A. A.
Architectural Beauties 7
Art of Sleep (The) 193
At the Flinderies 46
Back-end Resolutions 457
Bad News for Villadom 175
'Bus Test (The) 280
Chances Missed at Cambridge 161
Great Knee-Breeches Question 202
Hot Weather "Cups" 88
How to Progress 316
Mr. Balfour on Government 140
New Banns (The) 117
New Nuance (A) 206
No Gratuities! 294
Receiving Order 14
Science Notes 307, 430, 441
Should Motorists wear Masks? 251
Some Gas-freaks 350
Warning to Motorists (A) 358
Where the Money is 126

TAYLOR, SYDNEY J.
Before the Battle 330

TURNER, DENIS
Pair of Pantoums (A) 343

WHITE, R. F.
Present Perplexity (A) 442

WODEHOUSE, P. G.
Danger of being in the Public Eye 59
Every Prodigy his own Publisher ... 277
Local Colour 308
Polite Pilferer (The) 217
Proverbial Fables 52
Revival of Native Grand Opera ... 158, 179, 186
Shattered Illusion (A) 170
Society Whispers from the States ... 140
To an Amazon 118

Pictures and Sketches.

ALDIN, CECIL ... 131, 177, 181, 221, 244, 253, 289, 337, 357, 373, 393, 401, 429, 433, 451

ARMOUR, G. DENHOLM ... 15, 41, 59, 79, 105, 118, 136, 151, 172, 190, 208, 226, 257, 285, 301, 321, 334, 343, 365, 379, 411, 419, 447, 463

BAUMER, LEWIS 63, 185, 349, 367

BLAIKIE, F. 376

BOOTH, J. L. C. 275, 312, 323

BOWRING, W. A. 422

BOYD, A. S. 207

BROCK, C. E. 37, 87, 163, 193, 213, 383, 397, 421, 441

BROWNE, GORDON 235, 291, 424

BROWNE, TOM 25, 69, 81, 121, 153, 249, 303, 329, 375, 405, 439

BUXTON, DUDLEY 322

CARTER, R. C. 358, 377, 395, 431

CLEAVER, RALPH 19, 73

CLEAVER, REGINALD 203

COWHAM, HILDA 124, 142, 161, 214, 305

GILL, ARTHUR 250

GODDARD, L. C. 80

GREIG, JAMES 233

HARDY, DUDLEY ... 16, 35, 51, 55, 154, 241, 449

HARRISON, C. 54, 304, 454

HOGGARTH, GRAHAM 430

HOPKINS, E. 27, 100, 143, 199, 295

INGLIS, ARCHIE 440

JALLAND, G. H. 211

JONES, T. W. 160

KING, GUNNING ... 45, 113, 133, 261, 315, 413

LEWIN, F. G. 197, 359, 412, 456

LONGMIRE, R. O. 88, 125



MCHUTCHON, F. 188

MAYBANK, T. 91, 127, 269, 293

MILLS, A. WALLIS ... 23, 77, 95, 141, 149, 189, 217, 331, 351, 423, 437, 459

OWEN, WILL 61, 178, 251, 283

PARTRIDGE, BERNARD 195, 466

PATTERSON, MALCOLM 287

PEARS, CHARLES 196, 229, 265, 333, 415

PEGRAM, FRED 171, 223, 311, 369

PRYSE, SPENSER 457

RAVEN-HILL, L. ... 10, 28, 46, 64, 70, 82, 100, 123, 129, 169, 215, 232, 237, 259, 271, 280, 296, 316, 339, 352, 370, 388, 406, 442, 460

REED, E. T. ... 13, 14, 31, 49, 50, 67, 68, 85, 86, 103, 104, 114, 115, 139, 159, 175, 205, 231, 242, 247, 267, 319, 320, 325, 340, 355, 361, 391, 409, 427, 428, 445, 455

SAMBOURNE, E. LINLEY 1

SKINNER, CAPT. 9

SOMERVILLE, HOWARD ... 5, 97, 117, 157, 239

STAMPA, G. L. ... 135, 179, 279, 313, 341, 448, 453

STANLAWS, PENRHYN 33

TOWNSEND, F. H. ... 7, 43, 145, 167, 187, 225, 262, 277, 307, 347, 387, 403

VENNER, VICTOR 71

WILLIAMS, F. A. 286, 464

WILLIAMSON, F. M. ... 34, 52, 89, 106, 126, 234

WILSON, DAVID 99

WILSON, GODFREY 270, 394

WOODVILLE, R. CATON 385

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